

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Times and conditions are changing each day.
Portraits, like manners and habits, are new.
So let's push the palette of memories away
And see how a modern young model will do.

PORTRAIT

By P. DUNCAN-BROWN

Her lips that are curving with kisses uncaught,
Eyes that imprison the lure of truth,
A promise, a laugh and the soul of a song—
The painting is finished, 'Portrait of Youth.'

AUSTRALIA'S PLANE Now TAKING SHAPE

"Bob-in" Fund Gives Everyone Chance to Share in Big Air Race Thrills!

AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE—in the great Centenary air race! The decision of The Australian Women's Weekly to stand behind the committee of the all-Australian plane has made it possible for our only locally-built aeroplane to take its place among the competitors from the great nations of the world.

Will You Help Your Plane?

The Centenary air race is the greatest race in history.

An all-Australian plane has been designed and built for the race.

It needs only £1500 before it can be launched. The Australian Women's Weekly has given £500 and organised a vigorous campaign to raise the balance.

Will you help Australia to win unique air laurels from a whole world of contestants?

Will you send in promptly your donation to this splendid Australian enterprise? Send your contribution to The Australian Women's Weekly.



MRS. E. A. RYAN, photographed in her home at Maroubra, was one of the first contributors to the fund.
—Women's Weekly photo.

ONE thousand five hundred pounds is necessary to complete the building of this All-Australian machine, designed by Australian engineers and built by skilled Australian mechanics.

The Australian Women's Weekly had announced its intention of purchasing its own plane and competing in the great event. Negotiations were almost completed for the purchase of an English machine, when the committee of public-spirited men behind the All-Australian plane scheme enlisted our support.

Here was a great All-Australian enterprise in difficulties, and The Australian Women's Weekly promptly decided to forgo the purchase of its own plane and stand by the All-Australian plane project which would enable Australia to be uniquely represented in the greatest air carnival in history.

We made a donation of £500 to the funds of the committee, and undertook to institute a vigorous campaign among

our hundreds of thousands of patriotic readers to raise the balance of £1000 needed to complete the plane.

We are now appealing to our readers for the £1000 which has to be raised, and raised quickly.

AS HAS BEEN POINTED OUT BEFORE, THIS PROJECT OF THE ALL-AUSTRALIAN PLANE IS NOT A COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

The Committee of public men behind the movement is actuated solely by patriotic motives, and has announced that any prize money won, and all surplus funds will be utilised for assisting returned soldiers' organisations and for aeronautical research.

A Splendid Machine

HAVE we any chance of a prize in the big air race? We have an excellent chance.

New scientific ideas in construction have been introduced in this plane by

eminent Australian engineers, and it is anticipated that she will have a speed of 240 miles an hour. In addition, while other machines have to ascend to a great altitude to attain a maximum speed, this plane will be able to do so at 4000 feet, an undoubted advantage in a long race where many landings have to be made.

This is Australia's plane—our plane and your plane. The Australian Women's Weekly appeals to you to show your appreciation of the enterprise of Australian engineers and Australian workmen by subscribing liberally to the funds of the All-Australian Plane Committee.

We do not doubt the money will be forthcoming. Australia's pride and warm appreciation of this unique venture which will redound so greatly to the credit of her countrymen will see to that.

To an Australian woman goes the honor of being the first to make a donation to the plane. She is Mrs. E. A. Ryan, of Maroubra, and her cheque for £10 was enclosed with the following letter:

"Dear Sirs—Enclosed please find cheque for £10 towards the All-Australian Plane Fund. I hope it will be a great success. I only wish I had the means to equip the whole plane—as my countrywomen did for the Everest expedition. I hope it will be another case of 'Australia' will be there!"

"Sincerely yours,
"E. A. RYAN."



EXPERTS BUSY on the All Australian Plane for the Centenary Air Race.
—Women's Weekly photo.

"Made Flight Possible"

The following letters speak for themselves as showing the vital part played by The Australian Women's Weekly in deciding to co-operate with the all-Australian plane venture.

Air Race (Australian Entry), Ltd.,
Wingello House, Sydney.
25th June, 1934.

The Directors,
The Australian Women's Weekly,
321 Pitt St., Sydney.

Dear Sirs,—On behalf of my Board I wish to say how much the Directors appreciate the donation you have made towards the All-Australian plane, which is being constructed by my company to be entered in the Centenary air race.

Without this donation, work would have been delayed to such an extent it would have been impossible for the plane to have been finished in time to compete.

Yours faithfully,
Air Race (Australian Entry) Ltd.
(Signed) ALAN A. PERRY,
Secretary.

All-Australian (British) Aeroplane Fund Committee,
19 Bridge Street,
Sydney,
25th June, 1934.

Managing Director,
The Australian Women's Weekly,
321 Pitt Street,
Sydney.

Dear Sir,—No doubt you have received a letter from the organising secretary acknowledging your donation of £500, and receipt for the amount accompanies this letter. I would like, however, to take this opportunity of conveying to you the very sincere thanks of the committee for your most generous donation.

Coming at the time it did, this donation was more than welcome, as it ensured us continuing operations for some while, and now places us in the position of being able to complete the aeroplane in time, and I feel sure the Australian public will recognise in some tangible manner your company's action, which will enable Australia to be represented in the air race after all.

I personally would like to congratulate you and your newspaper on your practical patriotism and your foresight.

Yours truly,
(Signed) J. W. SCOTT FELL,
Deputy Chairman.

This is the spirit that will send the All-Australian plane aloft helped by the practical expressions of sympathy and laden with the good wishes of thousands of patriotic Australians.

All donations will be gratefully received.

A GREAT "Bob-In Fund" has been opened. In connection with this fund Jean Batten, the New Zealand aviator, has autographed a receipt for

subscriptions, and everybody who sends in 10/- will be entitled to an illustrated souvenir when published, containing a record of the enterprise from start to finish, including details of the designing and construction of the unique plane which is to carry the Australian flag in the world circuit.

It is suggested that card parties, tennis parties, children's bazaars, dances, and other entertainments might be organised to help to swell the funds. Some of these have already been taken in hand by various energetic and enthusiastic organisers.

Direct and prompt giving is also urged, as the money is urgently needed to complete the plane at the earliest possible moment to prepare it for comprehensive tests.

Donations

In addition to the donation of Mrs. Ryan, mentioned above, and other donations, the receipt of the following amounts by The Australian Women's Weekly is acknowledged:

	£	s	d
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cliff,			
Maitland	5	0	0
Mrs. O. H. Rogers .. .	5	0	0
Mrs. Pope	5	0	0
"Patriot"	3	0	0
C. F. Jones	2	2	0
The Misses Hall .. .	2	2	0
J.B. (Neutral Bay) 10/-			
Miss Wilson (Hyde) 5/-			
Roy Scott 5/-, two little girls 3/-, Anon. 1/-, M. Ingram 1/-, F. Selby 1/-	1	6	0

Donations should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, and every subscription to the funds will be received and duly acknowledged in the columns of this paper.



ATKINSONS

CALIFORNIAN POPPY
FACE POWDER

Creates
a lovelier "YOU"

—a more romantic "YOU," with the glamorous appeal of whispered fragrance—of soft and lovely skin.





IN 8 SHADES, PRICE 1/6 AND 2/6 A BOX

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

98.7.27

Great Number of Entries in Our £250 Knitting Contest!

With the approach of June 30, the closing day of The Australian Women's Weekly's great knitting competition, entries have been pouring into this office.

Competitors have taken full advantage of the wide scope offered in the many sections of the competition, and a display of the entries will constitute one of the finest exhibitions of hand-knitted woollen garments ever collected in Australia.

WHEN the fashion experts voted for hand-knitted garments as one of the essentials of a really smart wardrobe, distributors of high-grade wools responded with the production of the most attractive types of wool.

Quaint variations were introduced so that woollen garments can now be knitted to achieve the effect of good quality tweeds or luxurious furs.

The very finest strands of Shetland wools are available for baby garments, and the fleeciest wools things can be evolved by expert fingers.

All these advantages have been fully grasped by entrants in our big knitting competition, and the £250 prize money will be awarded to the most exquisite garments that could be produced by strands of wool and knitting needles.

Elaborate Fair Isle designs are still

popular. One entry that has evoked keen admiration was knitted, the entrant claims, on bicycle spokes!

An adorable baby frock has been knitted in tiers, each one falling over the other like the petals of an exquisite flower. Each tier is knitted in a stitch that finishes in softly outlined scallops at the edge.

Judges will certainly need to don their thinking caps when they are confronted by the display, and prize-winners will have the additional satisfaction of knowing that they have "won" their reward against "foemen worthy of their steel."

The preliminary judging will take place next week, and will be conducted by leading women in each State. When their decisions have been made, the possible prize-winning garments from each State will be submitted to the Australian judges for the final verdict. Details concerning the judging will be announced next week.

NEW CODE for Aboriginal Justice: Science and Law TO CO-OPERATE

Strong National Feeling Moves Politicians to Action

The Federal Government will not carry out the death sentence imposed by Judge Wells, of the Northern Territory, on eight Australian natives for the murder of two prospectors.

Australia was aghast at the prospect of the mass execution of aborigines ordered by Judge Wells, and great relief is now felt that the condemned men are to be reprieved.

The attitude of The Australian Women's Weekly on the proposed hanging of the natives was clearly expressed in a leading article three weeks ago.

The following is a letter received from the Victorian aboriginal group congratulating The Australian Women's Weekly on its fight for the more enlightened treatment of our natives.

THE VICTORIAN ABORIGINAL GROUP

June 16, 1934.

The Editor,

The Australian Women's Weekly.

DEAR Sir,—

I am directed to convey to you the congratulations of the Victorian Aboriginal Group on your leading article of June 9 giving expression to the horror felt by all who wish for fair play for the aborigines of Australia at the death sentence passed by Judge Wells on the eight Fitzmaurice River natives.

Eight lives for two is even below the level of the Mosad law of an eye for an eye, a life for a life, quoted by the Judge in his comments on the case.

The Judge has failed to use the powers

given to him by the new ordinances and has shown by his unsympathetic comments in this and in other recent cases that he has no appreciation of the native point of view, nor of the need for friendly contacts with the bush natives if anything is to be done to bring them the best and not the worst of our white civilisation.

The case illustrates again the need for special courts for the trial of native offenders, where both Judge and counsel have knowledge of native laws and customs.

The Association for the Protection of Native Races has recently laid before the Minister papers bearing on these cases, and a request for the appointment of another Judge to try cases where natives

Aided by legal officers, men with experience of aboriginal psychology have been engaged for some time in drafting a special code to deal with offences by natives.

are concerned, which the Victorian Aboriginal Group has supported in a letter-gram sent to the Minister.

Concerning further statements in your article, we would like to point out that the Australian aboriginal in his natural state is not low in the scale of civilisation. They have a very highly developed social organisation, and strict marriage laws to prevent in-breeding.

They are not a fierce nor a treacherous people, but law abiding and respectful of contracts, which is more than can be said of many whites, who unlawfully enter their reserves armed and without knowledge of their laws and customs.

Men such as Dr. Broomfield, of Rhodesia, who travelled last year through the Caledon Bay country and met the natives in a spirit of respect for their customs and interest in their welfare, described the tribe as "a pleasant and friendly people."

May we hope that The Australian Women's Weekly will stand for a better understanding and appreciation of our native race which has been described by Dr. Ramsay Smith as "the most interesting at present on the earth and the least deserving to be exterminated by us."

We should be glad to hear from anyone interested in working for the aborigines, and would welcome new members to the group.

On behalf of the group.

Yours faithfully,
A. N. BROWN, Hon. Sec.



This fine aboriginal is King Barak, now dead, to whom Victorians are erecting a memorial.

Darwin Report Stirs Canberra

From Our Special Representative at Canberra.

LAST-MINUTE developments made it clear that the condemned men would not be sent to the gallows.

A special report from Darwin upon their case is among the questions for this week's meetings of the Federal Government, and will be considered in conjunction with the wider subject of a new system of native justice.

The general outline follows closely a proposal once made by Dr. Elkin, Professor of Psychology at Sydney University. It provides for the removal of natives, at least those still in their primitive environment like the natives of Arnhem Land, from the jurisdiction of the white courts.

A judicial officer, who is an anthropologist rather than a lawyer, will administer the new dispensation. It is hoped to avoid going to the opposite extreme by exchanging the rigorous jurist for a mere academic theorist, but the black man's judge will have to possess definite scientific attainments, in addition to sound practical knowledge, experience, and common sense.

The intention is to have no formal courts. The new-style judge will deal with offences as far as possible in the actual settlements of the accused natives, and he will have a wide discretion in the style and degree of punishment.

The Minister for the Interior (Mr. J. A. Perkins), is taking a deep interest in the general improvement of native conditions. He wants to end the obloquy which well-intentioned but badly-informed administration has brought upon Australia's custody of its primitive peoples, especially as in another of its territories Sir Hubert Murray's native policy has won world-wide admiration.

The new system may not be adopted hurriedly. It has to be remembered that the Commonwealth has not the sole administration with aboriginal subjects. In the Northern Territory it is no longer

lawful to use neck-chains on native prisoners, and there are rigid ordinances governing the payment of native workers. This is not so in Queensland, South Australia, or West Australia, and the divergences have already created pinpricks. But if the Commonwealth cannot secure the co-operation of the other Governments it will certainly move on its own account.

How far the new system of justice can be applied to "civilised" blacks—those camped on stations and other white environments—is one of the problems. That, by the way, enters into the case of the eight blacks—now under sentence of death.

According to the official report, these men have spent most of their lives as station hands. They are not in the same category as the wild men of Arnhem Land.

The nature of the punishment to which the death sentence will be commuted will be influenced by the view Cabinet takes of this aspect. But there will be no hangings.

THEY still show you at Darwin Gaol the rope which was used for the last hanging in 1914, and the moth-eaten black wool cap that had its part in the ceremony. Neither of them will be used again.

It is not merely that an unwritten prescription of executions is honored by every modern Commonwealth Government. There is a special precedent which removed beyond doubt any faith that might have existed in the salutary effect of capital punishment on the native mind.

Finding at one period of his term that a death sentence had been confirmed, a certain administrator decided to instill a real dread of the white man's law in the minds of the black victim's friends by making the execution public. But alas! The blacks, including it seemed, the condemned man himself, regarded the event as a rattling good show. The smiling victim was jerked to eternity amidst the cheers of his relatives and cronies, and officials were amazed at the end of the ceremony when the crowd thrust forward a grizzly animal.

"Suppose you make this fella dance all the same alongs that one?" they said.

Grimwade Crystal

HAND-MADE AND HAND-
CUT BY SKILLED AUS-
TRALIAN CRAFTSMEN.



Study Grimwade, its graceful lines and glistening facets on which light reflects in fairy dances. Grimwade Crystal is a gift of fragile loveliness that will last as long as time itself, and still retain its qualities and refinement with the years.

Product of CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS Co. Ltd., Sydney

Australian Players Welcomed at International Club Dinner

From JOAN HARTIGAN, Australian singles champion.
By Radio, Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Joan Hartigan is enjoying the social amenities of her trip, as well as practising hard for the big tournaments at Wimbledon this week.

The following cable, sent just prior to the commencement of the tournament, describes her special welcome at the International Club's dinner party, and a talk with Dorothy Round regarding the prospective visit of two English women tennis players to Australia.

BY JOAN HARTIGAN.

FOLLOWING the long-established custom, the International Club of Great Britain entertained the overseas tennis players at a gala dinner, as a forerunner to the championships at Wimbledon, which commence on Tuesday.

I was immensely flattered when Lord Jellicoe singled me out for an especial welcome. Jack Crawford thanked him and the International Club on behalf of the Australians as a whole. Personally I felt that I would infinitely rather face Helen Wills-Moody herself on the centre court than have to make a speech to that brilliant gathering!

All the women players were charmingly groomed. Shorts and simple tennis frocks had been cheerfully laid aside, while the

erstwhile stalwarts of the courts displayed their social finesse in really beautiful dinner gowns.

Dorothy Round and I had a long talk regarding the prospective visit of the English women players to Australia. The present suggestion is that they should make the long trip through America. Miss Round, who played in America last year, says she would prefer to come direct to Australia this year, and is really anxious to make the trip. So far no finality has been reached as to even who the two players will be.

It is generally accepted, however, that Dorothy Round and Peggy Scriven will be the selected two, though, when one reviews the number of English women who not only play tennis of a very high standard but are perfectly charming personalities, it is exceedingly difficult to make any suggestion.

I am busy getting as much practice as possible at Wimbledon. I am glad to say that at present I am playing in quite good form, but, of course, it is one thing to play well at practice and quite another when faced by a formidable opponent in the events. However, I have been favored by the draw, as I do not meet any really formidable players in the first three rounds.

See further Story on Page 42.

Storm MUSIC

*A girl's wit matched against a rogue...
the stakes—her lover's life and a fortune.*



A guardian of £2,000,000 in golden sovereigns, Lady Helena Yorick, beautiful mistress of an old Austrian castle, is exposed to the attacks of a desperate band of criminals—Pharaoh, the leader, and Dewdrop, Rush, and Bugle. They plan to rob her of the fortune which is hidden in the castle.

She frustrates an attempt to waylay her car on the way to Salzburg, but several days later the son of Florin, old and trusted warden of the castle, disappears.

Motoring through Lass in search of the missing man, Lady Helena is startled when a stranger—an Englishman—runs excitedly from a cafe, jumps on the running board of the car, and gasps out an extraordinary story of a grim burial he had witnessed in the forest that morning.

The Englishman is John Spencer, who is travelling with his artist cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, through Austria, accompanied by Barley, a manservant.

In the forest John had found four men stealthily burying a fifth, dressed in a gay green smock. He himself was nearly discovered when one of the rogues picked up a letter addressed to him, and realising that he was in possession of dangerous knowledge, John had hurriedly rejoined his artist cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, and their man, Barley, at Lass.

Geoffrey, from his cousin's description, recognised the murderers as desperadoes wanted by Scotland Yard. It was Pharaoh and his gang.

For strategic reasons the cousins prepare to leave Lass at once and go to Annabel, but just before the strange chance that caused John to meet Lady Helena he had accepted his lost letter from a messenger, a fact which makes him a marked man.

His story confirms Lady Helena's fear that Florin's son has been murdered.

When the cousins move to the Reaping Hook Inn, at Annabel, they drive right into Pharaoh and his gang. After an exciting skirmish they escape.

Hearing of this brush, Lady Helena is reluctant to further involve the Englishmen in her affairs, and insists that they return immediately to England. They refuse, and accept instead her subsequent invitation to live at Plumage.

Several days later, Lady Helena invites John to dine at the castle. Her brother has returned suddenly. She warns John that the Count, who has supreme authority under ancient laws, must not know what is afoot.

Lady Helena and John are in the dining-room when the young Count enters with a guest. It is Pharaoh, posing as Captain Faring.

As the Count's friend, Pharaoh is virtually in possession of the castle. Lady Helena knows that her headstrong brother would not hear anything against his assumed friend.

To outwit Pharaoh, she quickly plans to leave the castle, with John. They escape Pharaoh's attention, race to the castle tower, and are at the door to a secret passage out of the castle when a man's footsteps are heard. He is out of sight round some corner, not twelve paces away.

HELENA'S fingers were shaking as she fitted the master key. The lock was stiff and defied the efforts she made. As I put out my hand I heard the man stop and swear. Then he turned on his heel and began to retrace his steps.

An instant later the door was locked behind us and we were alone in the dark.

Helena was trembling, and I put my arm about her and held her close.

"Reaction," she murmured. "I'll be all right directly. You see, we're safe for the moment. I—I'd like to sit down."

With my arm about her we sat ourselves down on a step.

I glanced at my watch—and could hardly believe its tale; but as I stared the castle clock confirmed this. Only five minutes had passed since the Count of Yorick and Pharaoh had entered the library.

... By ...

Dornford YATES

The Characters

JOHN SPENCER, an Englishman, who tells the story.

GEOFFREY BOHUN, his artist cousin.

BARLEY, their manservant.

LADY HELENA YORICK, a beautiful Austrian girl.

THE COUNT OF YORICK, her young brother.

PHARAOH, an English criminal, DEWDROP, BUGLE, and RUSH, members of his gang.

FLORIN, the old warden of the Castle.

SABRE, Lady Helena's splendid Alsatian.

"I'm all right now," breathed Helena, lifting her head.

I let her go, and she sat back against the wall.

"Listen, John. We couldn't have crossed the drawbridge without being seen. And that would have been ruinous. But now we've just disappeared. The doors that were open are open, and the doors that were locked are locked. But we have vanished. This stairway leads to a grating in the wall of the moat. It's just above the water. Directly below it, under the water and therefore out of sight, is a footbridge of stone. That leads across the moat to another grating set in the opposite wall. The gratings are barred—not locked—and each of them's barred on this side. The farther grating admits to an old brick tunnel that will lead us under the meadows and into the woods." She got to her feet. "And now we must go. We've not a moment to lose. The ramparts don't overlook this part of the moat, and we simply must get to Plumage before Bugle and Rush."

A QUESTION rose to my lips, but I left it there.

"When I've opened the grating," I said, "you must let me cross. Then I'll open the other grating and come back for you. It's no good our both getting wet, and I can change."

"Very well, John."

Carefully we descended the stair, which was very damp.

The water was cold and the iron of the gratings was rusted and very harsh, but the footbridge gave good foothold and our passage was made with an ease for which I had not dared hope. Since the water came up to my loins, I made Helena lie across my shoulders and carried her over like that. As I set her on her feet in the tunnel I heard the Count calling her name.

"Helena! Helena!"

I hauled myself out of the water to stand by her side.

The tunnel seemed without end. It was dark and damp and noisome and ran uphill, and I was more than thankful when after five or six minutes I saw the faint light of the evening and found the air more fresh. The mouth of the tunnel was masked by a riot of undergrowth, but when we were clear of this screen I saw at once that we stood due north of the castle, a biscuit's throw from the meadows from which it rose. We pushed on breathlessly.

We had covered half the distance when Helena caught my arm and stopped in her tracks.

Somebody was whistling—not very far away: whistling as though to bring a dog to his heels.

Then we heard Pharaoh's voice.

"Good dog," he cried. "Good dog." The man was out in the meadows somewhere between the bridge and the Plumage ride.

In a flash I saw what had happened. Sabre had left the castle, and Pharaoh had seen him go. The porter, no doubt,



Illustrated by
Wynne W. DAVIES

Since the water came up to my loins, I made Helena lie across my shoulders and carried her over like that.

had told him that that was the Countess' dog, and the fellow had guessed in an instant that Sabre's instinct was leading him to his mistress, wherever she was, and so he had followed Sabre; but had lost him because it was dark. . . .

"COME on," said I. "Now that he's lost Sabre, he hasn't a chance."

"If he hears the horses," breathed Helena. . . .

As we stumbled into the ride, I found the dog padding beside us. He may have been there for five minutes for all I know. And there was Axel waiting ten minutes before his time.

"Good dog," cried Pharaoh. "Good dog."

I judged the man to be fifty paces away.

In a flash I had Helena up on the lively grey.

As she stooped to whisper to Axel I turned to the other horse, but perhaps because he was startled, he would not stand. As I swung myself up he backed sideways against the grey, and before I could find my right stirrup his dangling iron had clashed with that of Helena's, making a ringing sound.

The whistle which Pharaoh was letting out suddenly stopped.

I heard the man running towards us as we turned the horses about.

And then we were both sitting down and riding for Plumage as hard as ever we could.

We dared not spare the horses—the hunt was up.

The going was perfect and both of us knew the course, but to ride fast was taking a fearful risk, for we could see nothing at all, except that the darkness seemed denser on either side. And we had to depend on that difference to keep us straight. Then at last the stars were above us and we were out in the meadows, three furlongs away from the farm.

As we came to the apron—"I'll take the horses," said Helena. "You go and get your things."

As she caught my bridle, I flung myself off the bay. . . .

In my bedroom I wasted no time, but snatched up a razor and seized the first clothes I found; yet ere I was back the horses were fast in the stables and Helena was returning to take her seat in the Rolls.

As I started the engine—

"And Sabre?" I said.

"We can't wait. It—it can't be helped."

Desperately I switched on the headlights, to see the Alsatian some twenty-five paces away. With a sob of relief

my lady flung open a door. . . .

Thirty seconds later the Rolls slid over the bridge.

I HAD often read and heard speak of "an agony of apprehension," but never until that evening, when our headlights sent darkness packing out of that lovely lane, had I understood that terrible state of mind. Then all at once the truth stood clear before me, and something more sinister than fear took hold of my heart.

The lane was no lane, but a trap—full two miles long. Once we were in we could no more turn the Rolls round than a man that was buried could turn himself round in his grave; only the smallest of cars could ever have passed each other, and if Pharaoh arrived at its mouth while we were yet in its straits our case from being desperate would be past hope.

I set my teeth, and we took the risk before us with the rush of a lift.

As the Rolls swept over the crest, for an instant I lifted my foot—and then in a flash all my suspense was over and its grip was torn from my heart.

Two miles ahead a car had turned into the lane.

The night was still as death, and I heard the song of her third gear rise to a scream and then the sudden silence as her driver changed into top. Helena caught my arm.

Please turn to Page 28

RECORD Entries in Sydney EISTEDDFOD Preparing Great Carnival of Music

Musicians throughout Australia are reminded that all entries for the 1934 City of Sydney Eisteddfod close on July 7.

The second great carnival of music promises to eclipse the success of last year's Eisteddfod, when over 5000 entries were received.

One of the most interesting items on the programme is the Screen Personality Contest, in which this paper is co-operating with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and on which we are spending £500 in organisation and cash prizes. Details of the contest will be found on another page.

ALTHOUGH the syllabus of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod now contains 206 sections, requests are still being received for the insertion of new items.

Since the publication of the syllabus three have been added, one for piano sight reading under 10, and two for Welsh songs to be rendered in Welsh. The devotion of the Cymrodorian Society to the customs and language of Old Wales procured the inclusion of the latter two.

For the same reason, the Consul-General for Poland donated prizes for violin compositions by Polish composers, while Mr. N. McLeod, Consul for Latvia, stated that over 180,000 Latvian folk songs have remained in existence to keep burning their spirit of nationality in spite of the domination of Russia. Perhaps Latvia also will be represented by a national section in the Eisteddfod of 1935.

In the choral section of the Eisteddfod last year, nearly 60 choirs of various kinds competed. The choral and vocal ensemble sections have this year been increased to the number of 17, so that even more interstate competitors can be expected in this division. Dr. Edgar Bainton, director of the Conservatorium, has pointed out that the small vocal groups are becoming increasingly popular in England, and these have been well provided for in the Sydney Eisteddfod syllabus.

Last year the entries in the operatic aria contest reached 184, and it is expected that even that enormous total will be exceeded this year. The sections

providing for operatic scenes, duets, and trios should also prove popular.

One-Act Play

AUSTRALIAN authors, as well as all associated with the numerous amateur theatres which have sprung up within recent years, will find much to interest them in the one-act play which heads the list in the adult elocution section. This year has been added a scene from Shakespeare, while the individual championships will still be awarded for Shakespearean selections. Everyone will remember the brilliant work of Margaret Cooper as an entertainer; she has had many followers since, and therefore provision is made for a Best Entertainer competition. Songs and monologues are permitted if the competitor plays his own accompaniment.

The fact that a winner in the violin and another in the violoncello sections of the 1933 Sydney Eisteddfod have had the honor of playing in the orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty offers violin players enormous inducement for serious study and for entry in the Eisteddfod.

Entirely new to the 1934 syllabus are two instrumental sections, one adult, one juvenile, and the Hamilton Harty recitals should prove a strong influence in securing good entries to both sections.

Dancing is everywhere popular, and the 20 sections which have been devoted to it in the syllabus should receive a large number of entries.

No one can prophesy the limits of popularity of the Screen Personality Contest.

Remember, entries for all sections close on July 7.

NEW BOOKS

Story that Ends at the Beginning

In "David and Destiny," the new novel by Ian Hay, this famous author tells the story of a musical prodigy; a boy to whom music comes as a natural gift.

As a subject for a story this is a great material, but the tale told by Ian Hay is rather disappointing. David Gow does not evolve into a real musician until the end of the book. He is diverted by an ability for writing comic songs which takes him to New York and permits him to squander several valuable chapters of his book life in vaudeville of doubtful taste.

The story ends where it should begin at the point where David has realised that the fleshpots of life are not for him, and that he must set to and use his phenomenal talents at serious music. However, this is only too true of life.

The first part of the book is much better than the second. Ian Hay is prejudiced against America and Americans so that he caricatures his American characters, and the whole effect is nightmarish.

"David and Destiny" has some fascinating opening chapters. The reader is introduced to David at the age of 17, when he is being tried at a London Police Court for stealing golf balls from a golf course where he has been employed as a caddy.

THE magistrate, finding out that David was started on his "criminal" career by a lazy old uncle who lives with him and sponges on him, sentences the boy to two years at a reformatory.

On his way to this institution David's guard, a kindly and poorly policeman, dies of heart failure.

David hands him over to the station

authorities at the next stop, and then, feeling that he has done his duty and earned his freedom, he takes the next train that comes into the station, intent on carving out his career at wherever it might land him.

Having no money or ticket, he very conscientiously travels under the seat of a third-class carriage, and it is here that he is discovered by Mr. Treherne and his daughter, Mona.

Treherne, who is professor of music at a very strange English Public School where they barrack at cricket, gives David a job as organ boy or "quiffier," and it is in this capacity that he discovers his amazing talent for music.

"DAVID and Destiny" is lacking in thought as compared with some of Ian Hay's other books; nevertheless there are one or two passages worthy of note.

It is a pity that we do not hear more of Mr. Shearmer, the American millionaire who is trying to find his soul.

He says, at one stage, "I began to realise, gropingly, that the summit of the universe is not composed of intensive salesmanship and American plumbing. And then one day I met Treherne, and he gave me the key of the whole situation by something he said. It was: 'Work my boy, for the mere sake of working is the most insidious devil in all demonology. Watch out for him; watch and pray, night and day; that he doesn't get hold of you; because, if he does, bang forever goes your birthright in God's world.'"

"David and Destiny." Ian Hay. 7/6. Hodder and Stoughton.

SHORT REVIEWS

"Kind Gentleman." Joan Wales. Antony Carpenter during his school days suffers the loss of a great friend and his hero at the war. Although the blow has left its mark his life is taken up with many interests, but he has not the courage to stand up to hard work and all the sacrifices it entails.

A heavy sickness overtakes him, and the story of his failures ends in his rising from his sick bed a wiser and better man, with work to go to and a girl to share his life. A simple and enjoyable story. (Mills and Boon. 7/6.)

"Grubstake." Mark L. Requa. An interesting romance of the mining days of Nevada. An old prospector realises the dream of every miner when he locates a reef of quartz of extraordinary richness. In his prospecting business he is in partnership with two other men, and they share their secret with a girl to whom they make over their claims.

A band of unscrupulous men, headed by a saloon keeper, endeavor to secure the claims. The windmills are outwitted by the prospector, who sells them a dud claim on samples of quartz taken from the rich reef, and uses their money to finance the working of his own claim. The love affairs of the girl and one of the lucky prospectors are interspersed with exciting gunplay round the saloon, and the story ends as most old-fashioned romances do. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"Makala Farm." Ruby Pemberton Le-mont. A romantic story of South Africa in the 'nineties. An English schoolgirl elopes, while still in her school uniform, with a South African trader. She becomes stranded at a lonely hotel, where she is met and befriended by Cecil Rhodes, who arranges lodging for her with some Boer settlers. She has three lovers, two of them English officers, and the third a giant Boer. When the Transvaal War commences, the girl is torn between love and patriotism. A lively and entertaining story, with historical persons characterised. (Stephenson. 7/6.)

"Destiny." Edwin N. Speer. As a first novel by Edwin N. Speer, "Destiny" suggests that the author is a man who has experienced many vicissitudes, and is widely travelled. He depicts Neville Tinsdale as an Englishman in comfortable circumstances before the war. Subsequently, Tinsdale faces active service, domestic unhappiness and financial stress. Finally he leaves for Australia, where he eventually finds health, happiness, and love. Various character studies and descriptions of scenes in England and in Africa are vivid and interesting. There is some humor, and through it all a compelling sincerity that leads one to expect further works from the pen of this author.

"Aleka." Kenneth Matthews. Martin

Grabame, a young man, assistant master at a school in one of the Grecian Islands, finds himself attracted to his sixteen-year-old pupil, Aleka, from Sicily. They play games and bathe together, and in the absence of Martin's wife, sleep together on the roof terrace. When the wife returns her jealousy of the boy is aroused, and she deserts Martin and goes to England alone. When Martin tries to follow his wife to England, a delicate story of an unpleasant topic. (Peter Davies. 6/-.)

"Black Monastery." Alador Kunez. A powerfully written story of a young Hungarian who when was declared was unlucky enough to be on enemy territory and was arrested and interned. The story of his sufferings and that of his fellow prisoners during their imprisonment in the Black Monastery and finally at La Vendee is graphically told by the author, who was one of the prisoners. Through years of confinement and brutality he retained his sanity while his fellow internees collapsed under the strain. (Chaito and Windus. 10/6.)

"Three Roads From Paradise." Larry Barretto. An absorbing novel, depicting the lives of three generations of a social family. We are firstly introduced to Claudia in her "brown delaine dress and a bodice pinched at the waist which pointed to a 'V' and the skirt flaring in many folds with a slight bustle behind." She discovers her husband has a mistress, and is faced with the problem of righting her twisted romance in the times when divorce was a slur on the character of any woman.

As the years pass on, Alicia, Claudia's daughter, reaches marriageable age, and would wed for love, but Claudia guides her into a marriage for position. The consequent death of her daughter brings further tragedy to Claudia.

Revealing in the freedom of the 20th century we meet Alicia's daughter, Joan. Married to the man of her heart she experiences the trials and tribulations of all lovers, presented in a realistic manner. (Jarrold. 7/6.) P.H.

"Family Skeleton." Kathleen Coyle. Mary Grace Lindsey, a resident of an English village called Laverock, eloped with a gamekeeper named Thomas Jenkins. They married and had one daughter, but during a tour of Switzerland Jenkins was killed, and for ten years she mourned his loss. She then made a second marriage with a musician, and of this marriage there was also a daughter. Years after, Mary Grace Lindsey became homesick, and after her daughters had settled down in life she returned to England to visit her aged mother. Although many years have passed since she left England, her return revived the scandal of her elopement with Jenkins. A cleverly written story showing the narrow-mindedness of village people who have not had the advantage of travel and world experience. (Nicholson and Watson. 7/6.)



"Mother and Four"

Isabel Wilder

THE story opens with the sad scene of a widow wandering by night through her house gazing at her children asleep and mourning the loss of her husband. After her husband's death Laura Derwent is left with four children to educate and very little of the world's goods. The story after that is a narration of her struggles to secure employment for her three boys and of their ultimate success in the professions they chose, one as a lawyer, one an engineer, and another an archaeologist. (Stanley Paul. 7/6.)

WHIDDON WINS

Five £1000 Prizes

CASH FOR READERS

Mrs. McAuliffe, of Rose Bay, and Mr. W. Sexton, of Auburn, are among the people who have recently received cheques for £1000 from Mr. W. H. Whiddon.

Mrs. H. Harmer, of Cadzay; Mrs. G. Smith, of Dulwich Hill; and Mrs. T. Shaw, of St. Peters, were also included in Mr. Whiddon's £1000 winners. Readers may share Whiddon's luck next week by clipping the coupon below and posting it to-day.

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Mrs. B..... is another of the many mothers who have written about Laxettes. Here is her experience:

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"I have two boys, aged 8 and 10, the latter being bad tempered and cranky. For years I have tried other medicines, and they seem useless. I tried Laxettes, and from that day to this have not been without a tin in the house. The boys' attitude could never make out the change; he is so loving and popular with everyone.

"(Signed) Mrs. B.....
"Paramatta, Sydney."

This is just another of those obstinate cases where everything else fails, but Laxettes at once succeed! Not only are genuine Laxettes better than the old fashioned salts, oil and purgatives which are so distasteful. They are also more pleasant to take, with the taste of purest chocolate. Children are always EAGER to have Laxettes!

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We will send you a free sample. Write your name and address below. Post to The Laxette Manufacturing Company, Dept. W.W. Melbourne, C.I.

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Use Baxter's Worm Tablets

If unobtainable from your chemist write The Laxette Mfg. Co., Melbourne.

JUST a Woman



YOU say of a sweet dream—when you awake: "If only it were real," and you sigh at the hopelessness of such a wish, and go upon the ordered ways of your life. But here—here now, this gay, golden June day, had come to Alison Phaire the tangible, vivid reality of that dream most lovely, most often recurrent in her life, since she had first seen David Bruce.

David's hands were on her shoulders, his fine grey eyes were looking earnestly, pleadingly, voicing silently a cosmic question, into hers; his spirit seemed to become unloosed from the quiet bonds of reserve and seemed to burn into hers. Her hands dropped listlessly at her sides. She had not even strength to push him away, nor power to think.

Reality of dreams—and it overwhelmed her. Her thoughts were incoherent. Why couldn't she smile, why couldn't she live this moment as in dreams it had been so gloriously lived? Perhaps you had to be a dream person to live a dream. This was all wrong, wrong. Even as his arms slid around her, drew her close, she knew it was wrong. He was David Bruce; she worked for him, he had a wife. Not once in the three years of her secretaryship had David Bruce so much as touched her hand in this wild way—and the things he was saying.

"Alison! I can't help it. I've wanted so much to tell you—I've got to—you're so faithful, so real. I want you to be with me always. I'm alone."

"Your wife—"

He laughed shortly.

"Have I one? Of course, you don't know. Or maybe you do—I married Freya Nordstrom."

"I know that," Alison slipped from

Anew

Let's start again! 'Tis not impossible
With broken tools to plan and build
anew

From out the wreck, the debris and the
dust

The house that tottered when the
fierce wind blew.

Let's start again! But this time on the
rock

Of high ideals and quiet love and
wise,

Of kindnesses that seek not recogni-
tion

Through faith and fire and pain that
purifies.

We'll start anew! We love each other
still.

So let us tap to-morrow's golden
door,

And, in the end—who knows?—maybe
we'll find

The Paradise we failed to find before.

—BATT.

his arms, leaned against his desk and

looked at him, his face strong with

effort and the good fight, his crisp hair

graying at the lean temples, his wide

shoulders and strangely gentle mouth.

Freya Nordstrom—loved of millions on

the screen; chucking it all up for David

Bruce. A woman in ten thousand—and

now, this misery in his eyes.

"I seldom see her, Alison," he said

sternly. "I don't even know, half

the time, where she is. Weeks and

weeks now since I saw her. And I have

nothing. A home that's only a shell, no

child of hers. And I wanted no—"

Alison knew; that hunger in his eyes

when young boys came to the office

with their parents, the way he watched

them, talked with them and shyly

touched them. No boy of his own.

Freya Nordstrom and a baby—Alison

smiled. It was bizarre. Freya, in the

photographs, with dogs, and apes and

peacocks, their strange beauty grotesque

beside her blonde, sinuous loveliness.

"I'm getting out," said David. His

voice was an effort, like a man con-



Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

came over Alison and she looked involuntarily around, fancying from the invisible a deep, thrilling, startling laugh—a laugh uttered with blonde head flung back, with full lips parted and throat swelling silky white; as she had seen Freya Nordstrom often, often, on the screen—and, seeing, had loved her and hated her—for her beauty and her power.

"But—" Alison turned to David, looked up at him. "But I would never understand her. You'd find me pretty feeble after Freya Nordstrom—like flat wine after old champagne. You—you don't mean what you say—"

"I do. I mean it with all my heart. What is her beauty to me? Life isn't all a series of dramatic highlights, the way it is on the screen. Marriage isn't that—marriage means home and the things of home, the building of life, the fashioning of our destinies—candle-light instead of Klieg and tea instead of champagne. And it's lovely that way. I know it is. It's that I've always wanted."

"And you think I could give it to you, David?"

"My dear." His hand reached down and closed on hers, warmly. "I know that I want you. She will divorce me, willingly. It will be just like a stage play for her."

ALISON wondered. The world made of its heroes, its idols, beings apart, attributing to them qualities that are not of earth, forgetting that they are only, after all, men and women, with hearts that can hope and suffer. Freya Nordstrom had been the woman of ice—lovely, passionless, inhuman. Well, perhaps—

David talked earnestly. David, now that she had begun to adjust herself

With pale, blonde head thrown back, with arms out-
flung, she stood, the moonlight on her face.

to the reality of dreams, was more wonderful than of old. He would write to Freya at the last address of hers he had; the letter would be forwarded. He would tell her in that letter that he was through, that she could divorce him, that he wanted to marry another woman.

"And we'll be happy, Alison—together," he said; his face more calm, more hopeful now in the soft light of blue candles. They had motored down to the sea, to a little inn at St. Martin's, and there in the quaint old dining-room they sat and talked and planned and the sea murmured in at them through the open windows, and far off, like twinkling eyes, the lights along the shore watched them kindly.

"I'll try hard to make you happy, David—to make up for—for what you've missed—"

It seemed trite, inadequate. How could she hope to take the place of Freya? It frightened her just to think of it. But David was wonderful—so

calm, so strong, so gentle to her. And life with him—she thrilled to the thought of it. She would be David's wife and all the love of his heart would be given to her. She had so often dreamed of what it would be like; now she would know. Strongly, her fingers returned the pressure of his hand, and she smiled at him—a lover's smile.

"You'll be taking your vacation in a few days," he said. "That's good. It will give you a chance to think about all this, and become adjusted to it. I want you to realize what it will mean to me—to have a home, to have someone waiting for me, to see a welcome in someone's eyes—"

"I know."

With a rush of tenderness and a flash of deep understanding, Alison said those words.

But when she was alone, she won-

dered, and when, next evening, Terence

Conway, in his usual cyclonic fashion,

barged into her flat like the vanguard

of Youth, she wondered again. Terry

Complete
Short...
Story...

By
Louis Arthur
Cunningham

—young, dark, vivid, mocking. She couldn't tell Terry about David Bruce. Why, Terry often talked to her as if she were his wife. As now—

"I think we'll have the living-room done in black with orange ceiling, Alison, my love, and the dog-kennel made of stucco instead of sheet-iron, also we're going to get a dachshund instead of a schnauzer, and—"

"When is all this, and what?" demanded Alison.

"When and what?" He laid a bunch of roses, young and sweet, on her lap.

"Take thou this young rose—when and what? Why will you persist in ignoring the fact that we were made for each other? Now, it's all settled."

"Sold one of your novels?"

"That's it!"

"Terry! How wonderful!"

"Well, it's not exactly sold, you know." He sat down beside her and looked into her eyes as if to satisfy himself of their blueness, and touched the dark waves of her hair. "What I've done is a masterpiece of strategy: I've got a job as editorial adviser to a first-class publisher. All I have to do now is editorially advise him to publish my stuff. Simple, eh?"

"You'll probably make him give in," nodded Alison, liking his energy, his gay laugh, his fearless view of life.

"I hope you do."

"Good girl. I'll make it. Where are you going on your vacation?"

"I haven't decided."

"You mean you won't tell me. Never mind, I'll find you out—aye, should you go to the ends of the earth and beyond, Terence will find you."

THEY went driving in Terry's fleet roadster, to a party that travelled as fast as the car had gone—jazz and laughter and the bright madrigal of youth. Terry was so young, and all his friends were young—youths and girls as full to brimming with the joy of life as he was. And, Alison thought with a start, she was of them—of the gay parade of youth. And David—well, David was different. Terry would look on her with horror and amazement if she told him she was going to marry David Bruce.

She tried to tell him, but she couldn't. He would never understand, never. In the speedy flux of his life, calm, serious men like David had no place. He would like David and respect him, but Alison very much feared that Terry would involuntarily address him as "sir."

They drove home, under a round white moon, and Terry talked, more gravely now, of his work, his hopes, his dreams, and she saw in him, in his early form, the same strength and driving force that had matured in David. Terry, she was used to Terry, had known him intimately for years; about David was all the glamour and mystery of dreams, and with David would come wealth and all things that accompany it, though of this aspect she thought little. David offered her a man's love, a dream fulfilled; Terry asked her to share a dream that might be only a dream.

He asked her, urgently, definitely, to share that dream.

"When your vacation is over, Alison, we'll get married. I love you, love you, and—"

"Please don't, Terry. I—I don't want you to say that."

"Well, I'm saying it—and I'll keep on saying it until the old voice begins to crack and quaver, if needs be."

She tried to tell herself he would forget in time, and she strove not to let his words sink into her heart and with their brave young sincerity possess it. Yet there was a spell, a magic, heady, gripping, in the night, in the moon, in the rush of the wind, in Terry's earnest voice, in the vivid pictures he painted. A spell that lingered as white morning mists in a golden valley, and would not be dismissed until again she was with David and saw once more the hope of happiness in his eyes.

She wished he had not asked her to mail that letter—the letter to Freya. He looked in her eyes when he handed it to her; he said nothing. But she knew what it was. She was glad when the slot of the letter box clicked behind it, a weight seemed to have been taken off her hands. It was done, Freya, the superb, was not the woman to fight such a letter; she, whose call could bring the world to her feet, would only laugh, no doubt, and shrug, and shake her blonde head as when on the screen, a lover had left her. There were always lovers—for such as Freya. But Alison wondered if such as Freya ever loved.

Please turn to Page 34

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and she has "pink tooth brush"!★

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips faultlessly manicured. People comment on it. They don't comment upon her dingy teeth... of course. But they notice them! To be really attractive your teeth must also gleam. The brightness of your smile depends on sound white teeth... and your teeth can't be really healthy unless your gums are firm and strong.

To-day's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. Without stimulation they become flabby—tender—bleed easily. ★Pink tooth brush follows. And pink tooth brush spells danger to your teeth and your health—and to the attractiveness of your smile. To have firm healthy gums and good-looking bright teeth do this: Clean your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time

put a little extra Ipana on finger-tip or toothbrush and massage it gently into your sluggish, tender gums. Very soon you'll have brighter—whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. Your Pink tooth brush troubles will be over.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

★"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a trace of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender... that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE, 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS

Something WRONG

A Complete Short Story

By
AUSTIN PHILIPS

here. He had only recently taken charge of this district after nearly two decades spent in Lancashire and Cumberland.

He reached the pleasant old High Street noted with approval the white-stoned facade of the local branch of the London, Central, Shires, and Suburban, and then passed through the swing doors of the building.

But there was no need, here, to introduce himself or to present credentials. As he reached the front of the counter he had instant knowledge why and wherefore he had had that sudden recollection in the railway carriage. It had been born of a name in the file of papers which he had been studying—a name so familiar yet so ordinary that he had quite failed to link up present business with pleasure, and emotion in the past.

"Good God!" he burst out now. "It's Dicky Roberts!"

"Why, Jack, old man! Where have you sprung from?"

The couple gripped hands and stood considering one another. The manager saw a tall, dark, handsome personage, austere in aspect save for human, warm blue eyes—and in the obvious pink of condition. The inspector regarded a short, sturdy, auburn-haired being with a distinguished nose, a lined forehead, and a chin of marked resolution. Yet—such was this man's abnormal nervousness—that strange sixth sense which all good workers acquire in connection with their meter simply shouted to the caller—if as yet only subconsciously—that here, at this branch at Torquillstone, there was something definitely wrong.

"I have just taken over this area of inspection," explained John Carysfort. "I never expected to find you here!"

"No. I suppose you didn't!" The other winced most visibly.

"How long have you had this office?"

"Just twenty years now."

My Favorite Quotation

SUCCESS

"HE has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, either by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration and whose memory a benediction."

Sent in by Mrs. W. K. Symonds, Terrigal, N.S.W.

"Twenty years? Then this is the branch you got them to give you the year we both gave up Rugger."

"That's it."

"Then why on earth—"

The inspector pulled up quickly. That something was amiss here he now knew consciously; and for two sufficing reasons he did not proceed with his question. The first was that he was far too fine and too sensitive to hurt needlessly another man's feelings. The second was that if this office had already given trouble, and if the manager had gone morally to pieces it was not from the manager that he would learn things. The reports on this branch here at Torquillstone would be filed up in London and obtainable.

"The half-yearly inspection and audit have already been done," Roberts jerked out now, his hands nervously washing themselves with invisible soap and his lips twitching. "It was almost the last thing that Ferguson" (Ferguson was Carysfort's predecessor as inspector of the district) "did before he took his pension."

"Yes, I know," was the answer. "I haven't come for that. It's another matter."

"Another matter?"

"Yes, I just ran over between trains—to look into the question of a customer's overdraft, and to make the manager's acquaintance."

"Oh, the Letterkenny affair!" A quite extraordinary sense of relief showed instantly on the till now

troubled face of the speaker. "You have the papers with you?"

"Yes, of course. Let us go into the matter."

Roberts led the way to his own room, leaving his one solitary clerk at the counter. The matter was a small one—merely a client's complaint at not being granted an overdraft on wholly inadequate security.

"You did quite rightly," the inspector said, decidedly.

"I'm glad of that." The manager—to his visitor's surprise—glanced nervously over his shoulder, almost as though he expected someone to enter and arrest him. "I'm very glad."

"Yes, I'll report to headquarters accordingly. I must get off now!"

John Carysfort rose, shook hands—then stayed stationary, for the strangest thing had happened. Even as the two men's fingers had gripped, the manager had again glanced over his shoulder anxiously, as though expecting some intruder.

"You'll be coming over again?" Jerked out Roberts in a tone which showed anything but hopefulness.

"Not very soon, perhaps. But again, of course, I told you I had taken over the district."

"Oh, yes, yes!" The other's face had shown relief at the first sentence, and his hands went washing themselves as previously. "Well, good-bye, Carysfort, old man. It's so nice to have seen you again."

"You are lying, Dicky!" Carysfort answered swiftly—though to himself only—and then strode out of the building. As he went, that sixth sense went also once more, clamoring to him that something at this branch was very wrong!

HIS way to the railway-station took the bank inspector through some fields, in one of which boys were playing football. It was Rugger, and he saw one of them—a small, sturdy, auburn-haired lad of thirteen or thereabouts—go down on the ball most pluckily before a rush of opposing forwards. John Carysfort knew a thrill of warm approval. But he did not stop longer. Time pressed.

And as the train ambled back towards Malvern—which he was temporarily making his headquarters—his thoughts continued centred upon his old colleague at the bank's Lombard Street headquarters, former fellow Blackheathen, and now, these twenty years, manager at Torquillstone. Something was wrong. He knew it very definitely. He saw trouble—also sorrow—straight ahead.

At Malvern Wells station Carysfort's wife was waiting for him. She was a charming and human woman, round whom his whole life revolved. They were ideally happy, great comrades—their sole grief that children were denied them—and she travelled with him everywhere.

The pair set out—as had been pre-arranged—to climb the hills, then traverse them, and then descend to their quarters by the light of a moon already risen. Before long Mavis Carysfort noticed her husband's marked preoccupation.

"What is the matter, darling?" she asked presently, when they had reached the summit, and level going made conversation easier.

"I am very worried!" came the answer.

"Yes, I can see that," she said. "It's obvious. Is it anything you can tell me?"

"I think so," Carysfort, sworn to secrecy like all bank employees never mentioned a word to her of clients' affairs, but often discussed with her human problems encountered in daily routine business. "I have had a bit of a shock, my dear!"

"What sort of a shock?"

"Why, I've just met Richard Roberts!"

"The man who played scrum half for Blackheath when you played on the wing?"

"That's the fellow!"

Please turn to Page 32

SOLVING the PANKY Murder MYSTERY

*Bloodhound Lower Called In;
Astonishing Exposure*

I shall always look back with pride on my career in the detective force. Bloodhound Lower they used to call me, and I can truthfully say that I deserved it. No one looks more like a bloodhound than I, unless it's a bloodhound.

I must tell you about one of my cases.

I WAS called to a house in the city where I was told something serious had happened. Hastily donning a false beard and a limp I called at the house disguised as a bee-farmer. On disclosing my identity I was let into the house, and conducted to the scene of the mishap by the wife of the victim, Mrs. Panky.

On the floor of the study was a sight to put you off your haggis. In one corner of the room lay the legs of Mr. Panky in the other corner, on top of the wireless cabinet was his head and his arms were under a chair. I examined the pieces.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Panky," I said, "that your husband is in a bad way. I shouldn't be surprised if he was dead."

I was right, as it turned out. The only clue I could find was one fingerprint on the desk. I scraped this off and placed it carefully in an envelope. I then searched the room for a hair. Not one solitary hair could I find. I could find no cigarette butts in the grate either. I had then to look for a man

who had only one finger, was bald, and did not smoke. The table was three feet from the floor, showing that the miscreant must have been at least two feet high in order to reach up and leave his fingerprint on it.

The description was circulated to all stations.

★ ★ ★

AFTER that I went through the house with a fine tooth comb, which I invariably carried for the purpose. My colleagues used to say to me, "Why do you always carry a fine tooth comb, Bloodhound?" I would reply, "I keep it to go through houses with," and they would say, "Houses like that ought to be fumigated," but I would just smile



"As you can see, my dear Watson, a crime has been committed," coolly remarked Bloodhound Lower.

my slow, inscrutable smile, and go on my own inscrutable way. While combing the chimney in the

study I found a bloodstained axe half-way up. I again examined the body. It had snot on it!

In a flash I knew all.

While toying with the axe in his study Panky had accidentally cut his head off. The bloodlust had gripped him, and he proceeded to cut his arms

By...

L. W. LOWER

*Australia's Foremost
Humorist.*

Illustrated by
WEP.

off, and then his legs. Sanity returned, and, horrified at what he had done, and afraid of the stigma of suicide being attached to his hitherto honorable name, he had then hidden the axe in the chimney.

But what about the fingerprint, you ask? I will admit that at first this had me puzzled. I took the thing out of the envelope, and tried it on everyone in the house. It didn't fit one of them. Then I had another flash of inspiration.

I tried it on myself and it fitted!

I was aghast. Could I have done this foul thing in a moment of abstraction? I hastily turned up my diary. No, my time was fully accounted for. At the time the thing happened I was in an hotel bar ordering the customers out because it was after closing time. I remembered distinctly that I was in that hotel ordering people out for about four hours.

I decided, after long consideration, that the best thing to do about the fingerprint was to say nothing about it. Let them, I said to myself, cling to their myth that no two fingerprints are alike.

I put in my report, and some days later a verdict was returned, "Willful Suicide by Some Person or Persons Unknown." So ended the Panky case.

I may tell you next week about my experiences in guarding Royalty.

And then again I may not. It depends how you behave yourselves in the meantime.

"SHADING" Your BIDS ... In CONTRACT BRIDGE

*Ely Culbertson and Dr. McAdam
Tell How to Win*

General tactics of suit bids in contract bridge are splendidly set out in this article by Ely Culbertson, world's greatest card analyst, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, Australia's well-known contract bridge authority, and should be adopted by every player.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

THE Culbertson system is also known as the Approach-Forcing system, and by "approach" principles is meant that the final contract is "approached" by a series of suit bids at a low level, a "fit" for the two hands being thereby assured.

Naturally a standard of "biddable" suits must be determined. Such a standard need not be rigidly adhered to, and most experts at times depart from it to an amazing extent. This is known as "shading" one's bids, and such suits, when bid, are called "shaded" suits.

As a working basis, the biddable and shaded suits as given are excellent, and should be closely adhered to until a player has graduated from the beginner class. Until a player is proficient, the "shading" of suits should not fall below the requirements indicated in this article.

Great stress is to be placed on the avoidance of opening with No-trumps, and suits as weak as K-J-x-x, or even K-10-x-x, at times are bid in order to avoid the "bete noir" of No-trumps.

By ELY CULBERTSON
No. XXIII

A SUIT should always be preferred to a no-trump.

This statement is the essence of the Approach principle, upon which the Culbertson System is founded. By preferring a suit at the first opportunity, a wider range of possibilities is opened, and while the eventual contract may be in no-trump, at least all avenues have been explored before this decision has been reached.

Certain suits are considered biddable, others non-biddable, and still others "shaded." Even the shaded suits should be preferred to the no-trump.

To be biddable a suit must be at least 4 cards in length. If it is only 4 cards in length it must contain at least 11 honor tricks. If it is a five-card suit, it may be headed by only one-half honor

trick, while if it is a six-card suit, it may be headed by anything at all. Examples of biddable suits: A Q x x, K Q 10 x, A J 10 x, K x x x x, Q J x x x, x x x x x x.

Shaded biddable suits consist of the following: K Q x x, K J 10 x, A J 9 x.

OUR High-Flying GIRLS

Opposed by
Parents

IT is asserted by Mr. W. R.

Gilbert, secretary of the Queensland Aero Club, that, to a very great extent, parents are responsible for the dearth of women aviation enthusiasts.

Repeatedly it is brought under his notice where sensible, healthy girls are deterred from taking up flying lessons owing to the prejudice of their parents. They are allowed, Mr. Gilbert points out, to take up hockey, rowing and other strenuous and even dangerous sports, and drive the family car around the danger-laden city streets, but when it comes to aviation, the maternal decision—invariably final, despite what some people say about the modern girl—is that flying is too dangerous for women.

Consequently, scores of potential women air pilots in Queensland have to repress what is often a natural air-mindedness.

"I believe that Miss Batten's successful flight should give a decided fillip to Australian women's interest in aviation," Mr. Gilbert stated in an interview. "It is significant that although entries have only been open a few days, there is a big proportion of lady entrants in our Flying Scholarship. This, possibly, can in some measure be attributed to Miss Batten's flight."



Q J 10 x, Q 10 x x x, J 10 x x x. These suits are bid under certain circumstances in the same fashion as though they were biddable.

There are also sub-shaded suits, which may be bid only in minors. These suits include holdings such as K J x x, A 10 x x, Q J x x. The last-named are used only when trying to avoid an opening no-trump bid.

Choosing the Suit

FREQUENTLY a hand will contain a choice between two suits. When both suits are of four-card length, the higher ranking should always be pre-

ferred. For instance, bid one spade in preference to one diamond, holding:

S-K Q 10 4, H-A 5 3, D-A K Q 5, C-9 8.

When two suits are distributed 5-4, the longer should be bid first, regardless of rank. For instance:

Bid one club in preference to one heart, holding:

S-A 5, H-A K 7 4, D-8 7, C-Q J 10 5 3.

When two suits are divided 5-5, the higher ranking should always be bid, even though one of them is shaded. Example:

Bid one spade in preference to one heart, holding:

S-Q 10 5 4 3, H-A Q J 6 5, D-A K, C-4.

If two suits are divided 6-4, the six-



"Whoopy Croup"
-he's all right now!



It's one of Mother's little worries that COLDS should be invading the house and even Baby has had his little "whoopy" cough! Bonnington's Irish Moss will rid the children of that choking phlegm, ease the breathing and soothe a sleep-hindering cough.

IMITATIONS: Avoid all of them. Get Bonnington's — 1/9 and 3/-.

**Bonnington's
"IRISH MOSS"**
FOR COUGHS and COLDS.

HOT BATHING says I know my Pure Meat Vinegar from Australian honey, and make it for one year.

An Editorial

JUNE 30, 1934.

DO CHILDREN KNOW TOO MUCH?

IN so many ways, the children of to-day have opportunities of becoming as worldly wise as their parents.

Films, newspapers and books are now in the hands of children at such an early age that there seems little scope for those books that were thought so daring by the last generation—"What Every Young Woman Should Know," and such-like.

In addition, there is the fact that the large family has almost disappeared. Where there used to be half a dozen children, it was easy to treat them as "kids." In fact, they were treated as children almost until marrying age.

But the solitary child of to-day is treated by its parents more and more as a grown-up. In sex matters there is, of course, an attempt to shield the child from knowledge. So much freedom is allowed in every other direction, however, that this well-meant effort on the part of parents can result only in hopelessly confusing the child's sense of moral values.

It has the effect of putting either a morbid over-emphasis on sex, or a harmful under-emphasis.

The earlier physical maturity of Australian children is a factor which must also be reckoned with.

The real thing to be concerned about in regard to how much children know is a matter of the emotions rather than the intellect. It is not the knowing of a fewer or a greater number of mere facts, but the psychological perceptions of the child that matter.

The fact that the average age of marriage in both sexes is rising seems to indicate that the emotional development of our children is being postponed. This is in spite of their earlier intellectual knowledge of life, and of their earlier physical maturity.

It may not be a bad thing if this is so, provided that the emotional springs are not permanently dried up. There is, indeed, a tendency towards too much of a material outlook, and not enough regard for art and beauty and the finer things of life.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

A Thought

We dream of and live for to-morrow.
Much better to live for to-day . . .
Illusions are shattered by sorrow
So let's laugh at the world and be gay.
—P.D.—B.

POINTS OF VIEW

Sorcery Standards

PROBABLY the heathen, in his blindness, will always bow down to wood and stone. The last report of Sir Hubert Murray, Lieut.-Governor of Papua, mentions that sorcery is dying out in some parts of the territory, but in others is still flourishing.

"The belief in sorcery," says this eminent authority, "will, I suppose, never be extirpated, for one finds it among the most highly civilised nations of Europe, but it may be minimised."

Sir Hubert may have had in mind the beliefs in the beneficent or maleficent influence of ladders, black cats, mascots, numbers, days of the week, colors, stones, and so forth. These, though not extirpated, have certainly been minimised with education.

Also, he may have been considering the peculiar faith in the power of politicians to bring prosperity, or of the gold standard to measure values, or of wars to accomplish anything useful. Even the aristocrats of our intellectuals have fallen for either the Mumbo or the Jumbo in these categories so, one way and another, it still remains true enough that my brother's gods are mine.—R.J.

Children Must Play

WHY do children become delinquents? Conducting an inquiry into the Child Welfare Department, a Sydney magistrate said, a few days ago, that statistics supplied him



showed that the greater number of delinquent children could be traced to the fathers.

One important and highly-trained witness said delinquency was most prevalent in crowded centres, in theatre groups, at railway stations, and that in the neighborhood of parks and playgrounds there was practically no delinquency.

These are highlights on a difficult problem. When the disciplinary influence of a father is withdrawn it seems a natural result that a child whose surroundings deprive him of the quota of freedom which is a fundamental necessity for every human being should help himself to the satisfaction of his needs by "wagging it."

Flaw in Law

IN a Queensland criminal court recently a lad of 15 was convicted on an indictable charge, and a request by the lad's counsel for suppression of the details and name by the Press was refused by the presiding Judge.

In exercising its right to commit a child defendant to the Supreme Court, the Children's Court, which aims to protect young offenders from the damaging effects of publicity, thus lands the hapless youngster into the crime reports of the papers.

Surely there must be a flaw in the law somewhere in the division separating the Children's Court Act from other Court Acts.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters.

Yankee Rackets

EVERY time an American tourist boat touches port in Australia there's an uprush of newspaper publicity about the frocking of the dollar princesses aboard. The dollar is not what it used to be, but still most American tourists are regarded by the dailies as of Royal income importance.

A few days ago, an afternoon paper, in its enthusiasm over the frocking of a handful of tourists, asserted that New York is undoubtedly becoming the fashion centre of the world. Must we, indeed, have Yankee frocking fashions thrust on us as we have had Yankee films thrust on us with a blare of indiscriminate approval from the daily Press?

Women, of course, will pay any price to be "exclusively" frocked, and the papers that consistently laud the gauds of Yankeeism are creating the right atmosphere for a Yankee frocking invasion. At this moment, I'm will-



ABOVE: Charles Laughton as he appears in the name part of "The Private Life of Henry VIII," and, at left, Henry VIII as painted by Holbein in 1542. See article in next column.

ing to wager that many Australian women are buying high-priced American models from "exclusive" agencies which specialise in sewing American labels on to Australian-made gowns.

When will we overcome our national inferiority complex and cease being the victims of Yankee fashion, film, and "literature" rackets? —J.A.N.

Tabby M.P.

THEY who are not cat-lovers often stigmatise tabby as an ungrateful creature, a cold, calculating cupboard-lover, who coaxes cream from her owner, and gives him, in return, neither affection nor respect. The famous picture, "Cats," made it fashionable to compare tabby to a woman, mysterious, unfaithful, self-contained, forever taking and never yielding so much as a quickened heart-beat to her benefactor.

But it has been left to Mr. P. F. Loughlin, M.P., to cast the hardest stone at tabby. "I detest the 'smooring' type of politician who purrs around electors like a tabby-cat!" is how Mr. Loughlin has put it.

"Walking down the street, smirking and pretending to know people, and kissing their babies," is another habit of a certain type of politician, according to Mr. Loughlin, but tabby, though she may have a political purr, surely doesn't otherwise come into the category of this kiss-or-miss type.

Next time you want to reproach your pet Persian, say to her, "Scheherazade, my dear, you remind me of a certain type of politician," and see if she takes it with sheathed claws.

What Charles Dickens Thought of "Bluff" King Hal.

Everybody is arguing as to whether Charles Laughton's study of Henry VIII, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," is a true one, or whether it libels a great king. One of London's foremost critics, James Agate, attacked Laughton for making a beast of Henry. In view of these differing opinions, the Australian "Film Weekly," a trade journal, published extracts from a history by Charles Dickens. These make it clear that, could he have seen the picture, the great novelist would have condemned it as too flattering to Henry!

"WE now come," says Dickens, "to King Henry the Eighth, whom it has been too much the fashion to call 'Bluff King Hal,' and 'Burly King Henry,' and other fine names; but whom I shall take the liberty to call, plainly, one of the most detestable villains that ever drew breath."

"You will be able to judge, long before we come to the end of his life, whether he deserved the character."

"He was just eighteen years of age when he came to the throne. People said he was handsome then; but I don't believe it. He was a big, burly, noisy, small-eyed, large-faced, double-chinned, swinish-looking fellow in later life (as we know from the likenesses of him, painted by the famous Hans Holbein), and it is not easy to believe that so bad a character can ever have been veiled under a prepossessing appearance."

"He was extremely fond of show and display."

"A vain blusterer."

"BEING now quite resolved to get rid of Queen Catherine, and to marry Anne Boleyn without more ado, the King made Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury, and directed Queen Catherine to leave the Court. She obeyed; but replied that wherever she went, she was Queen of England still, and would remain so to the last. The King then married Anne Boleyn privately; and the new Archbishop of Canterbury, within half a year, declared his marriage with Queen Catherine void, and crowned Anne Boleyn Queen."

"She might have known that no good could ever come from such a wrong, and that the corpulent brute, who had been so faithless and so cruel to his first wife, could be more faithless and more cruel to his second."

"She might have known that, even when he was in love with her, he had been a mean and selfish coward, running away, like a frightened cur, from her society and her house, when a dangerous sickness broke out in it, and when she might easily have taken it and died, as several of the household did."

"The next fancy was a Lady Jane Seymour; and the King no sooner set his mind on her than he resolved to have Anne Boleyn's head."

"There is a story that the King sat in his palace listening very anxiously for the sound of the cannon which was to announce this new murder; and that, when he heard it come booming on the air, he rose up in great spirits, and ordered out his dogs to go a-hunting. He was bad enough to do it; but whether he did it or not, it is certain that he married Jane Seymour the very next day."

"I have not much pleasure in recording that she lived just long enough to give birth to a son who was christened Edward, and then to die of a fever; for I cannot but think that any woman who married such a ruffian, and knew what innocent blood was on his hands, deserved the axe that would assuredly have fallen on the neck of Jane Seymour, if she had lived much longer."

"This amiable monarch now thought of taking another wife. He proposed to the Dowager Duchess of Milan, who replied that she might have thought of such a match if she had had two heads; but that only owning one, she must beg to keep it safe."

"At last, Cromwell represented that there was a Protestant Princess in Germany, named Anne of Cleves, who was beautiful, and would answer the purpose admirably."

"WHEN Anne came over—and the King went to Rochester to meet her, and first saw her without her seeing him—he swore she was 'a great Flanders mare,' and said he would never marry her. Being obliged to do it, now matters had gone so far, he would not give her the presents he had prepared, and would never notice her. Falling in love with Catherine Howard, the King soon divorced Anne of Cleves. It is probable that on his wedding day, of all days in the year, he sent his faithful Cromwell to the scaffold, and had his head struck off."

"The plain truth is that he was a most intolerable ruffian, a disgrace to human nature, and a blot of blood and grease upon the History of England."



The RASH ACT



FOR my part, though a man here and there will tell me it's a dangerous thing to do, I be prone to treat Providence pretty much like any other neighbor; and when I see proper deeds done and justice respected, I'm the first to shout approval and hope things will so continue. But 'tis playing with the truth to tell me that everything happens for the best, because I've got ears and eyes and a measure of sense, and I know right well a lot falls out that didn't ought.

'Tis no good bolstering up Providence with words, and 'tis no use being noisy and rude against it, or shaking your fist at the blue sky, like poor Jim Thatcher did when he lost his leg and his living and his sweetheart all to once, because a motor car frightened the plough boss he was riding home after a day's work. That ain't no good; but what I say is a still tongue makes a wise head in these cases, and the only dignified way is to keep shut about Providence when some things happen.

The wicked flourish like the green bay tree, and they always will, and the fool we shall continue to mourn only so long as he lives, in Bible words. Though why the clever sinner gets up top and the virtuous idiot remains at the bottom is hid from our religion, though no doubt our reason makes it tolerable clear.

But here's a tale where Providence was amazing clever, and saved a man alive against his own wishes, using not the victim's sense for the task, but just his foolishness. In fact, a masterpiece for Providence you may say, and if you wonder how such a thing could happen, I'll tell you the adventure of Nat Fox.

As folk said, and the joke never staled, there was nought of the fox about Nathan but his name, for smaller intellects were never put into

The Leaders of Our Time

"Oh, that we had a leader now!" Where would we use him then, and how?

As captain of the ship of State? Well, great was the leader, yet the great

Achieve but little, left alone Within a chair, upon a throne. More than the captain, in the grip Of wintry storms, must work the ship.

Whence comes the greatness of great things? Not from the fountains, but the springs. And whence the greatness of great men?

Not from the voice, nor from the pen. But from the people. It is they Who must be leaders in this day.

Whence comes the greatness of a land? 'Tis fashioned by the people's hand.

Oh, that we had, not only one, A million leaders—getting done The things that leaders need to do. God grant that other leaders, too, In each community appear:

Men talking hope, not spreading fear, With hearts courageous, faith sublime— These are the leaders of our time.

—D.M.

a big skull. A large, handsome man with beautiful, trustful eyes—like a now. Six feet he topped, but was spare built under the waist, and a thought knock-kneed. Dark hair and a blue chin, which he scraped once a week, and a silly, but kindly mouth. He lived with his mother to Halcombe, a hamlet inland above the sea. Teignmouth way; and he worked for Farmer Bassett, of Thorpe St. Giles, and earned his money.

Nathan didn't set no store on himself until his great adventure, and then all was changed, and he began to take that violent interest in No. 1 as be common to them who fall into that state. For love, though the object of it usually comes first, also awakens in most men very new and exciting thoughts about their own being, their looks, their wits, their work, their prospects and what they

Complete Short Story of... Devon

Illustrated by WEP



But when Ivy broke the news to Nathan, he took it in a fashion to trouble her a good bit.

the situation was accepted, and the young people gave out that they ordained to wed in six months, or thereabout.

And Nat went a good few inches taller, and his mother hid her heart and wearied Ivy with particulars about her future husband's virtues and requirements.

Then it was that Teddy Bassett came home to England to find a wife. He was the only son of the master of Thorpe St. Giles and he hadn't been home for ten years, so they were very pleased to see him. In the West Indies he worked on a sugar plantation, and he had rose to be overseer and was very well thought of. But Teddy always ordained to wed a Devonshire girl and now he came home to spend a few months and look around him and take back a wife, if the right one could be found in the time.

He was a very fine-looking man, brown as a berry, and so used to command black people in the way of business that he'd got into the way of being a thought more high-handed than us like at home nowadays. But he was a good son to his parents and had brought back a bit of money to burn, and so he found his native village friendly enough.

HE took to Ivy Slocombe from the first, and told his mother that it would have been very convenient for the courting, having her under the same roof along with him; but hearing she was tokened to Nat, of course he felt it was impossible to proceed in that direction. But

"Fickle Ivy," they called her

presently he got to know Nat Fox, and then he weren't so sure. For without a doubt he held Fox not to be worthy of his cousin, and, being a headstrong chap, he told Ivy the same and interested her a good deal, and then the trouble began in the usual familiar fashion.

"If you was a light-minded woman, or like to do wrong, I wouldn't say it," declared Teddy to the girl, mooning with her on the sea cliffs one day, "but, being as you are, most steadfast and not to be shook, and faithful to poor Nat Fox, I can safely tell you that, if you was free I should have offered for you myself and hoped to

take you to my fine home in the West Indies."

Of course, they'd gone pretty far before he said that, and it weren't no news to Ivy after he'd been home a month that he'd have married her, and glad to do so.

"As for that," she answered, "I needn't hide from you, Teddy, that I've grown to care for you because you're a manly sort, and a ruler of men. And I feel like what you do, that, if it weren't for Nathan, us might have made a happy match of it. But you're like me—honest as the light—and so there's nought for us to do as I can see but face the music."

Well, in a situation like that, with two rather shifty people of one mind, there's always a lot to do besides facing the music, and Teddy, being used to his own way and with a good streak of craft in his nature, very soon got busy. They pretended to each other a little longer and then the overseer saw that Ivy was to be won if he'd take the blame; so he went on with it, and the blame weren't going to trouble him anyhow. He was fed up with England by now, for it chanced to be a wet and dismal winter and he longed to be away. Then he set out on Ivy with all his might to prove they was intended for each other by Providence and none must come between 'em.

They were walking along the sea wall when she finally gave way, after her calculations were

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

she'd been mistook in her feeling for the lesser man; but Ivy thought it might be wiser to see Nathan herself.

"I've got a good bit of power over him," she said, "and if he knows my future happiness depends on you and not him, then he'll see there's nought for him to do but give me up peaceful. 'Tis a painful thing without a doubt for him," said Ivy, "but if he knows I'm fixed and there won't be no shadow of changing, I hope he'll have the sense to take it quiet, because nought will be gained by taking it noisy."

"And tell him I'm very wishful to temper the wind to the shorn lamb if I can do it," directed Teddy. "Don't let him think I'm an enemy, or nothing like that. Far from it."

But when the fatal hour struck next day and Ivy broke the news to Nathan, he took it in a fashion to trouble her a good bit. He was so noisy about it that she feared the whole village would hear him. Not that his rage vexed her particular; but when presently he calmed down, and sang small, and pleaded and prayed and begged her to come back to him and so on, then she got vexed at such unmanly conduct.

"These things ban't in our hands," she said. "I thought I loved you, Nathan, else God's my judge I wouldn't have took you; but I didn't know what love was then. It never rose up in me till my eyes rested on Mr. Bassett; and after that—well, I knew I'd been chose for him from the beginning, and I knew he'd offer for me."

"How on earth could he offer for 'e when you was my promised wife?" asked Nathan, and she explained that in these cases, promises didn't count more than thistle-down and that nature be stronger than humans every time.

"The bright thing is," she said, "that we wasn't married, for if that had happened, I should have run away from you and left you in an awkward position, Nat. But now all's well and you'll fall in love with another maiden come presently and very soon forget this little affair."

COOL as a cucumber she kept, and tried to get him to see that all was for the best; but in an orderly mind like Nat's that couldn't be done, and to hear the passion of his lifetime and his sure hope of happiness called a "little affair" worried the man a lot.

In fact, he went so far as to say he'd kill Teddy Bassett; and then Ivy, feeling her position pretty strong, thought that would be a very good moment to take her leave.

Which she did do; though not in any fear for Teddy, though she pretended to Nathan that she was. But, for a young girl, Ivy had a pretty keen sense of characters and she well knew that the bereaved wretch would no more lift a finger in reality than he'd jump over the moon. Two days later the men did meet, and Teddy watched out, because tother was twice so strong as him; but though Fox let his tongue run and said some terrible rude things, his mind was far too orderly for violence and he contented himself with a lot of crooked words and refusing the friendship Teddy offered.

He hadn't got what you might call far-reaching brains, Nat hadn't, but his nature inclined him to steady ways. He liked life to go just so, and he was most lawfully-minded and punctual as the sun in all things. And up to now, he'd found existence to be an orderly, well-balanced affair, and it seemed all right and proper when he offered marriage for the girl to say "yes." In a word, he didn't know his good luck, and when the upheaval came it took him a tidy time to realise his bad luck, though that's a thing us don't take long to grasp as a rule.

When first he heard Ivy had changed 'twas as if the face of nature had gone wrong, and it wouldn't much have surprised the man to see the apple trees put forth flowers in December; but the fearful truth was ground into him after a week and his will power went down afore it.

His mother talked sense to him night after night till she fell asleep doing so; and others likewise told him if Ivy was that sort and could turn him down for a more prosperous blade, he might reckon himself well rid of her; but all this was water on a duck's back, and the stricken man, and there came a time when his mind turned to darkness.

Please turn to Page 37

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov

CLOTHES for the CRUISE-MINDED

IN the midst of this cold weather, perhaps some of you are thinking of taking a cruise to the islands, where the warm sun beckons. You are contemplating deliciously cool linens and cottons. But do not forget that it will take you some days before you get into the warm weather, and that once you are there you are not always safe from cool winds and tropical showers.

YOU should have a tweed or flannel suit. The coat could be a hip-length, nipped-in-at-the-waist jacket, or full length, either fitted or swaggy style. The skirt of the same material should be straight, with a big pleat back and front stitched down as far as the knees. Several wool sweaters, a cardigan, and blouses complete the suit. If flannel is preferred, beige, grey, dark blue or brown are the most suitable colors—tweeds in mixed-up colors, checks, or plaids.

If you take a tweed jacket suit, you will need a long coat that can be worn over the sweater and skirt as well as over the frocks. As a long coat of the sports variety is indispensable, it would be more economical to have a tweed or flannel skirt with matching long coat and to wear sweater and cardigan underneath.

The coat must be cut with a high collar and have deep pockets for the hands. It can be double breasted or a wrapover, worn with a belt, or of the loose variety. A natural colored tweed flecked with brown and yellow makes a long coat lined with yellow jersey. The blouse is of the same jersey and the skirt of the tweed. Grey flannel is hard to equal for these ensembles, as the coat will look well over anything.

Smart Cruise Coats

WHITE flannel and chinchilla cloth (white and thick and very soft) make ideal cruise coats and nothing is as smart, but this necessitates another coat for the cold weather.

A lightweight wool frock in a pastel shade, very tailored looking even if it happens to be hand-knitted, would be an attractive addition to a cruise wardrobe. These dresses sometimes have short sleeves and are trimmed with buttons and pockets. Pastel blue, green, pink or yellow, beige or grey, or white are the colors, fine wool jersey or a coarser machine-knitted fabric or hand-knit the materials. This dress will come in very handy, perhaps, when the breeze is cool ashore.

With regard to the frock to wear ashore, you will want one of the same type as those you wear on board—plainly tailored crepe-de-chine or linen—but if you long for a change a print ensemble is the solution. Printed crepe with a flower, dotted or striped pattern in red and white, blue and white, yellow or green, or brown and white, is very smart. The dress should be sleeveless or short-sleeved and have an accompanying brief jacket made of the same fabric, with short or three-quarter sleeves.

Thin frocks should be of crepe-de-chine, pique, tweed, linen, or any of the non-transparent cottons, tailored with severe neckline, short sleeves, and pleats in the skirt.

For deck sports an outfit consisting of shorts, shirt, and detachable skirt is smart and worn a great deal abroad. This can be of linen, pique, jersey, sponge-cloth, or flannel.

Firstly, there is a shirt made like a man's, buttoning up the centre front and with two patch pockets. Then there is a pair of shorts—these can be short and tight fitting if you are slim. For the stouter girl there are lots of shorts with pleats over the stomach and full legs that hang like knee-length skirts.

Next, there is a skirt which buttons

up the centre front. It either buttons on to the shorts or fits neatly around the waist on to a band or belt. The bottom buttons of the skirt are left undone. No stockings are worn, of course.

For evening wear, printed crepe, chiffon, or lace dresses are worn. Most of these have little capes or jackets. One may not wear pretentious-looking evening clothes on board—the simpler and plainer the better. Printed crepes and lace are ideal materials. They pack easily, do not crush, and always look fresh and attractive. A long coat of velveteen, velvet, or sheer wool in a bright color to wear on deck for cool evenings is ideal.

A small wardrobe, yet with everything correct and practical, should be the ideal of every "voyageur." The experienced, well-dressed traveller, you will find, takes a few well-made clothes, the minimum amount of hats and shoes, and looks infinitely smarter than the amateur who is always changing her frocks and is encumbered by many trunks and suit-cases.

It is well to think out your color-scheme beforehand so that the same evening shoes will go with several gowns, the same top-coat over all your frocks.

For a cruise two pairs of day shoes are sufficient—one pair of white or brown, and white, low-heeled, rubber-soled lace-ups for deck wear, and a pair of white or brown and white court shoes with a high Cuban heel for ports. A dark pair of shoes will have to be added if any of the ports are cold.

A hat made of the same material as your tweed or flannel ensemble, a medium-brimmed thin white felt or panama for the thin frocks, and a big white straw for the ports are all that are necessary.

Don't forget a bathing costume and a beach dress if you are going to sunbake on the top deck.

A white or colored mackintosh should be added. At some tropical ports it always rains. Various scarves in bright or dark colors to wear with the thin frocks and sweaters are necessary.

Practical Outfit

FOLLOWING are details of a smart and useful outfit:—

Tan and white checked tweed, long double-breasted top-coat with wide lapels, two patch pockets and tan wooden buttons. Small-brimmed hat to match. Matching straight skirt with a white wool jersey blouse—tan monogram. Canary yellow twin sweater and cardigan. Tan crepe-de-chine shirt blouse. White crepe-de-chine tailored dress. Brown and white striped cotton dress. White pique shirt, shorts, and skirt outfit. Leaf-green sheer wool dress. Red, white and blue printed crepe dress for ports, with white hat, bag, and shoes.

Tan and white rubber-soled sports shoes.

White felt or panama for deck wear.

Bathing costume. Towelling wrap-around skirt and cape.

Coarse pink lace evening dress with long sleeves.

Printed crepe evening dress and short cape, pale green background with black and red flowers.

Black chiffon or lace dress and long black velveteen coat.

Black satin and pink satin evening shoes.



PETROV.



A perfect dress for dancing on deck (above). It is of deep blue over blue taffeta and adds a graceful trailing scarf.

The smart cruise

coat above is of grey and white shadow check.

It has raglan sleeves, four set-in pockets, tweed hat, red scarf, and white rubber-soled buckskin shoes are other interesting details. At the right are sketched a tailored dress of heavy white crepe-de-chine with a wrap-over skirt, and a cruise outfit in striped cotton.



A HAND-KNIT suit in pastel blue fine wool. A pink crepe blouse with short sleeves can be worn beneath the jacket.



A HAND-KNIT wool sweater in grey or yellow, with white embroidered initials; a wool jersey blouse of cornflower blue, which is made like a man's shirt, and is ideal for deck sports, and a cotton blouse in plaid design of beige with white and yellow stripes.

Lilian Lawler Designs & Majinska Poses for the Mode



• **DUVETYN** in a deep, rich black is the medium for this graceful afternoon frock. It was designed by Lilian Lawler for the famous Majinska, who posed for this exclusive photograph. The tiny black felt hat is worn at an interesting angle, with a small gay feather subtly placed.

• **DINNER** (at right) is the occasion for which Lilian Lawler designed this statuesque gown for Majinska, whose graceful pose and exquisite choice of antique jewelry enhance its classic note. Mayfair acclaimed this gown as the most elegant of the season.

• **LILIAN LAWLER** (extreme right) was responsible, too, for this luxurious coat, so richly trimmed with silver fox as to make it suitable for the most exacting occasion.



• **VAGABOND** millinery days are recalled by the informal line of this soft slouch felt hat, decreed by Lilian Lawler for spectator sportswear, or a day on the golf links. The felt is a dull shade of putty, and the ribbon a deep friar brown. Sportswomen will appreciate the angle of the brim, which would foil the sun's most searching rays.

From MURIEL SEGAL

Our Special Representative in Europe

PERSONALITIES and Style Points at SCHIAPARELLI'S

WHEN I visited Schiaparelli's London headquarters this afternoon, in response to an invitation to view her latest creations, I was glad to find that she has made a distinct break-away from the wind-swept silhouette and the typhoon lines which she has developed during the past seasons.

One of the first things which struck me was the flower-like foldings of the new necklines. I recognised immediately where Madame Schiaparelli had got her inspiration. She always has a huge bowl of arum lilies on her work-table, and here was the arum lily reproduced in silks, taffetas, stiffened lace, etc., forming a sheath to the flower-like face of the mannequin.

THE new material featured is roccoco, which has a stubbly surface, looking as though a smooth fabric were covered with hundreds of French knots. The hats worn with day clothes are very new. I wrote some months ago that Mme Lewis, in Paris, prophesied a speedy return to the

beret. The beret, as interpreted by Schiaparelli, is almost a Highland cap worn with the weight well over to the right side bearing towards the front. As well as being very chic in cloth, a similar beret in black lace was most elegant, worn with a black lace coat, which had the arum-lily neckline.

SCHIAPARELLI again accentuates the little bone clips she uses as her latest fastenings. Tiny white, bone, hook-like clips show boldly on the plaquets of skirts. They are used in various ways on belts, and in countless other details. One model, a beautiful white evening gown, had two white bone clips on the back of the shoulder-straps. On these the mannequin hooked a voluminous white satin train, and there was a wedding gown which would need no alterations for practical wear after the ceremony.

All sorts of interesting people were there in the Grosvenor St. salon. I saw G. B. Stern, the famous novelist, choosing a blue

and white imprime satin dress and a blue duvetyn coat. For evening wear she decided upon one of the new material, called "newbark," in eucalyptus, which is one of Schiaparelli's latest shades.

Laura la Plante, who has been at work over here, is to have an evening dress in white monastic. The dress has a blue sash and trimmings, and over it she wears a little white coat of the same material. It gives a charming jeune fille effect, the only ornament being two shell clips.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD was choosing three evening frocks—one in brown fl-de-fer with a bodice of pink and lilac ruffled tulle. It also has a cape lined with ruffled tulle. She herself was wearing a type of dress that we are likely to see more of this season, an almost bell-like affair with a tiny red cape over the shoulders, and a little piece of red margin peeping under the material at the hem of the skirt to give a 1900 petticoat effect.

JOHN BRUSH

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Camel Star : Taming Deer : Women's Parliament



QUEER EXTREMES in timber among imports at Los Angeles Harbor. The world's lightest and heaviest wood is shown in novel demonstration at the Foreign Trade Exposition in Los Angeles, where, with a pretty girl acting as human scales, a large timber of Balsa Wood was shown to weigh less than a block of Kingwood.



CANOEING plays an important part in the physical education of these American girls. These war canoes are being put through some clever manoeuvres on the Charles River. The girls are daughters of wealthy American families.



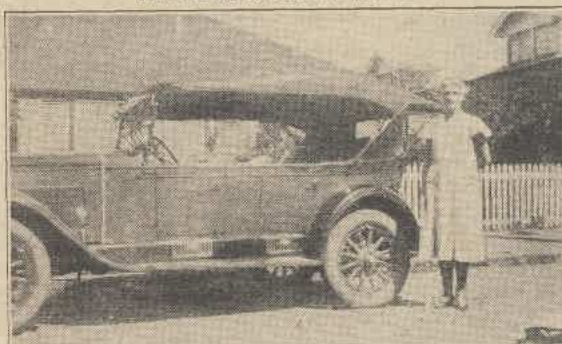
FOR THE SECOND TIME, in as many years, Lillian Saul, Choctaw Indian girl from Muskogee, U.S.A., was the recipient of the title of "Queen of Health," at the University of Kansas. She received 100 per cent. in every test, and her posture is said to be perfect. She is a student at the largest Indian school in the world.



NEW STAR? Another potential movie star has arrived at Hollywood in the person of "Sheba," the camel born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Camel, well known for the character parts they have portrayed in the movies. Here Miss Alma Goebel is seen feeding "Sheba" her bottle.



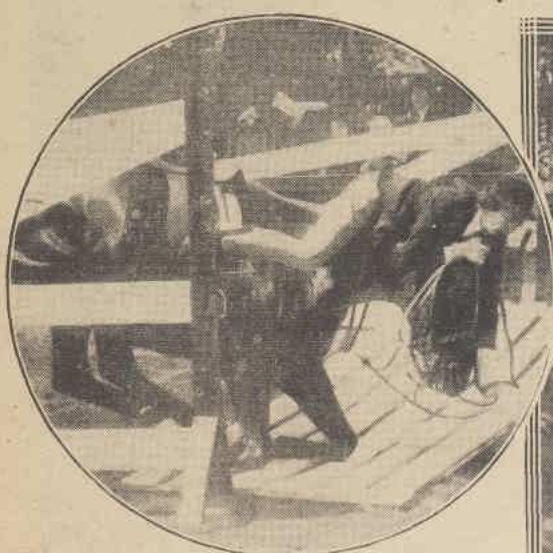
UPSETTING a hitherto ironclad rule of Nature—that deer cannot be tamed. A retired Oakland police officer exhibits five of the graceful animals, his pets for 10 months. Tractable as puppies, the animals show no fear, and are friendly. They have been trained to race like greyhounds.



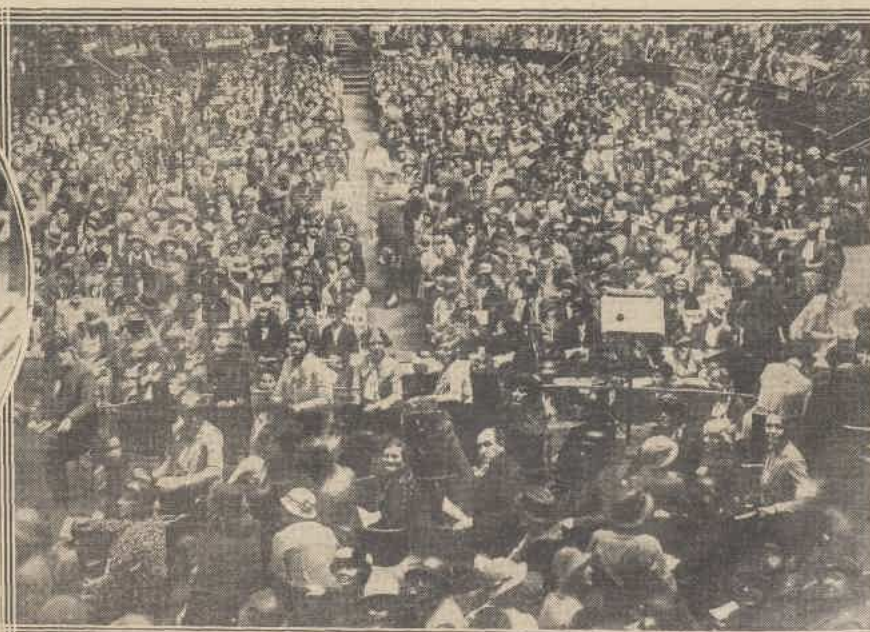
MATRON STONE, R.R.C., M.B.E., who is in charge of the Ante-Natal and Baby Welfare Clinic at Darwin, where hundreds of young Territorians have passed through her hands. Matron Stone was one of the first Australian nurses to be awarded the Royal Red Cross for her services during the great war. She was awarded the M.B.E. at the last Birthday Honors award.



FIRST photograph of the eldest son and heir of the 124th Emperor of Japan. He has been named Akihito Tsugo - No - Miya, which means, "Enlightened, Benevolence, and Prince of the August Succession."



THE CAMERAMAN caught this spectacular snap of a young American steeplechaser about to take a header after her mount knocked over the barrier and fell in the junior jumping events of the Winchester Horse Show, U.S.A.



WOMEN'S PARLIAMENT: Farmers' wives from the outlying hamlets of Yorkshire; women from sear-scarred Cornish cottages, and the blackened villages of the midlands come together for one day of the year and voice their opinions on affairs of home and state in the great all-day women's Parliament at the Albert Hall, London.

TURKEY TROT

A Ten-
Minute
Story

By...
D. G. STIVENS

As the ancients have said, Truth lies at the bottom of a well. Hippo, Xenocrates Smith should have been drowned a dozen times. He is the greatest searcher after truth or, as our friends across the sea (the Pacific) have it, the sweetest de-bunker ever. Fortunately for social introductions, he was usually called "Hippo," which was as much in the nature of an anti-climax as the surname in his name.

"Hippo" was a short, nervous little man, with a thick head of hair and shaggy eyebrows that stuck out like the black wings of a bird. His eyes protruded like those of a half-throated frog.

"Let's go in here," he urged me. "Here," as distinct from "there and everywhere," was a large marquee with the sign "World Famous Dancing Turkeys" displayed.

"The only dancing turkeys in the world," shouted the spruiker into a tin megaphone and the ears of a gathering crowd at the seaside resort. The spruiker's voice came forth hollowly, as though he was speaking from the depths of a milk-can.

"Did you ever see a turkey with a neck as long as that?" said "Hippo," and he pointed to the sign where a painted turkey with a neck like a swan was depicted waggling its tough old ungainly body in some kind of bird-like hula hula.

"I don't know," I said cautiously. I remembered several boarding-houses where about eight inches of gristly and feathery neck had been my share of the Christmas turkey.

"Don't know!" shouted "Hippo." And he enlarged on the subject of the neck, which was already long enough, until the spruiker heard him.

The spruiker glared at "Hippo." His flow of talk was checked, and he looked savagely at "Hippo" during a moment of silence that was more profane than profound.

"Neck!" he began, "you've got a neck! 'Er, come inside!"

"Hippo" moved back a little. This "come inside" business was possibly the same as the more usual "come outside."

"No," cried the spruiker, waving the megaphone, "don't go away. See for yourself. Come on, be a sport."

"I will," muttered "Hippo." "That's handsome!" the spruiker became animated. He gave an unconscious imitation of one of his own turkeys. His red neck, with the stubby hairs like pin-feathers, glowed like wattles. He waggled his beak of a nose.

By this time a crowd of bathers had gathered around. A fat woman with a wet towel draped over her shoulder, pushed against me. On the other a scrawny-looking chap, with a chaff bag, pressed against me. The bag touched my leg, and I felt something move. I looked at the owner questioningly.

"Sori right," he said, "I'm the snake-charmer as 'angs about 'ere. Them's me stock in trade."

The spruiker was living up to his name.

"Come on, gent! Here's a bloke who slings off at me exhibishun. I'm goin' to let the miserable little coot in free, and if he likes it, then I guess it's good enough for the rest of us. We ain't all fussy!"

I took "Hippo" by the arm. "Come on for a swim," I urged. "Don't go inside. You won't do any good by going inside. He'll only abuse you."

A lesser man would have answered only my last remark. It shows what sort of man "Hippo" was, for he replied methodically, "I don't want a swim. I am going inside. I will do some good. He'll probably have a lot more to say when I finish with him."

"Hippo" was like that.

The dancing turkeys were all that their owner claimed for them. Seven birds in a large wire cage began dancing to a flute accompaniment, played by our friend of the megaphone. It may have been the way he was wrapped in his big lips around the mouthpiece, for the sound that gambolled forth was something between a rudimentary bag-pipe and a badly-tuned wireless loud-speaker. The turkeys liked it.

Unceasingly they lifted their legs high into the air, sometimes leaping and coming down with a thud of feet and a clatter of wings. They were unhealthy birds, lean of body, dull of feather, their wattles a dirty pink, instead of a rich red.

It was a weird noise he played. "The language of the turkeys," the flautist explained as he paused for breath. When he stopped the turkeys went on dancing for a little while.

"Wonderful," said someone. It was my friend with the bag of snakes. Even "Hippo" was impressed.

"Cleverest thing I've ever seen," he said to me and, clutching me by the arm, he took me out of the tent where the side-showman was looking the

other way. "Hippo" had his ways of escaping the wrath to come.

"Darn clever," he said, "can't make it out. Never heard of turkeys being trained to dance before. Therefore there must be something fishy about this."

"Hippo" was like that. His reasoning was often at fault, but often he arrived safely at the bottom of the well. Yet this time it seemed to me he was in danger of arriving at the truth only by hitting upon it rather heavily.

I suggested a swim. "No," he said, "leave me alone for a while, I want to think."

By the pained expression of his face, he had been doing that for the last ten minutes, but I left him. I was to return in half an hour.

"There's something at the back of my head," he said.

There was some satisfaction at least in his assurance. His head sloped back alarmingly in the place to which he had referred.

THAT was at six o'clock. At nine o'clock we were still at the beach. Everyone else had left, except ourselves and the showman with the "Dancing Turkeys."

"We'll go along and see our friend, now," said the searcher after Truth. "You will see some fun."

With that I had to be satisfied. "Hippo" was in one of his reticent and mystifying moods.

"Hippo" led the way inside the tent. The big cage, which was strongly netted even over the top, was empty. From a coop at the side came the noise of the turkeys as they settled down for the night.

"Well, here yer are again."

It was the spruiker. He was in his stocking feet.

"Yes," said "Hippo." "I enjoyed your show so much, that I thought that I

should like to see it again."

"Oh, yer did?"

"Yes. I was wrong this afternoon. To-day's show was one of the most interesting performances that I have ever seen."

I looked carefully at "Hippo." This was a change of face, and then I knew—something at least. "Hippo" was playing some deep game.

The spruiker was all smiles. "Do you think you could get the birds to perform now?"

The spruiker thought that it was possible. Only, of course, the birds must have their proper rest. He always treated his birds very well. But, of course, it could be arranged.

"Look here," said "Hippo," "would five bob be any good?"

"Oke," said the spruiker, with a disregard of the Australian fern O.K., as opposed to the American. But, of course, it may have been laziness.

"Hippo" was counting out the five shillings.

"Ang on a bit," said the spruiker, "while I get me boots."

An unholy look glimmered in the protruding eyes of "Hippo."

"Don't worry about that. We don't mind," he said quickly. There was a nervous tremor in the voice.

"Oke," said the spruiker, "if it suits yer, it's all right with me."

As "Hippo" balanced the coins in his hands, one slipped from his fingers and fell through the mesh into the empty cage.

It lay there glimmering in the glare from one solitary electric light hanging from the ridge pole.

With the words, "Better get that," the showman undid the door of the cage and slipped inside. He walked towards the coin, but turned around in surprise as "Hippo" clicked the padlock on the cage door.

"What the hell?" he cried and slipped into fluent Australian, which at least was a change.

But "Hippo" said nothing, not even when I pressed him. He walked round behind an awning on one side of the tent.

I heard him moving about, there, even above the clamor of the angry showman.

"What's the (qualifying) idea?" yelled the caged one, voicing my own thought, which, however, did not take so violent a form.

"Hippo," who was out of sight, made no answer.

I was watching the spruiker. His neck was flushed, the black hairs so like pin-feathers seemed to bristle, and his beak of a nose bobbed with every angry shake of his head. Then suddenly he stirred uneasily. He lifted one foot and then as quickly set it down and raised the other. Then, to my surprise, he began marking time—slowly at first, but working up to a swift saraband. Swiftly now, he was moving his knees up and down.

The spruiker swore.

"Yer think yer clever!" he yelled at the absent "Hippo," in a moment of coherency.

The swearing died away, as the exertion took his breath.

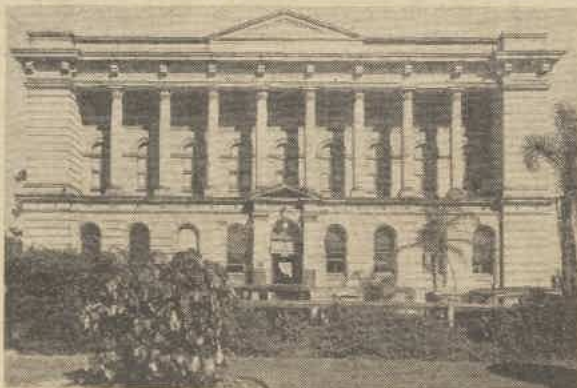
His feet were thumping finfully on the floor of the cage.

THEN, like another Pyrrhus, "Hippo" appeared. His eyes were protruding with excitement. The showman clasped the side of the cage in two hairy hands, and swore in an embittered manner, that included "Hippo's" immediate past, present, and distant past ancestry, his future prospects (not so future if he could only get out of the cage), and the probable fate of everything belonging to him.

Yet all the time his feet never ceased moving.

"Hippo" smiled blandly.

"I'd pick up that money, if I were you," he suggested.



BRISBANE PUBLIC LIBRARY, described by Mr. Ralph Munn, who has been visiting Australian libraries on behalf of the Carnegie Corporation, "as the worst I have seen in the whole English-speaking world," was once the Museum. It is a better building than Sydney's Library, which is shortly to be rebuilt.

The angry man bent to pick up the coin. His intention, no doubt, was to throw it at "Hippo" through the mesh of the cage. His fingers closed around it. Then, with a cry of pain, he dropped it.

"Hot?" I said, in a flash of revelation.

"Yes," said "Hippo," "there is an electric battery connected up to the tin floor of this cage. When the floor is hot the birds dance."

The spruiker looked savagely at "Hippo." It was clear that he regarded "Hippo's" information in the light of a deed of supererogation.

The spruiker was still dancing, when we left him ten minutes later. With the exertion and consequent shortness of breath, swearing had become a luxury with him. He clung to the side of the cage, every now and again running his hands across his moist face.

"He'll be all right," "Hippo" assured me as we went outside, "there is only about half an hour's life left in the battery."

Whether the spruiker heard "Hippo's" message of hope or not, I do not know, but he burst into resounding profanity. In view of later events, I think he must have heard us. For this was one of those occasions when "Hippo" nodded. The battery was newly charged. At midnight a reveller returning found the owner of the dancing turkeys clinging with toes and hands halfway up the side of the cage. Beads of perspiration, falling from his brow, hissed on the hot tin floor.

(Copyright)

MUSIC OF the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Triumphant Harty Season Closes

A TIMELY realisation by the Broadcasting Commission that something had to be done to appease the hunger of thousands of listeners for first-class orchestral fare brought about the visit of Sir Hamilton Harty, one of the great British conductors of the day, and an internationally famous musician.

Nine memorable concerts have been given. The season is finished and Sir Hamilton is on the high seas bound for other rostrums in America.

Incalculable benefit has accrued to music in Australia through the stimulus of these nine concerts. We have been shown how really well our orchestras can play and that audiences 4000 strong can still be beguiled into the concert hall.

The question now is, "What are we going to do to consolidate the orchestral revival inaugurated by Harty?" It would be tragic were public interest allowed to flag. There is no alternative to the retention of the orchestra (either in Sydney or Melbourne) at its augmented strength of 70 odd players. Sir Hamilton, when I interviewed him, was emphatic that a smaller band than this would be out of the question. If the Commission's purse will cater for such an orchestra in both cities, so much the better.

More Rehearsals Needed

"CONSTANT and thorough rehearsals," says Harty, "are the life-blood of an orchestra." This remark will find sympathetic agreement with many of our local conductors, who usually are expected to get results on two rehearsals with a band which is but a skeleton of a symphony ensemble. Rehearsals are expensive, perhaps, but if big compositions are worth doing at all they are worth doing properly.

Feeding-out Necessary

SIR HAMILTON HARTY was most cordial in his praise of the musical feeling and enthusiasm of the two orchestras which he conducted, but I know that in Sydney he was most perplexed and at times irritated by the incompetence of two or three individual players.

It is unlikely that he has complained in detail, but I think the Commission's musical advisers would be well-advised to do a little feeding out, in Sydney at any rate, if a worthy orchestra is to be established. The unity and effectiveness of an ensemble can easily be spoiled by the raggedness and inefficiency of a few.

Visiting Conductors

HALF the success of the orchestral season just finished was due to the fact that the conductor was a visitor. This is no reflection on the several good men who wield the baton in this country, but is in line with our experience that overseas musicians invariably attract more attention than local folk. Sir Hamilton made this point with me, but did not emphasise it, for obvious reasons.

If a permanent orchestra is established, a regular conductor will have to be appointed, but public interest will only be maintained by the frequent engagement of prominent conductors from outside this country.

We await an announcement from the Commission with keen expectation.

Roy Shepherd

I SHOULD say that Roy Shepherd is one of the finest piano technicians in Australia. You will remember that he was the assisting artist on the programmes given by the English tenor, Stuart Wilson, for the A.B.C. Mr. Shepherd is a former Clarke scholarship winner, who returned to Australia in 1931. While in Paris, in 1930, he had the distinction of appearing as demonstrator at a lecture on modern French music given by the famous French pianist, Alfred Cortot, with whom he was studying. He also played in concerts with orchestras conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent and Adrian Boult.

A severe test of technical brilliance will be set Mr. Shepherd in his A.B.C. broadcast on July 8, when he will include in his programme the extremely difficult "Staccato Etude" of Rubinstein.

N.Z. Contralto

A VISITOR to Sydney just now is a New Zealand contralto, Mary Pratt, for whom John Brownlee has predicted a brilliant future. Later she will return to the Dominion for a series of farewell recitals before sailing for Paris. Meanwhile she has been engaged for a ZBL broadcast on July 1.

Miss Pratt's case is almost identical with that of Elsa Corry. It was only in May last year that she was brought under the notice of Brownlee.

"There is not a voice like this in France," was the baritone's comment.



MISS EVELYN HALL

"The Paris Opera House would receive her with open arms. This young lady has youth and all the attributes of the exceptional artist."

Mr. Brownlee added that he had done nothing but throw cold water upon the suggestion that young artists should go home under the present conditions, but then he had not heard such an outstanding voice as Miss Pratt's. He remarked that the Paris opera could not stage "Samson and Delilah," for instance, because it did not possess a suitable contralto.

While in Dunedin Peter Dawson also heard Miss Pratt sing. He was just as enthusiastic. "She has a beautiful contralto voice. In addition to her fine voice she has style, magnetism and looks. Her voice has wonderful power, and she is even now better than any woman singing in England."

"Elijah"

SIR HAMILTON HARTY's first presentation of the "Elijah" was something which lovers of oratorio will not readily forget. With the big orchestra and choir at his command he enthused nobility and spirit into the great Mendelssohn score. It was to be expected that Laelia Finneberg and Lionello Cecil would give splendid accounts of themselves in solo parts, but it was specially gratifying to find two of our resident singers imparting distinction to the other two leading roles.

The mezzo-soprano line was richly endowed by the art and voice of Evelyn Hall, who previously had impressed with many fine delineations in radio opera, while Walter Kingsley, the hero of the A.B.C. season, sang the baritone pages most impressively.

Pianoforte Recital

HELMUTH HOFFMANN's first public appearance in Australia will be in a pianoforte recital at the Conservatorium Hall on Thursday, June 28, at 8 p.m. The programme will include compositions by Liszt, Chopin, Ravel, de Falla, Debussy and Brahms, and for the first time in Australia the colossal F Major Organ Toccata (Bach) of which the concert transcription for the pianoforte is by Hoffmann himself.

Russian Music Concert

AN outstanding feature of the "Night of Russian Music" to be presented at the Sydney Town Hall on Saturday, June 30th, to aid the Russian Church of Sydney, will be the playing of the Tchaikovsky 1812 Overture by a Symphony Orchestra of 60, conducted by Francois Stempinski. Another outstanding feature will be Alexander Sverjensky, the well-known Russian pianist, playing the Tchaikovsky Concerto with orchestra. Molly de Gunst, the distinguished Australian soprano, will be heard in several Russian numbers, and the Russian National Choir (including members of the Don Cossack Choir) will also be heard at this concert, as well as Senia Chostakoff (tenor), Barand Harris (bass), the String Quartet, and Margaret Chalmers (accompanist). The composers include Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Borodin, Samoiloff, Glazunov, Piatyeff, Glinka, Varlamoff and Korndorff. The whole concert is under the direction of Anatole Ivanoff and the booking is now open at Palling's and Nicholson's.

Piano Recital

MISS Muriel Edsall, who will give a pianoforte recital at the Conservatorium Hall on Thursday, July 5, will be assisted by Miss Elsa Corry, the brilliant young Sydney soprano. Miss Edsall's programme will include Sonata in E Major, Op. 109 (Bethoven), and compositions by Schumann, Chopin, Cesar Franck, Debussy and Dohnanyi. The booking is at Palling's.

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER



"Have you ever been here before, sir?"
"Yes, once."
"I don't seem to remember your face, sir."
"Oh, it's healed up since then."



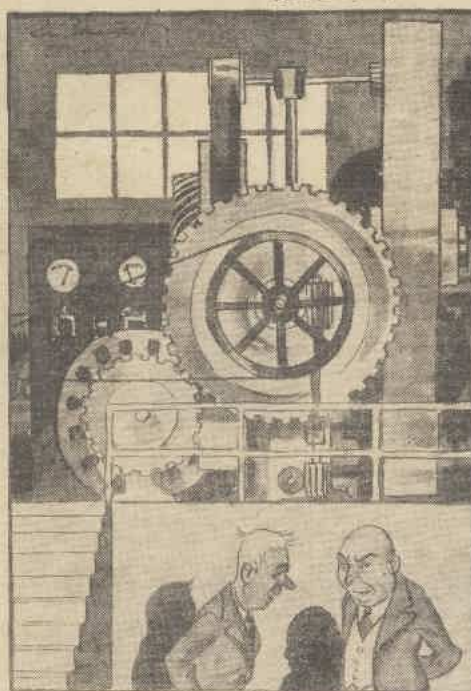
"... Tell you what ... let's go for a swim!"



The Stowaway: "Don't give me away, will yer, missus? I've got a sweet little girl at home the real image of you."



"What the dickens do you keep that for?"
"Drawing-pins."



"How did your article on perpetual motion turn out?"
"Oh, a great success. Every time I send it out it comes back."



"You used to say my figure was a picture."
"Yes, but now you're all frame."

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follow:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART



If you suffer in this way, act quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries so that you are never quite well at any time. And you must die before your time unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's

Menthoid occasionally after meals. Menthoids, being a most powerful natural antiseptic medicine, in convenient form, which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal. For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is sufficient for this purpose.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure. For Menthoids sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys and make you feel young and vigorous.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms go to your chemist to-day, and get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and take one Menthoid at meal time. You can get large flasks of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids containing enough for one month's continuous treatment for 6/6, or smaller flasks for 3/6, from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART

In every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just get a postal note to this paper.

Your name and address along the margin, and send in to MENTHOID LABORATORIES, Dept. 3, Box 3177, G.P.O., Sydney; your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids in the green container, and refuse substitutes of this valuable natural medicine, which contains no drugs ***

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used

HOUSEWIFE (to errand boy): How much is my milk bill?
Boy: Pardon, lady, my name's Alf.

I HEAR that the night porter was stabbed in the eye.
"Through an accident?"
"No; through a keyhole."

SHE: Do you consider horseshoes an emblem of luck?
He: Yes, when they are on the winning horse.

MISTRESS (explaining duties to new cook): Now, my husband always goes to his club on Tuesday evenings.
Cook: I understand, ma'am. He won't be wantin' breakfast on Wednesday.

CORPORAL: The new recruit used to be a clerk.
Sergeant: How do you know?
Corporal: Every time he stands at ease he tries to put his rifle behind his ear.

BROWN (to his clerk): If Mr. Duncan calls tell him I'm out.
"Very good, sir!"
"And, look here, George, don't be working or he'll know you're lying."

"ON what grounds are you seeking a divorce from your wife?"
"Misrepresentation. When I asked her to marry me she said she was agreeable."

MISS OLDE: The hairdresser took an hour to wave my hair this morning.
Miss Sharp: Why didn't you go for a walk while he did it?



CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rub Curlypet on Baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlypet is antiseptic, too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube, 2/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlypet Laboratory, Dept. 3, Box 3177, T. CURLYPET G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlypet to you by return mail.

LOSES 98lb. UGLY FAT

With Youth-o-Form, Without Diet or Exercise



To prove how safe, effective, and permanent YOUTH-O-FORM Tonic Reducing Capsules are for reducing ugly surplus fat, read this lady's report:—

"I was 12st. 10lb. before I began to take Youth-o-Form, and though I am past 50 I have reduced to 12st. 10lb. with Youth-o-Form."

"My doctors found my blood pressure was very high, and my head ached constantly, so they suggested that I reduce with Youth-o-Form. The result has pleased and astonished myself and my doctors, for I am 5ft. 6in. tall, and 12st. 10lb. is about my normal weight."

"I feel 20 years younger, and I never have a headache now, and my blood pressure is normal. Youth-o-Form is really wonderful, and I still take a capsule two or three times a week."

(This lady reduced in 1929, and we often see her now.)

This is only one of the many hundreds of wonderful results received from grateful men and women who have lost their ugly, aging fat with YOUTH-O-FORM Tonic Reducing Capsules.

It is no wonder that doctors regard YOUTH-O-FORM as the greatest effective medicine for reducing in the world to-day, for not only does it reduce surplus fat, but its medicinal effect remedies HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, RHEUMATISM, HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION, AND INDIGESTION in a few weeks.

Permanent, safe, and easy to take, YOUTH-O-FORM reduces ugly fat from waist, hips, bust, chin, without dieting or tedious exercise. If you are a little or much too fat, go to your chemist and get a full six weeks' treatment of Youth-o-Form for 20/-, or a 10-day carton for 5/6, and watch your youthful lines reappear and your tired feeling vanish.

If you prefer, a postal note, with your name and address, to W. JAMES ROGERS, LTD., Chemists, Dept. 3, 335 George Street, Sydney, will bring your YOUTH-O-FORM by return mail.

Compare Your Weight with this Medical Weight Chart—									
Hgt. ft. in.	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-40	41-45	46-50	51-55	56-60
4 ft. 11 in.	7 1/2	8 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2
5 ft. 0 in.	8 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2
5 ft. 1 in.	9 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2
5 ft. 2 in.	10 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2
5 ft. 3 in.	11 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2
5 ft. 4 in.	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2
5 ft. 5 in.	13 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2
5 ft. 6 in.	14 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2
5 ft. 7 in.	15 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2
5 ft. 8 in.	16 1/2	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2
5 ft. 9 in.	17 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2
5 ft. 10 in.	18 1/2	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2
5 ft. 11 in.	19 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2
6 ft. 0 in.	20 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2
6 ft. 1 in.	21 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2	29 1/2
6 ft. 2 in.	22 1/2	23 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2	29 1/2	30 1/2
6 ft. 3 in.	23 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2	29 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2
6 ft. 4 in.	24 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2	29 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2	32 1/2
6 ft. 5 in.	25 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2	29 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2
6 ft. 6 in.	26 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2	29 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2	34 1/2
6 ft. 7 in.	27 1/2	28 1/2	29 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2
6 ft. 8 in.	28 1/2	29 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2	36 1/2
6 ft. 9 in.	29 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2
6 ft. 10 in.	30 1/2	31 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2
6 ft. 11 in.	31 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2
7 ft. 0 in.	32 1/2	33 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2	40 1/2
7 ft. 1 in.	33 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2
7 ft. 2 in.	34 1/2	35 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2	42 1/2
7 ft. 3 in.	35 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2
7 ft. 4 in.	36 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2	44 1/2
7 ft. 5 in.	37 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2
7 ft. 6 in.	38 1/2	39 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2	46 1/2
7 ft. 7 in.	39 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2
7 ft. 8 in.	40 1/2	41 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2	48 1/2
7 ft. 9 in.	41 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2
7 ft. 10 in.	42 1/2	43 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2	50 1/2
7 ft. 11 in.	43 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2
8 ft. 0 in.	44 1/2	45 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2	52 1/2
8 ft. 1 in.	45 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2	52 1/2	53 1/2
8 ft. 2 in.	46 1/2	47 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2	52 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2
8 ft. 3 in.	47 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2	52 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2
8 ft. 4 in.	48 1/2	49 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2	52 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2	56 1/2
8 ft. 5 in.	49 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2	52 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2
8 ft. 6 in.	50 1/2	51 1/2	52 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2	58 1/2
8 ft. 7 in.	51 1/2	52 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2
8 ft. 8 in.	52 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	60 1/2
8 ft. 9 in.	53 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2
8 ft. 10 in.	54 1/2	55 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2
8 ft. 11 in.	55 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2
9 ft. 0 in.	56 1/2	57 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2	64 1/2
9 ft. 1 in.	57 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2
9 ft. 2 in.	58 1/2	59 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2
9 ft. 3 in.	59 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2
9 ft. 4 in.	60 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2
9 ft. 5 in.	61 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2
9 ft. 6 in.	62 1/2	63 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2
9 ft. 7 in.	63 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	71 1/2
9 ft. 8 in.	64 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2
9 ft. 9 in.	65 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	73 1/2
9 ft. 10 in.	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2
9 ft. 11 in.	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2
10 ft. 0 in.	68 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	76 1/2
10 ft. 1 in.	69 1/2	70 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	76 1/2	77 1/2
10 ft. 2 in.	70 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	76 1/2	77 1/2	78 1/2
10 ft. 3 in.	71 1/2	72 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	76 1/2	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2
10 ft. 4 in.	72 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	76 1/2	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
10 ft. 5 in.	73 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	76 1/2	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2	81 1/2
10 ft. 6 in.	74 1/2	75 1/2	76 1/2	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
10 ft. 7 in.	75 1/2	76 1/2	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2

Our SCREEN Personality CONTEST

Offers Golden CHANCES



MISS BEVERLEY MYLES,
Francis St., Bondi.



MISS VALERIE SHEEHAN,
Lorraine Ave., Arncliffe.



MISS MARJORIE FORESTER,
Vidlife Ave.,
Highfield,
Campsie.

The BIG Prizes

£50 For the
Woman Winner.

£50 For the
Man Winner.

A part in a Cinesound pro-
duction.

Free Course of tuition at the
Cinema Academy.

Cash prizes and certificates
from the City of Sydney
Eisteddfod.

Screen Tests costing £25
each for twelve finalists.

JUST think how many artists will be required for these productions! Indeed, it seems as if not only the winners should be certain of a screen career, but many of the other contestants also. The time was never more favorable for those who have stage aspirations. The parts are waiting. Can you fill one?

Mr. Lane-Bayliff, instructor at the Cinema Academy, who has also taken a prominent part in screen work, having appeared in "The Silence of Dean Maitland" and in "The Squatter's Daughter," has supplied us with some excellent advice for intending competitors, which we print for the benefit of our readers.

"The amateur very frequently has quite incorrect ideas as to what requirements are not necessary for screen success," says Mr. Lane-Bayliff.

"In the first place, the idea seems

to be set in most people's minds that physical beauty, in both sexes, is the major qualification. This is absolutely incorrect. Bear in mind that in testing applicants up to 40 per cent. of points are given by producers for personality, perhaps better described as personal magnetism.

"Run through in your mind the leading screen actresses and actors. Think how many are beautiful! I am sure you will agree that very few can be so described. I'm not saying that there are not exceptions, but they are very few and far between. But can you point out one that has not personality? I don't think so. Personality is a very difficult thing to describe, and it is almost impossible to tell how to cultivate it.

"The next important thing is dramatic sense, of course. The ability to express emotions seems to me to be generally lacking in the younger generation of to-day. I suppose that their upbringing leads them to 'bottle up' their feelings, but they will have to learn to 'uncork' pretty effectively if they ever want to succeed as screen artists. "The camera is so searching that it is of vital importance to feel sincerely anything that you are needed to express, and to show the train of thought in the face before even the voice utters the words. In this, the eyes, of course, play a large part; but the mouth is also of supreme importance.

"AFTER these two things is diction: not elocution as often taught, for that is anathema to a producer. By diction I mean purity of speech and timbre. These can easily be acquired with careful study under a good master. The ideal voice for a woman is a contralto or a deep mezzo-soprano; and for

Some Practical Advice to Aspirants—by an Expert!

The Australian Women's Weekly Screen Personality Contest is proving attractive to all sections of the community. This week we print more photographs of entrants.

Each week, evidence is forthcoming of the great need for such a contest. Mr. Ken Hall, director of Cinesound, said, some time ago, that he could place at least ten artists if he could find them, and now comes the news that Australian producers hope soon to be making fifty to sixty pictures a year.



MISS MARGARET THOMPSON,
Hennessy St., Croydon.



MISS N. TINDALE, High St.,
Ross Hill, Inverell.



MR. JOHN WATSON, Mona Rd.,
Darling Point, Sydney.

a man a good baritone or bass, the reason for this being because the microphone does not register high-pitched voices well.

"Incidentally this accounts for so many of the American silent stars having been dropped since the talkies came to town.

"Now, as to physical beauty, don't think that I mean it is not a good thing to possess; it is a great asset, but it must be accompanied by, or, rather, it must accompany, the aforementioned qualifications.

"As far as producers and casting directors are concerned, the percentage of points, as nearly as one can judge, run on this scale:—

Personality	40
Dramatic ability	25
Diction	25
Physical beauty	10
	100

"THIS, I am sure, will be a great comfort to many, because if the chance of a job depended on the last alone, I'm afraid the stars of the screen world would be even fewer than at present.

"I would suggest to intending competitors in the screen contest that they pick out some good speech from a play or a picture, of not more than 15 to 20 minutes' duration, and also practise facial expression before a looking-glass, ranging from expressions of happiness to despair, and love to hate. The speech chosen should contain as much change of

emotion as possible. Remember, too, that repose is a great thing; one cannot throw oneself about in front of a camera as on a stage 24ft. wide.

"Use the hands sparingly, but, when using them, see that the movements are definite and full of meaning. Gracefulness of carriage and a smooth walk should be studied; any jerky, awkward appearance in front of judges or casting directors will react against your chances of success.

"BE sincere, live the part body and soul, for only by that can you truly express the emotions; study not what you would say or do personally, but what the character you are portraying would say or do in the particular circumstances. I can assure you sincerely definitely photographs, though I suppose few people out of the profession realise that.

"Above all, try and cultivate personality; but, as I've said previously, it's a thing I can't even begin to show you how to obtain. Perhaps if you approach your job with sincerity, and are sure of yourself and your work, without being cocksure, you may hope to go a considerable way towards attaining an acting individuality."

Golden Opportunity

THE Australian Women's Weekly is spending over £500 on organisation and prizes

FIRST in Films Now in THEATRE

New Success of Two Sydney Girls

By SAIDE PARKER

Jocelyn Howarth and Patricia Minchin, who are at present showing in "The Silence of Dean Maitland" at the Civic Theatre, will make their bow on the Criterion stage on Saturday, July 7, in "The Wind and the Rain."

SINCE her first appearance on the film with Cinesound in "The Squatter's Daughter," Jocelyn Howarth's career has been watched with the keenest interest by Sydney's Younger Set; an interest not, perhaps, tinged with envy.

In her next appearance on the screen in "The Silence of Dean Maitland," also a Cinesound production, Jocelyn proved conclusively that she had taken every advantage of her brief experience in film work.

Though her part was, comparatively, a minor one, she displayed the grace of movement and poise of manner of the seasoned star.

These assets J. C. Williamson have obviously recognised, and she will make her next appearance on the legitimate stage.

Jocelyn Howarth will play the lead in "The Wind and the Rain," which opens at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday, July 7, opposite George Thirlwell, J.C.W.'s English star.

PATRICIA MINCHIN, who also appeared in "The Silence of Dean Maitland," will be another member of the cast of the comedy written by Merton Hodge, a New Zealand doctor.

"The Wind and the Rain" is a sparkling comedy of life at Edinburgh University.



JOCELYN HOWARTH

The engagement of these two Sydney girls by J. C. Williamson opens an entirely new vista to coming Australian artists, and one tenders hearty congratulations to the girls themselves and to J. C. Williamson.

ENTRY FORM

SECOND ANNUAL CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD, 1934.

To SCREEN PERSONALITY CONTEST,
c/o Organising Secretary,
City of Sydney Eisteddfod,
Box No. 1370C, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please accept the following entry, subject to rules and conditions in Syllabus.

SECTION	ENT. FEE	NAME AND ADDRESS	AGE
202* (woman)			
or			
203 (man)			

SIGNATURE OF ENTRANT

WITNESS TO SIGNATURE

Do you desire to be judged in Sydney Country centre.

*Cross out section not required.
At least one photograph to accompany entry.
Entries should be forwarded as early as possible. Closing date: Saturday, August 4, 1934.
Closing date for country judging, July 21.
No entries accepted unless fees are enclosed.

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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So they Say

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

OH, BOY!

FROM archbishops to newsboys, every male apparently has something to say about the modern girl. But what surprises me greatly is the fact that we never hear anything about the modern boy.

Now, why is that?

Is he too insignificant to mention? Has he not moved with the times, similarly to the girls? Or, is his conduct always above reproach? I think none of these reasons really answer the question.

Then will someone tell me how and why the modern young man escapes the criticism and condemnation, which are the lot of his unfortunate and no-more-modern sister?

£1 for this letter to Miss Esther Hume, c/o Post Office, Yeerongpilly, Brisbane.

SPIRITUAL VALUES

A GREAT deal of time is consumed dividing the whole world according to sex into two classes, with characteristics peculiar to each. How much more might be done toward mutual understanding if men and women were only regarded as individuals with characters little affected by the accident of sex. Our sex may influence our clothes, our work in life, but the intangible things that have to do with spiritual values are sexless.

Miss Joyce H. Atkins, 66 East Ter., Henley Beach, S.A.

POPULAR SERIALS

I HAVE been exceedingly interested in the last serial, namely, "The Prince of Good Fellows," and would like to extend my congratulations to the author, Miss Monica Ewer.

If the new serial "Storm Music" continues to be as thrilling as the first instalment (and I hope it will), I think we are very fortunate to be able to secure a paper containing such fine stories each week.

Miss F. Vere, c/o St. Kevern private hospital, Barbara St., Fairfield, N.S.W.

AN INSULT!

DULCIE DEAMER is surely not serious in suggesting that a couple should marry under the conditions described in her article (The Australian Women's Weekly, 16/6/34).

It is an insult to any self-respecting girl for a man to propose marriage when he is not in a position to offer her a home and a fair housekeeping allowance. And though I admit that chivalry has passed away, there remain still to be considered the laws of nature and of common sense, neither of which is it wise to defy.

Miss M. Thompson, 110 Balmain St., Richmond, El. Vic.

THAT AWKWARD WORD

THE question of how to pronounce "Centenary" is not new. It has been argued and discussed widely, but not to a final or satisfactory finish, as the following facts will prove:

A well-known announcer, broadcasting an important function the other day, gave us the full broad double "e."

The following evening a distinguished lecturer, referring to the coming celebrations gave us a snappy and decisive "ten."

What are we to do? We desire above all things to be correct in this all-important and vexed matter.

Is there any dictionary authority for transforming our "ten" into "teen," our "en" into "een," or has our modest little "e" been granted a special permit to lead a double life during the great celebrations?

Whatever it is, let the perplexed public have the truth speedily, and our public speakers agree on at least one thing.

Mary Irvine, 10 Grandview Grove, Armadale St. Vic.

Endearing Terms Are Often Used Lightly

DECIDEDLY agree with one reader's letter "Insincerity" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 9/6/34). To me, a woman whose general conversation is punctuated by "dears" and "darlings" is one of whom to be wary. It is a definite symbol of insincerity in the majority of cases.

I have childish recollections of a teacher who although habitually "dearling" was likely to hand out a "sixer" for the slightest misdemeanor. After all, endearing terms have a beautiful significance when used in comparative privacy and only to those who are most "dear" to us.

Miss E. Flaherty, Maclean, Clarence River, N.S.W.

Certain Type

I SHOULD like to buy six copies and cut out Mrs. R. Campbell's letter, "Is a woman insincere," and post it round to some acquaintances of mine who scatter those endearing terms so freely. It is just a word with them, rather nice the first time you hear it, but it makes you wonder the next time.

Perhaps when asked to make a sacrifice they would reply, "Could you expect me to darling?" Of course this type is insincere.

Mrs. M. E. Smith, 35 York Rd., Port Pirie West, S.A.

Form of Speech

I DO not think, Mrs. Campbell, that a charge of insincerity should be brought against the woman who makes frequent and promiscuous use of endearments in general conversation. This is merely affectation—a kind of little mannerism which apparently has become quite fashionable of late. Both speaker and audience realise that very little importance is to be attached to such endearments—they are merely tricks of speech. Have you noticed the other extreme? There is often a remarkable lack of endearing terms in the conversation of people between whom there is the deepest affection, as though they find no need of such expressions to convince each other of the sincerity of their feelings.

Mrs. L. Jenkins, Corral St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

JOHN BARRYMORE, HAS CELEBRATED HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY BUT STILL PLAYS ROMANTIC YOUNG LOVERS ON THE SCREEN!



MIRIAM HOPKINS STAGE MAKEUP WAS ONCE APPLIED BY HERBERT HOOVER FOR A NEAR EAST BENEFIT SHOW.

DID YOU KNOW THAT CONSTANCE BENNETT IS THE ONLY MEMBER OF HER FAMOUS THESPIAN FAMILY WHO HAS NEVER APPEARED ON THE STAGE?



IT TOOK 15 WOMEN 21 DAYS TO MAKE ONE GOWN FOR GRETA GARBO TO WEAR IN 'MATA HARI'

Stepmothers Are Sometimes Misrepresented

I AM of the same opinion as Miss M. Philpot (16/6/34) re stepmothers. I think that a woman who tries to mother another woman's children is a fine person. Of course, younger children will nearly always grow fond of a stepmother. But older children nearly always take a dislike to one who takes their mother's place. On the other hand, we sometimes hear of cruel stepmothers.

I. H. Clausen, 2 Elder Rd., Birkenhead, S.A.

More Consideration

IF stepchildren would show a little more consideration and respect towards their stepmothers there would be less ill-feeling among them. Stepmothers

In Exile

NOT until you are on a lonesome tropic isle do you realise what a harbinger of sadness an ordinary prosaic catalogue can be. The illustrations of trim misses swathed in latest furs and tweeds or clad in the flimsiest of summery chiffons bring back bitter-sweet memories of crowds and theatres and sports to a young woman so far removed from such former associations. All because of a prosaic catalogue.

L. M. Murphy, Badu Island, via Thursday Island, Torres Strait.

resent being referred to as Mrs. So-and-so, and many times are nothing but the household drudge. One family boasted that their intended stepmother would not be made welcome, and it is needless to tell what sort of a reception she got. Mrs. Sixen, Morpeth Rd., East Maitland, N.S.W.

Plucky and Proud

I WOULD like to endorse what your correspondent, M. Philpot, Groydon, Vic., has to say of the too often misjudged band of brave, big-hearted women who marry men with families whether young children or grown up.

The stepmother, being a plucky, proud, determined woman, makes up her mind to win them by her kindly tact and tolerant manner, and she will succeed if—only if—she has her husband at her back. He is too often to blame when he adopts an easy-going attitude and does not want to be bothered.

Mrs. C. F. Walker, Railway St., Woy Woy, N.S.W.

Should Children Be Left Alone at Night?

IN reply to Mrs. Barnes' letter of 9/6/34, in The Australian Women's Weekly, she asks readers' opinions on "Should we leave our little ones at home alone while we go dancing, etc.?" I would say emphatically "NO!" We never know what might happen. The house may catch fire, burglars might enter; a little one could be taken suddenly ill, or even become frightened, especially if it be a nervous child and knows its mother is not at home. It is a mother's obligation—it is her solemn duty—to guard her children of tender age.

F. Leach, Wallace St., Newtown, New South Wales, Qld.

Unprotected

IN reply to Mrs. M. Barnes' letter, I would like to express my opinion on the subject of leaving children alone at night.

Children should never be left unprotected at night, especially in these days of robbery and crime. I don't think a mother would ever forgive herself if she returned from her amusements to find her children hurt or molested in any way.

Miss G. Robertson, 54 Hagelthorne St., Wonthaggi, Vic.

Kind Friends

I CERTAINLY think children should not be left home by themselves at night while their parents go out to pictures, etc.

Nearly everyone has some kind friend that will come in and sit by someone's fire while the little ones sleep, and the parents know they are all right.

Mrs. J. McDonald, 20 Brigalow Av., Kensington Gardens, S.A.

Dangerous

EMPHATICALLY No! Mrs. Barnes' children, and I mean children up to the age of twelve years, should not be left alone at night. Mothers who leave children alone while on pleasure bent fail to realise the sacred responsibilities of motherhood, and either do not, or will not, realise the dangers that the children may have to face.

J. G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn, El. Vic.

An Example

I AM quite in accord with Mrs. Barnes. (9/6/34) re not leaving the children at home by themselves. When I was a child of 9 years (and the eldest of four children) my parents went to a ball and left us all at home. When they returned at 3 a.m. I had all the kiddies up and dressed, and was busy trying to light the fire (open fireplaces were the style in those days). Needless to say, I got a good spanking for trying to do my good deed.

Mrs. E. Kidd, 8 Loftus St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

Shatters Nerves

I CERTAINLY do not think children should be left at home alone. I had some friends who used to visit my home, and many others, to play bridge. Their children—aged four and six years—were left unattended in a huge home until all hours. My opinion is that if those children had received a fright their nerves would have been shattered probably for the rest of their lives; fire could have broken out, and there would be nobody to rescue them.

Arrangements could easily be made by such parents to ensure their evenings being enjoyably spent in their own homes instead of selfishly seeking pleasure elsewhere.

Mrs. E. Newman, 53 Lavender St., Lavender Bay, N.S.W.

An Idea

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases. A few years ago, in a Victorian country town, five children were burnt to death. The parents had gone out, leaving the youngsters alone.

On the other hand, friends of mine who occasionally had to leave their two young boys at home (not to go dancing, but to fulfil a duty), put the children to bed on the verandah, telling them in any emergency to get up and walk away.

Then, switching off the mains of the light and gas, they left with easy minds. Violet M. Bisgrove, 23 Carr St., Coogee, N.S.W.

WOMEN ANNOUNCERS

SHOULD women broadcast? A learned professor has stated that in his opinion the answer should be "No." He says no woman's voice comes over with a natural sound, there being always "that awful noise" with the "stage shriek," "cudchewed" enunciation which all women affect.

Well, I've heard a great number of men announcers whose voices set my teeth on edge.

Would he have men announcers giving the household, health, beauty, cookery, and baby-care talks? Is there anything so trying as a man giving recipes over the air? Or, perhaps, he would cut out the women's interests from the programmes altogether. Maybe it's just another case of men entering women's sphere.

Mrs. Evelyn Bambury, 23 Walgett St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

EXAMINE POLITICIANS

RE letter relating to politicians (16/6/34). Much has been spoken on the subject, but nothing done. Why, I have never been able to understand. The only qualification necessary at present for this most responsible position appears to be a glib tongue. The man who can sway his hearers—the majority of whom are incapable of hard thinking—by his oratory has ever the better

ETIQUETTE



HIGH-HEELED SHOES are always out of place on board ship, except in the evening, and they are tiring for shore excursions.

chance, regardless of the fact that he may be, otherwise, a most incapable person.

It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when Parliamentary candidates will be required by examination to prove themselves worthy of the position.

Mrs. N. E. Casley, 218 Lyons St. N., Ballarat, Vic.

GIRLS HELP FATHER?

HAVING followed with interest the recent discussions on "Should boys help mother?" I would now like to hear others' views vice versa. "Should girls help father?"

In homes that have not been blessed by the birth of a son it is not unusual to see the daughter "manfully" giving father a helping hand.

I have seen girls driving ploughs, harvesting, milking, etc., working with sheep and cattle, and have even known girls to contribute to their own keep by trapping rabbits even while they give mother the usual help with the household duties. What do our readers think?

Mrs. B. Wheatley, Connecticut, Coolah, N.S.W.

SEEKING COMPLIMENTS

IS there anything more tiring than talking to people who are continually apologising for themselves and their belongings? For one feels that if one does not follow up every apology with a contradiction, one is being rude. I often wonder what would happen if one didn't contradict these people. I suppose they'd feel insulted. Often I think they are merely fishing for compliments. That they are suffering from some form of conceit is made clear by the fact that they seem incapable of considering anything or anyone apart from themselves. If, for instance, one says, "Isn't Jean beautiful?" they make this sort of reply, "Oh, I'd give anything to look like Jean" (then wistfully), "but I'm such a guy."

And of course one has to contradict them! Miss N. Gordon, 144 Park St., West Brunswick, Vic.

AUSTRALIAN GIRLS' Success!



LORRAINE SMITH, another Sydney girl to play lead in a film.

NANCY O'NEIL Leading Lady to JACK HULBERT

NOTHING is clearer than that our Australian players can hold their own on the other side of the world, if they give their minds to it. Here is Nancy O'Neil, a Sydney girl, who has jumped into the ingenue lead in Jack Hulbert's next picture, shortly to be released in Australia, "Jack Ahoy!"

MISS O'NEIL is well known in Sydney, where she was born and brought up. But privately she goes under another name. She is Nancy Muriel Smith, daughter of Dr. S. A. Smith, a Macquarie St. specialist, and niece of Professor Grafton Elliot Smith, the distinguished scientist, now in London. Another uncle is the former Director of Education for New South Wales. But looks as well as brains are decidedly in Nancy's family. So it is not remarkable that this young actress has inherited both.

She is the eldest of Dr. Smith's three daughters, who all now seem set for a theatrical career.

Sisters Three

THE second daughter, Barbara, departed for London rather more than a year ago to follow a similar training to her sister's at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She had already appeared to great advantage in a number of theatrical productions, and was glorified by some very encouraging words from Dame Sybil Thorndike, just before she left, on account of her performance in "The Mask" given at the Women's College.

Lorraine, the youngest, has also tried her wings in various amateur shows in Sydney, and, in addition, has acted a tiny part in the locally produced film, "When the Kellys Rode." She, too, is anxious to go to London presently.

Meanwhile she is very thrilled at having been chosen to play ingenue lead in the next Cinesound production, "Strike Me Lucky," a musical piece starring the well-known comedian, "Mo." Production on this film has just begun. Lorraine's part is a "straight" one of a charming modern girl. She provides an example for aspirants in our Film Competition of what can be done if you have ability and use it.

Though the three sisters are alike in their love of acting, they are completely contrasting types. Nancy is petite, with dark hair and striking green-blue eyes. Barbara, less dark, is much taller and has a beautiful stage presence. Lorraine, of medium height, has a look of fragility which is belied by her capacity for sticking to it.

AFTER leaving the Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Nancy was taken for a trip to England and then travelled through Europe and America. It was this trip away which finally assured her where her vocation lay, and she persuaded her parents to let her go back to London to study at the academy. She was never under the impression that success is easily won, and the training she underwent there for eighteen months was solid.

On completion of the course she left to play juvenile leads with the Barry-O'Brien Repertory, doing two shows a day for several months. It was excellent experience, but very hard work. This was followed after an all too brief interval by touring in a No. 1 company with "The Breadwinner," the Somerset Maugham comedy chosen by the Seyler-Hampden company to open their seasons in Melbourne and Sydney.

These experiences, though valuable,

had been too strenuous, and Nancy found it advisable to come home to recuperate. The rest on the voyage, however, and the care of her family, plus a healthy outdoor life in Sydney's sunshine, soon set her up again. She is a good swimmer and keen tennis player, and plentiful indulgence in these sports completed her recovery. Breaking her return trip in Melbourne, she supported Margaret Rawlings there in "Dr. Pygmalion," and then was off to London once more.

Return to London

BY good fortune she met Donald Calthrop the very week she got back, and he offered her an engagement, which she accepted, in variety. Since then she has acted in the West End with Owen Nares in "Man Proposes," and understudied Helen Spencer in "The Rats of Norway," which had a long run. About this time Walter Forde, director of "Home Express" and other successful British films, offered her the chance to play opposite Jack Hulbert in "Jack Ahoy."

Naturally, in a Jack Hulbert film Jack Hulbert is the star. But lucky is the girl chosen for leading lady to this popular comedian.

It is remarkably rapid progress and achievement for this little bit of a girl (she is 5 ft.) to look back upon already. She has good cause to smile and show that attractive dimple. But in spite of such an auspicious opening for a film career, Nancy, like many other actors and actresses in London, does not wish to desert the legitimate theatre. She has received a tempting offer to go to Hollywood. But she has refused it, preferring to remain within reach of London stage engagements.—B.T.

NANCY O'NEIL. In the upper picture she is the Admiral's daughter watching Jack's antics with her flowers.



PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

Freddie March, Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing. (Paramount.)

WHY is it that most men fear death? In this fantasy, adapted from the stage play, Death himself, tired of his friendless isolation and plagued with curiosity about the trivial human life he is so constantly interrupting, takes human shape. On a night of miraculous escapes from driving accidents, yet of a nameless chilling mystery, he introduces himself to an Italian nobleman (Sir Guy Standing) as a three-days' guest at the castle. This is his holiday. For those days nothing shall harm the Duke and his household, provided Death is treated as one of themselves and given a share in their pleasures.

It is a theme rich in possibilities. Death, in the form of handsome Freddie March, attracts the young women, but they recoil when they look into his eyes. The old Baron, a former rake, recovers his youth. But Death himself suffers the pain of human love for Grazia (Evelyn Venable), affianced to the Duke's son (Kent Taylor).

The settings are opulent and at the same time suggestive of mystery. Death and the Duke and Grazia are very well presented, and the production, as a whole, though it does not reach inspired heights, is on a high plane—Prince Edward.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon. (Universal.)

BREATHLESS speed and high pressure throughout characterise this film, transcribed from Elmer Rice's stage play, which is set in the interior of a successful New York lawyer's office. We may note in passing that American legal practice, like the usage in some of the States of the Commonwealth, makes no cleavage between the functions of barrister and solicitor. So that the multifarious business transacted during the three days covered by the narrative includes both branches of professional work, and could be coped with only by a very active firm. Even so, we feel that the head of it, George Simon (John Barrymore) needs several pairs of hands. Besides his efficient secretary (Bebe Daniels), to deal with telephone calls alone.

Vignettes of several clients and of the office staff are presented with economy and wit. Simon's personal drama, caused by the clash between his career as a criminal advocate and the snobbery of his aristocratic wife (Doris Kenyon) rings true. Equally true is the unrecognised devotion of the secretary. Barrymore should, one thinks, have been a little more elated over his forensic victory at the beginning. It would have made a sharper contrast with the disappointment and despair of the later scenes. But he carries his rôle ably, and the direction is consistently good.—Capitol.

THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY

Leslie Banks, Jane Baxter, Ernest Thesiger, Viola Keats. (Gaumont-British.)

NO film could illustrate more clearly than this the difference between an English and a Hollywood thriller of equal merit. Here there are a deliberation and a quietness that are poles apart from the swift tempo and mounting shrillness of the Hollywood parallel. Not that the result is tame. Far otherwise.

Another contrast is provided in the trial at the Old Bailey which forms the conclusion. The interior of this court, which still keeps the name though it is a comparatively modern building on the old site, has been faithfully reproduced, and all the detail is carefully observed, even to the traditional nosegay of flowers for the judge in a criminal trial.

The murder that brings the actors before the august seat of Justice, whose effigy holding the scales is seen above the dome, is committed during an after dinner game, proposed by an unconventional foreign Princess (Muriel Auld), who is the guest of honor. The Commissioner of Police (Leslie Banks) is himself among the guests, and the party takes place at the house of the cadish Lord Studholme (Malcolm Keen), a newspaper peer. The acting all round is first class. Ernest Thesiger, as a neurotic, eccentric novelist, gives a brilliant performance.—Lyceum.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN

Dorothea Wieck, Alice Brady, Baby Le Roy. (Paramount.)

HARROWING stories about the kidnapping of children no doubt appeal more strongly in the United States than here, where we are happily free from the fear of that particular bogey. Moreover, this film does not strike us as really convincing. Dorothea Wieck is very beautiful, but she was better

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

cast as the young nun of "Cradle Song." Here, in the part of a temperamental film star who rushes back from "location" to clutch her child and interfere with its normal routine, she seems strained. And her distracted grief, when the baby is lost, does not impress us as it should.

Alice Brady is amusing as a humble mother of a barefoot brood. But she is always Alice Brady. And when Baby Le Roy is succoured by her in a broken-down Ford we enjoy the procession with police escort which brings him home in triumph, yet we are too sure, as he toddles, all grimy and tattered, towards his unbelieving parent that he will articulate for the first time the word "Mama." This film is well enough for those who like their sentiment thickly spread. And, of course, Baby Le Roy is a delightful child.—Liberty.

F.P.I.

Conrad Veidt, Jill Esmond, Leslie Fenton. (Gaumont-British-Lifa.)

NOVELTY of conception in a film is worth a good deal. And there is a largeness of execution in this picture, when it gets under way, that is admirable. But at the beginning we are rather baffled, and there are long passages later which might have been curtailed. Veidt has not been so well served in this part as in others. His very guttural German-English does not matter, for the whole thing has an international flavor. But a hero who goes off at a crucial point on a non-stop flight round the world, and because he crashes, absents himself for the bulk of the story, must lose ground not only with the heroine, but with the audience, though when he appears he is certainly dynamic. Then Jill Esmond and her brothers (Nicholas Hansen and William Freshman) are rather negative. However, Donald Calthrop's Press photographer and the little studies of various sailors are good, while the floating island platform, constructed of steel and anchored for refuelling of aeroplanes between the Azores and Bermuda, is a marvel.—Lyceum.

THIS MAN IS MINE

Irene Dunne, Constance Cummings, Ralph Bellamy. (R.K.O.)

A WIFE, who is a slightly fatiguing pattern of the virtues, should surely not take risks with a husband who prefers jazz to her classical music, and who does not notice her masterpieces of painting until his attention is drawn to her latest canvas hanging over the mantelpiece. We feel that Irene Dunne in this film has only herself to blame, when Ralph Bellamy is won back to the arms of his former love, the little cat, Francesca (Constance Cummings), who comes to break up the happy home. But it is a rather mechanical comedy altogether, showing very clearly its derivation from the stage. It does not stir us to any great anxiety for the characters concerned, who seem indeed artificial creatures in a set-to-partners game. They play it with considerable skill, particularly Miss Dunne. But there is a hardness about her characterisation here, which, together with Miss Cummings' wheedling, and Bellamy's crassness, makes the whole thing unsympathetic.—Piazza.

HORSEPLAY

Slim Summerville, Andy Devine, Lella Hyams. (Universal.)

WITH that example of length without breadth, Slim Summerville, in the cast, abetted by the hoarse-voiced Andy Devine, a film is bound to provide a few hearty laughs. But this picture is rather a hotch potch, and the supporting characters, who are not well cast, frequently have the air of standing about waiting to be told what to do. To transport the principal comedians with their mare, Cynthia Ann, from their Montana ranch to London in pursuit of the heroine (Lella Hyams) is a promising idea. It is further enriched by making them engage the Royal Suite at the Ritz to house themselves and their docile steed. Then later, still accompanied by Cynthia Ann, they are mixed up in a medieval make-believe at Drishborough Castle, where Miss Hyams is staying with her relative the Duchess (May Beatty).—Capitol.

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



MY DEAR JULIET,
Glowing warmly among the memories of the week that has elapsed since last I wrote you, are those of the opening of "Collits' Inn" at the New Tivoli.

It was good to see the red carpet spread for Vice-Royalty on the pavement in front of the house—a brave portent of a new era opening for the theatre-going public... better that it was an All-Australian production which had attracted the Lieut.-Governor, his lady, and the packed audience, and best of all that the production was such a splendid success. For here was overwhelming evidence of the talent in our midst; of the wealth of material for song, and dance, and drama in our land; of men and women with the courage and vision to apprehend its national value.

As you know T. Stuart Gurr wrote the libretto and Varney Monk orchestrated it, and a goodly share of credit is due to Nathalie Rosenwax for it was her enterprise in organising the competition for an Australian operetta which first brought "Collits' Inn" to light as a prize-winner.

Under the F. W. Thring management the play has come into its own. When the final curtain dropped on the last word, "Australia!" on Friday night I'm sure there was none of us with soul so dead who never to himself had said, during its performance, "This is my own native land!"

Mind you, there's a bushranger in the piece! An entirely credible and human bushranger... references to convicts... a corroboree... the cry of the curlew, the song of the magpie, the sharp notes of the wise storm-bird, the chuckle of the kookaburra... so, if you're afraid of the big bad wolf, Juliet, save up a shudder for this show!

THERE is a road, too... a great road, made by convict labor. "This road has made all the difference," says Miss Host Collits to Governor Darling. Concerning convicts, of course, we're all so accustomed to taking away their characters and letting the credit go, that no one seems to think we may owe them any kind of debt, but some day we may see these grey men of our national dawn in a different light. Their contribution to our progress was certainly involuntary, but it was a contribution of vast value, and their crimes, one can't help thinking, were mostly thrust upon them.

However, there's only a hint or so of the convict system in "Collits' Inn," so enough of this preachment.

BALCONIES and boxes were festooned with trails of saraparilla and clematis, and gaily beflagged. Lady Street looked very charming. Her lovely wavy grey hair was dressed in a close shingle and she was wrapped in a black seal coat with its high collar edged with white. Also in the Vice-Regal party were Mr. Ernest Street, Miss Philippa Street, Colonel A. T. Anderson, and Mrs. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Thring entertained a large party, including Mrs. Stuart Gurr, who was very smart in black lace; Mrs. Varney Monk, in a pretty frock of floral chiffon; Miss Nathalie Rosenwax, a distinguished figure in black lace over silver lame; Mrs. Claude Fleming, floral chiffon.

Miss Nancy Gurr, very sweet in floral chiffons and rose velvet coat, hosted a large party in the stalls, including Mrs. M. Hillier, in white satin with white velvet coat, Dr. and Mrs. Elphinstone, Mr. John Lenthall, Mr. and Mrs. George Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. Anscombe, and Miss Edna Gemmell.

Colonel and Mrs. Bruxner, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dawson (Dorothy Brunton), Mr. and Mrs. D. Carroll, and Mr. and Mrs. John Fuller were others among the well-known people in the audience.

Easily the most important fashion note was the flat hair bandeau. True, Giaras triable-trinkled on a number of heads. One, Chromium peaked, reached almost prima donna proportions. Coronnets, too, were worn, and some of these in plaits of gold or silver lame were by way of being extravagant. One, worn aslant and of laurel wreath inspiration, quite comically recalled a picture of Nero... But London has, I hear, packed up the buns in the old remnant bag and brought forth the flat bandeau, and Sydney, which always follows such, is due to drop its buns with a bang any night now.

GLADYS MONCRIEFF got a rousing reception. There's no doubt about her popularity. She must be back on that chop-and-pineapple regime or something, for she's a good deal slimmer than when last I saw her, but with her golden voice and winning personality, she should worry about a few pounds avoirdupois.

What mountains of flowers were piled before the performers at the end of the play! And what clever floral artists designed some of the tributes! There were floral models of Collits' Inn, a tall ladder of fame, baskets and bouquets, and a mighty laurel wreath which the Moncrieff duly hung around her neck for a while.

Speeches from Mr. F. W. Thring, who spoke of his "abiding faith in the ability of Australians to do anything the other fellow has done, and do it better," thanked everyone connected with the show, and brought forward Mrs. Varney Monk and Mr. Stuart Gurr. More nice speeches from T. Stuart Gurr, Claude Fleming, Gladys Moncrieff, and comedian George Wallace.

Vast John Dobbie, dainty Phyllis Baker, Byrl Walkley, and others in a fine cast, a garland of girls, a revolving stage, Will Quintrell's orchestra, and splendid settings, were all important items in the lavish production.

BUSINESS girls' luncheons provide many enviable opportunities for busy women to keep in touch with expert opinions on world affairs. Rear-Admiral H. J. Feakes, who was the speaker at David Jones' business girls' luncheon last week, has had a wide experience of Eastern nations, and his talk on "Japan and the Pacific" was both authoritative and interesting.

The Admiral, it is cheering to note, is no believer in war talk. There has been too much war talk in the Pacific, he says, and it is more peace talk we all need. He finds so much to admire in Japan that he believes a more sympathetic and deeper study of Japanese customs and problems would promote the permanent peaceful relations we all desire.

WITH not only the naval and military present, but also, which is unusual, the air force, with many of the women wearing long white gloves, and nearly all in coronets, and with decorated balconies surrounding the hall-room, Paddington Town Hall on the night of the United Services' Ball was just like the court scene in "Cavalcade."

Mrs. Ford, wife of Admiral Randle Ford, was a youthful figure in green; Miss Healy, a vision in forget-me-not blue frock and halo to match; Helen Williams was striking in a black velvet frock, and masses of enormous bronze bangles on her arm; Hope Garling was in a youthful pink georgette frock, and Pat Giblin (Melbourne) was a vivacious brunette dancer in red; Eleanor Young, who came from her duties at Prince Alfred, looked very charming in madonna blue, which set off well her long fair hair.

THE MASQUE BALL of the N.S.W. Debating Societies' Union, to be held at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on July 5, promises to be a complete success. The Lord Mayor (Ald. Parker), and Mrs. Parker will attend, and Mrs. Parker will receive the debutantes. Items by Misha Burlakov and his partner are among the special attractions of the evening. Full particulars may be had by phoning the honorary organising secretary, Mr. A. Holchies (FM4638).

AMONG so great a crowd of dancers that even the foyer had to be used for table space, there were naturally many strikingly lovely frocks at the Rotary Club's ball at David Jones' in aid of the crippled children.

Nan Moses, however, in a pretty pale blue woollen frock which she knitted herself, was outstandingly smart. The frock was made with little sleeves and in a lacy stitch.

The titan heads of Mary Doherty and Jane Conolly were also especially attractive. Mary was in a pale blue frock with hair-ribbon to match, and Jane in a simple black georgette gown. Nora Crowhurst's frock was unusual, with red velvet bodice and silver skirt. Betty and Kathleen Collins, the daughters of artist Albert Collins, were in red velvet and midnight blue satin respectively, with lame tops finished in front with large bows.

In their party was Eleanor Roberts in least-green laffeta. As it was one of the first big functions attended by the Lieut.-Governor one could have heard a pin drop as he entered, and—after the loud speaker, requiring a space to be made for his procession, was turned on—he left to a subdued tattoo about midnight.



MISS MARGARET DARK photographed at her home in Darling Point. Margaret is busy organising for the Younger Set for the All-Australian Aeroplane Ball, to be held on July 24.

—Women's Weekly photo.

MISS PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN, whose poems and stories are so well known to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly, has been appointed adjudicator of elocution for the Lismore Society's annual musical festival. Selections from her verse will be recited this Thursday, at the performance of Grace Stafford's verse-speaking choir at St. James' Hall.

MRS. C. ROBERTSON, on holiday from Melbourne, is at present staying at Hampton Court. Mrs. Robertson is a friend of Mrs. Clive Teece, and a member of the committee of the Royal Melbourne Golf Club.

COMMANDER AND MRS. MORTIMER DURAND, who recently visited Sydney, have cabled the news that a son has been born to them. Mrs. Durand was Beatrice Sheridan, and is a daughter of Judge Sheridan.

HAZEL GRANT, who has been staying in Sydney, made only a short visit. She returned to Melbourne to be present at Doreen Gale's wedding at St. John's, Toorak, this Wednesday. The bride chose a marvellous gown of matte satin, with a golden weave. Others who left Sydney for the wedding festivities included Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Mildred (Peggy Macfarlane). Doreen has often stayed with Sir George and Lady Fuller, and their daughter, Mrs. Gwen Wharton, was disappointed at not being able to attend the wedding. The bridegroom, Mr. Neville Anderson, lives in Sydney.

LETTERS from Mrs. "Tom" Lamb say that she and Alix are having a wonderful time. Alix has obtained admittance to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. This is an honor given only to the talented.

JUST received a programme of the much-talked-about Runnymede pageant, for which Lady de Chair acted as honorary organiser. The programme is the merest leaflet, and was evidently got up with a view to the strictest economy.

Runnymede meadow was the setting chosen, and a replica of the Magna Charta seal adorns the programme. The affair was under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York. John Drinkwater wrote the prologue and epilogue, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, Irene and Violet Vanbrugh, and Lady Forbes Robertson spoke them at alternate performances. Eight episodes in

AROUND the Savoy Theatre's audience on Thursday, when the Impressionist Theatre produced "Death Takes a Holiday," one could hear whispers of "Oh! what a beautiful straight back!" when Peter Osborn made his entrance. The play was a great success. Nora Cazon managed, in spite of being quite well built, to look utterly frail, with the aid of a pastel frock, large bunch of violets and wispy tulle scarf. The settings were sensuously beautiful, though they rather dominated the acting, and seemed more fitted for a "Chu Chin Chow" play than for a largely intellectual one.

In the audience was Jean Garling, and her sister, Mrs. Bourke, of Glen Innes, who was celebrating her "Centenary"—a new idea, whereby though not a hundred, one keeps her birthday up for a week, like Melbourne keeps hers, and not for just one day.

THERE were many reunions of old friends at the Women Graduates' party at Beaumont House on Thursday, at which the guest of honor, Dr. Flora Innes, gave an absorbing account of her medical work in Madras. The doctor spoke of the curious position women hold in India to-day, saying that Katherine Mayo's book was only half the truth, she considered.

Girls are brought up so strictly that they may not even raise their eyes when walking along the street, lest they lose their reputations for modesty, and are altogether kept in a secluded and guarded life until in a position, through training for some profession, to earn their own livings. Then they are pitchforked out into the world. Curiously enough, they find jobs far more easily than men with a similar training. But on the other hand they lose nearly all men's respect for them as women. A woman, therefore, who takes up a career finds no difficulty in earning her living, but loses her status as a woman.

COUNTRY visitors to Sydney include Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Merriman, of Yass, who are staying with Mrs. Merriman's sister, Mrs. C. G. Berge. Mr. Merriman is interested in sheep sales, and Mrs. Merriman in the country golf. Mrs. Berge has been ill for some time, first with influenza, and now with neuritis, but is feeling well enough to put in some good committee work for the Sydney University Medical Ball, which takes place at David Jones on August 8.

AND so, farewell, Juliet!

Jane Lane

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mrs. Harry Hodson (Margaret Honey) has a son?

The Clement Chapmans have a new Rolls Royce with beige toy Pom. to match the leather?

Mrs. Bell Allen at a party recently ate five meringues, then went home to translate a German text-book for her son?

Time, Please!

SPEAKING at the Pioneers' Club the other day, Police Commissioner Childs, who is noted for his remarkable memory, told this story of the time during the '90's when he was a young sergeant on his beat. There was a certain pawnshop on The Rocks where all the lads of the village used to repair when times were hard. In fact, it was at this shop, said Commissioner Childs, that he himself bought for 30/- the best overcoat he has ever had!

One morning he heard a tremendous noise about 2 o'clock, and it proved to be a crowd of young men arousing the proprietor of the pawnshop. "What on earth do you want?" cried the proprietor. "We want to know the time."

"You young rips, what do you mean by waking me at this hour to ask such a question?" the poor man asked. "Well, you ought to know, you have all our watches!"

Country Wedding

A WEDDING of interest to country folk to be celebrated this month is that of Jean Harnett, daughter of Mr. Sidney Harnett, of Cooma, to Mr. Laurie King, a young Englishman who has also made his home in that district.

Enid Blomfield, who is bridesmaid, visited Sydney last week to do some necessary shopping. The Harnetts used, until recently, to own Homley station. Now that it has been sold they have bought a charming old homestead really "in" Cooma, though not in the heart of the township.

Well Again

MRS. ARCHER BURTON, of Pontresina, Darling Point, who was very ill for months before she left for South Africa, has quite recovered since her arrival there. Kitty, who accompanied her mother, is having quite a gay time now she is free of anxiety.

Mimi Healy Busy

ALTHOUGH her fiancé, Ian Heath, is in Melbourne, Mimi Healy is by no means moping at home. She is busy planning frocks at present for two large charity balls. With Valerie Purves she saw "Collits' Inn" on Saturday to get some ideas for her hair for the "Collits' Inn" ball on July 10, when she will be in Mrs. T. H. Kelly's set.

Mimi's frock is already made for her, as she possesses a beautiful pink satin heirloom treasure. Her other appearance will be at the Norma Shearer ball, when she will wear an effective evening frock with red, blue, brown and green striped bodice and white skirt.

A "Bloody" Tor

MR. and Mrs. F. B. D. McCullagh, of Bellevue Hill, have motored over to Melbourne. An important part of their luggage was a shopping list compiled by their six-year-old son, Terry. His father, who has had a good deal of practice in deciphering Terry's caligraphy, was able to make out most of his requests, but "one big bloody tor, please Daddy," stumped him.

Tactful questioning of Terry revealed that "bloody," in more grown-up parlance, is yclept "blood alley," so doubtless the important purchase will be made as per request.

Celebrated Engagement

ON Thursday last Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Foote celebrated at their home the announcement of the engagement of a close friend, Muriel Letchford, to Burcham Clamp, also a Sydney University graduate (in architecture). Muriel is an Old Girl of P.L.C., and was noted for her prowess in basketball both at school and at the Varsity.

Burcham, whose father, the late Mr. Burcham Clamp, was one of the founders of Cranbrook, was one of the first pupils of that school. Young Burcham designed Harvey House and the honor board. The marriage will probably take place before the end of the year.

A Marrying Family

THE Whitney family is experiencing many weddings. Thirza and Mrs. Whitney are shortly leaving for Ireland, where Thirza will marry David Evans in August. Thirza and her husband will then leave for India, where he is stationed. Frank is to marry Esme Rowlands and "Tim" to wed Elizabeth Friend at about the same time.

"Tim," by the way, is really Walter, and he lives at Binda, near Quirindi. The late Mr. A. W. Whitney, of Woodstock, was a very wealthy man. Before his death he settled "Tim" at Binda and Frank at Waugoola. Jack has still to acquire his property.

In and Out of Society .: By WEP



Successful Surprise

ABOUT forty guests were shut up in the dark with orders not to speak a word by Dr. and Mrs. David Knox at their home in North Sydney on Sunday evening. The idea was to surprise Violet Roche, who thought she was just coming to a quiet dinner party, instead of to a large farewell one in her honor before she leaves for England.

Later Mrs. Knox made an impromptu speech, standing on the arm of a chair, artist Albert Collins blowing a football whistle for order. Dr. Knox told some Scottish stories, Mrs. Knox gave one of Gertrude Lawrence's monologues, and Mrs. Bell Allen, Doris Fitton and Don Hill gave a "heavy tragedy."

Visitor from Mentone

MRS. W. SIMON has returned from a visit to her cousins, the Gadens, at Bowral, and is now at a charming flat in Maranoa, Gladwood Gardens, but this is only temporary, as Mrs. Simon's home is in the south of France.

She has found a village off the beaten track not very far from Mentone, where she can enjoy the beautiful surroundings "without being invaded by cyclones of tourists."

Mrs. Simon was delighted at meeting an old school friend in Sydney, Penelope Cay, who was a schoolmate of hers in England.

Both Good Sports

NAOMI WILLIAMS, who announced her engagement on Monday night at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, is one of those lucky girls whose halo plait of golden hair does not come off "after the ball is over." Like her fiancé, Win Reilly, she is a very fine tennis player. With Sadie Budge she runs a weekly tennis club where there is only serious tennis in spite of it being "mixed."

Win and Naomi, in fact, usually come first in tennis tournaments, except when John Riddle and his partner carry off the prize. Win's brother in England is also doing great work in athletics at present having just won the very difficult 440yds. hurdle race there.

A Great Traveller

THERE are not many of us who travel about as much as Bishop Crotty does, all in the daily round. The Bishop is a twelve-hours-a-day man and never even has time for lunch. He travelled over 800 miles recently to preach the special series of sermons on "Peace" at St. Mark's, and when he takes a bush trip it usually lasts for two months.

He is setting out on such a trip in August, when he will conduct confirmations, consecrate churches, and so on, as far west as Bourke and Brewarrina. Next year, he plans to travel to England. His only son, Collis, is going to Oxford, where he will study to follow in father's footsteps.

Have You Seen—

Janet Thatcher's new pet — a blue cattle-dog?

Young Winnie Lucey's hat adorned with metal Sealyham complete with dog-chain?

Mrs. Philip Parkinson and her sister, Mrs. Will Owen, struggling with the parking problem?

Phyllis Bragg popping down from Cootamundra for a spot of trousseau shopping?

POLO Has COME Into Its Own AGAIN



MISS VALERIE PURVES, of Melbourne (left), brought a rug to keep her warm, which she shared with Miss Alison Bundock, who comes from Beaudesert, Queensland. Both girls are staying at the Queen's Club.

SMART and workman-like were the two linesmen, or should one say lineswomen?

Miss Phyllis Curtis Skene, with polo ball in hand, was a picture of earnest attention. She wore an orange-toned jumper and fawn suit, with tan riding-boots. Miss Philippa Stephen, the other lineswoman, wore a blue knitted jumper and fawn jodhpurs, and very dark brown suede shoes.

From Forbes came a large contingent of women to see their menfolk play. Mrs. Tom Barry, Jun., came to watch her husband. Miss Jane Leslie, who is the guest of her relative, Miss Amy Leslie, of Manly, was in a brown tailleur with cheery plaid wrap over her shoulders.

Mrs. Charles Wilson, of Forbes, wore a flecked ensemble of brown and green. With Mrs. Randal McDonnell, of Manly, another Forbes girl watched the play—Miss "Dick" Benson, wearing a check coat, the bright tones of her woollen gloves making a gay relief to her toilette.

Mrs. Higham Hodge, wife of Captain Hodge, was an enthusiastic watcher whose husband was in the play. She was in a hydrangea blue suit with hat to match. With her was Miss Marie Ly-saght, of Campbelltown, who chose a perfectly-tailored suit of grey tweed with a long coat en suite, and wore a huntsman's scarf of bright orange. A jaunty little feather perched in her matching hat.

Mrs. Curtis Skene closely followed the play of her husband and son. She was clad in a grey woolly suit with black binding, and a small black velvet hat. Mrs. Roy Wheatley was in the same party; she wore friar's brown set off with a bright plaid scarf. Miss Margaret Merewether chose a cornelian red coat with a honey-toned fur collar; her red dress was finished with a golden lame collar and small matching hat.

Cosy in Cars

Watching the play from her car was Miss Janet Thatcher, wearing a raspberry red jumper with a black and white check suit. She was accompanied by Mrs. J. Jamieson, of Christchurch, New Zealand. Also in Miss Thatcher's car were Miss Suzanne Stoddard, wearing huntman's green, and Miss Sheila Sullivan, in tones of beige and brown.

Mrs. H. C. McIntyre had a friend from Melbourne with her—Mrs. Thea Brown, wrapped in a shepherd's plaid top coat with small hat to match. Mrs. Roy Buckland came with Mr. Buckland. Mrs. Bill Durham and Mrs. W. Roberts completed their party.

One of the prettiest girls present was Miss Valerie Purves, who is staying at the Queen's Club. Miss Purves came over from Melbourne intending to stay a couple of weeks and has stayed three months. She was gowned in coffee tones. Her knitted scarf was of madonna and air force blue, and the same tones were repeated in her wooden bangles. Miss Purves had with her Miss Alison Bundock, who is also at the Queen's Club. Miss Bundock comes from Beaudesert, Queensland, but is now settling in Sydney as her station home has been sold. These wise girls brought a fur rug to keep them cosy. Miss Betty Wheatley, of Camden, looked charming in a beige knitted jumper which she wore with a beige and brown tailleur. With her was Miss Betty Bruce, of Lillgow.

Miss M. Browne, of Young, chose a diagonal tweed of blue and white, the hat matching the gown. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Pat Browne, wearing a mustard-toned top coat. Miss Ouida Delaney, of Inverell, wore a brown check suit and brown hat.

Scene: Kensington polo grounds... Time: This week... Dramatis Personae: Divers lovers of ye fine old game of polo and divers players of same... Weather: Not so hot... Fashions: Alert and tweedy. Some peltry. Some rugs... On-lookers: Some, weather or not. Others, car-keeping... Occupations: Greetings of cobblers from Cobbitty, Seone, Goulburn, and many Wild Westerners. Cheery sharing of sandwiches. Community quaffing from thermos flasks of the widow's cruse genre... In the background: Bigger and better wool cheques. Wheat waxing finely, thank you! And all that. Hard times come again no more...

POLO AT ITS BRIGHTEST AND BEST



MISS MARGARET MEREWETHER, walking along the polo grounds at Kensington with Mr. C. W. Hooke, of the Wiragulla team.



THE LINESWOMAN "on the job." Miss Phyllis Curtis Skene, who was kept hard at it on Monday.



Mrs. HIGHAM HODGE, a visitor from India, watching her husband's debut as a polo player in Australia. —Women's Weekly photos.



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PICTURES Worth Framing
Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE OF THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/.

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS The Milk Question from the Baby's Viewpoint!

By Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

The milk question and its various ramifications is apparently one that will never be solved to the entire satisfaction of everyone concerned. But let us consider it in its application to the artificially fed baby, who is more dependent upon it for life and growth than is the child or adult.

IN some quarters there is a feeling that raw, unboiled milk should be available for babies. What of the risk of bovine tuberculosis unless the mother herself boils this milk? The Australian Mothercraft Society recommends that all milk given to babies or children up to the age of 4 years should be BOILED for at least three minutes. This is in order to protect the child from T.B. infection. Does the public realise that raw milk is responsible for the death of many children annually from infection from bovine tuberculosis? This fact is vouched for by Lord Dawson of Penn, Physician to the King. Therefore, if you keep your own cows, or get milk delivered raw, it is necessary to bring it to the boil and keep it about boiling point for at least three minutes—longer if the weather be hot and thundery.

So long as the mother boils the milk she receives, it is preferable to obtain raw milk to milk which has already been pasteurised, so that it will not have been heated twice, thus robbing it of most of its valuable vitamins.

The Australian Mothercraft Society advocates the mother boiling even pasteurised milk as an extra safeguard. If the pasteurisation is properly performed, the risk of T.B. infection is greatly minimised; but unfortunately the T.B. test applied to cows is not infallible, and occasionally a T.B. cow passes muster.

It is well known nowadays that quick heating of milk to boiling point destroys fewer vitamins than does pasteurising. In the case of a baby, these essential vitamins can easily be replaced by orange juice, which is very rich in Vitamin C. When oranges are not procurable, tomatoes may be used.

No mother should suppose that because milk is delivered to her in a sealed bottle it is of necessity uncontaminated.

MUCH attention is being paid to the way in which milk is supplied to the people of Wellington, N.Z. Having lived in Wellington for about ten years, I feel competent to write on its milk supply

from both the adult's and the baby's point of view. That the Wellington Municipal Pasteurisation Scheme is a success cannot be denied.

The Wellington housewife orders her "milk tokens" from her grocer, just in the same way as she orders half a dozen eggs. The "tokens" are about the size of pennies and half-pennies, and have "One Quart" and "One Pint" impressed on them. When putting out the milk jug she places one of these "tokens" beside it instead of money.

The milk is delivered in sealed bottles with the date stamped on the cardboard cap. The vast majority of the Wellington public have no fault to find with this method. There is a special N.Z. Government enactment forbidding the sale of any milk which has a fat content of less than 3.5 per cent.

Sometimes the fat percentage of Wellington milk averages about 4.5 per cent. Though the housewife is glad of the extra cream which rises to the top of the milk, this excess of fat above 3.5 per cent. makes frequent boiling of the milk supply for its fat content absolutely necessary where infant feeding is concerned, in order that the baby may be safeguarded against too high a percentage of fat in its humanised milk.

However, when the fat content has been ascertained, it is a very simple matter for a skilled Mothercraft nurse to adjust the amount of added fat-emulsion accordingly, so that baby's milk-mixture is properly balanced; but with the ordinary, untrained mother, this would constitute a difficulty.

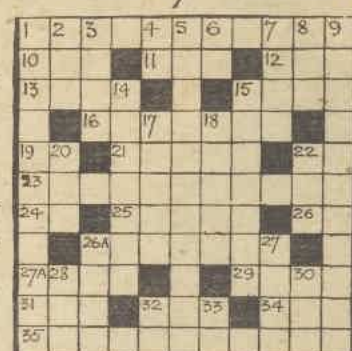
It would be of great advantage to Australian mothers if they could procure a special milk with a stable fat content of, say, 3.5 per cent. (summer and winter alike), to be used in the artificial feeding of infants.

This would ensure that no baby would be subjected to risk of diarrhoea through receiving too high a fat percentage in its milk-mixture. This is especially necessary during the summer months when infantile diarrhoea is prevalent.

Our Weekly Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

1. Becomes similar.
10. Fiddle.
11. Australian Native Association.
12. Time past.
13. Couple.
14. Out of.
16. Draws back.
19. Concerning.
21. Waterproof garment.
22. Thus.
23. Expressing sorrow.
24. Fresh island.
25. Inflection of a verb.
26. You and me.
- 27A. Indigo plant.
28. Transmitted.
29. Small child.
32. Inset.
34. In pain.
35. Necessarily.



CLUES DOWN

1. Most suitable.
2. Ocean.
3. Mis.
4. She's a good sort!
5. Congregation.
6. Note in musical scale.
7. Sailed.
8. Self.
9. Sleepily.
11. Rehearsal.
15. Tunes.
17. Provide food for.
18. Stupid.
20. Charger.
22. A verb and a noun!
- 24A. Service.
27. Sea animal.
28. Symbol for "numbers".
29. Nothing.
30. One.
33. Australian tree.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS: Deeds, miles, Ur, rural, D.D., system, art, too, Lee, prize, pa, Po, lamb, put, eye, era, rooster, hi, ppen, am, upon, reeds.

DOWN: Dunal, E.R., dry, Gure, Man, elm, Ed, educe, H.T., slipper, repay, steamer, amour, leets, miter, teams, ope, ore, S.E., ene, up, A.D.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 10512, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.
(b) Give full name, address, and State.
Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS. BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

Special claim forms for contributors are available on application.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prize unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.



Have you tried Sitruc?

for

- FLU
- NERVE PAINS
- NEURALGIA

"SITRUC," the famous pain banisher, is the subject of praise wherever women gather. "SITRUC" brings speedy relief from Flu, Nerve Pains and Neuralgia. Easy and pleasant to take, "SITRUC" Headache Powders are better because they only remain in the system for three hours, a condition unique among sedatives.

"SITRUC" Headache Powders should be in every home, for it is a splendid pain alleviator when they need one most.

This famous Australian remedy is priced by all women, for it is a splendid pain alleviator when they need one most.

Buy a carton of "SITRUC" Powders today. Ask for this remedy by name and refuse substitutes.

Eight Powders for 1/6.

Sitruc
HEADACHE POWDERS
SOOTHE IN 70 SECONDS
At all Chemists and Good Stores everywhere

A PAIN UNDER THE PINNY

May mean more than just a temporary digestive derangement. Many a permanent illness has started in this way. Make a certainty of being always free from the fear of internal troubles by taking only one responsible of CENOVIS IRRADIATED MEDICINAL YEAST daily.

Expectant mothers and nursing mothers can protect their babies from the danger of Bickets and teething and many other conditions by taking this yeast daily, and thus transmitting to the child the all important Vitamins B1, B2, and Vitamin D. That this is done has been proved by scientists. Also protects against colds, infectious diseases and pulmonary troubles of all kinds. No matter how ill you may be, try a course of the wonderful CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST (Ultra Violet Rayed) and see how you will improve.

Queensland Distributors, Messrs. McLean & Co., Perry House, Richmond Hill, Brisbane, N.S.W., S.A. and W.A. from any chemist or Drug House.

Your Chemist can get it as easily as you can get it for yourself. Absolutely resist on CENOVIS and accept no substitutes.

CENOVIS YEAST PTY. LTD.
Fink's Building, Elizabeth St., Melbourne

"BOOK FOR Dressmakers"

"TO the seamstress, constantly confronted with the problem of making her own frocks or those of her growing daughter, or to anyone who contemplates dressmaking as a profession, a book recently compiled by a famous designer offers a veritable fund of information.

This book has been compiled by Madame Fontaine, one of the most famous couturiers in London, and published by Virtue and Company.

"Madame Fontaine teaches dressmaking and designing in London, and some hundreds of pupils pass through her school yearly. Her object in publishing the book has been, not only to assist the home dressmaker, but to provide for aspiring professionals a journal from which they can derive complete knowledge of their work.

The book is a beautiful production, copiously illustrated, and giving the clearest possible instructions of every branch of both dressmaking and designing. It shows, too, how patterns should be drafted; how irregular things can be achieved, and how unusual effects in drapes and in fuses are evolved.

Extract from "Australian Women's Weekly," 2/6/34.

AN INVITATION TO YOU
to send this coupon to a postcard to VIRTUE BOOK CO.
1 Bond Street, Sydney.

Please send me free descriptive booklet on Dressmaking.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

W.V. _____

NOTICE.—Owing to all copies having been sold, it is advisable to book your orders now for delivery in July.

STAMMERING

Can be cured by medically scientific methods. Write to L. DOBSON, M.P.S., Ph.D., 1834, Unit, 1210, R.C.O.A., Specializing in Speech Defects. Valuable information (free) explains the Physical and Psychological causes, effects and cure of Stammering. 230 Burwood Rd., Melbourne, N.S.W.

A new Medical Triumph

KING'S PHYSICIAN SAYS TONSILS ARE IMPORTANT AND NECESSARY GLANDS



Bottom, first Baron Dawson of Penn,
Physician in Ordinary to King George V.

Medical circles in England have been stirred recently by the opinions expressed by the Empire's leading laryngologists and specialists, pointing the way to medicinal treatment of diseases of nose and throat without operation.

Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's Physician, explodes the old idea that the tonsils are merely useless obstructions in the throat that collect disease germs and bacteria which poison the lungs and blood stream.

The tonsils, he explained to an audience of English medical men recently, are special glands placed by Nature to guard the throat, to filter out harmful bacteria, and to prevent them from entering the lungs and blood stream.

By breathing through your nose, which washes and filters out dust and bacteria and warms the air before it reaches your throat, you make your tonsils your second line of defence against bacteria and germs of all kinds.

So necessary are the tonsils, he says, and his opinion is backed by Dr. Layton, surgeon to Guy's Hospital, and many other leading throat specialists, "that even when they are

septic they are of much greater value in guarding the body against germs than the germs in the tonsils themselves are harmful, and for this reason they should not be removed."

Thanks to medical scientific research, operations for the removal of tonsils are no longer necessary for Dr. Brodie's Kanatox is the wonderful new medical treatment for keeping the nose and throat free from disease germs that cause adenoids, catarrh, septic tonsils and throat trouble, leading to deafness, weak chest and lungs, chronic headaches and eye strain.

Kanatox surrounds and exterminates the disease bacteria that infect the breathing passages, and places a protecting film over the mucous membrane.

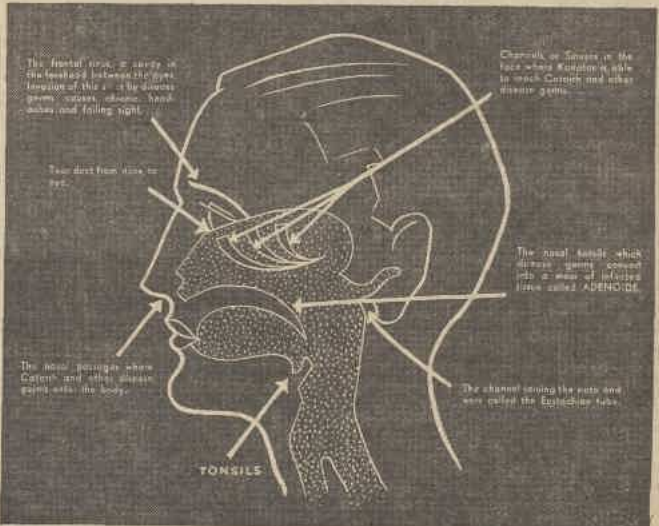
Although Kanatox is a powerful antiseptic, its herbal ingredients are harmless to the most delicate person, and its continued use can only be beneficial.

POISONS FROM CATARRH AND SEPTIC TONSILS

POUR INTO THE BLOOD STREAM AND CRIPPLE THOUSANDS WITH RHEUMATISM, ARTHRITIS, GASTRITIS, CATARRHAL, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, FAILING EYESIGHT AND CHRONIC HEADACHES.

Medical Science has made the greatest step in the fight against diseases that sap human life, by giving to the World "Kanatox," the wonderful herbal antiseptic treat-

ment for the nose, throat and lungs. Kanatox surrounds and exterminates the colonies of germs and bacteria in the breathing passages where most of these terrible diseases enter the body.



WHAT ARE ADENOIDS?

Every Child Has

FOUR Tonsils.

Every baby is born with four tonsils; two of these are behind the nose, and two which are easily seen are on either side of the throat. In this way, Nature guards the passages of the nose and throat because disease germs find these breathing passages the easiest way by which to enter the body.

The tonsils in the throat remain throughout life, but the nasal tonsils

normally are completely absorbed by the time the child reaches the age of twelve. Very often, however, the disease germs from neglected colds and infections from other children breed so rapidly in the nostrils that the tonsils behind the nose swell greatly, and partly or completely block up the breathing passage through the nose, and this mass of infected tissue is called ADENOIDS.

95 OF EVERY 100 CHILDREN SUFFER FROM ADENOIDS AND TONSILS

BACKWARD AT SCHOOL.

Doctors observe that 95 of every 100 children suffer from adenoids, which handicap them greatly, making them backward at school and more subject to infectious diseases, such as measles, whooping cough, and other diseases of school age.

SYMPTOMS OF ADENOIDIS.

Mouth breathing, frequent coughs and colds, weak chest and lungs, loss of appetite, anaemia, ear-ache, weakness, loss of weight, are frequent signs of adenoids in children.

OPERATIONS NOT NECESSARY.

Removing the adenoids results in improved health and vitality to the little sufferer, and this is easily accomplished by the use of DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX, which surrounds and kills disease germs and allows swollen adenoidal tissue to be absorbed in the natural way.

If your children suffer in this way you will be amazed at the wonderfully rapid improvement in their general health after using Kanatox—tiredness disappears, young bodies gain weight and vigour, and coughs and colds disappear as if by magic.

Avoid the necessity of painful operation; begin the Kanatox treatment now—just drop or smear 5 drops of Kanatox into each nostril, night and morning, and often, if possible. You will find it very easy and pleasant to use. You can get the six weeks treatment flask of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox for 10/-, or the trial size flask for 3/6, at your chemist.

USE KANATOX TO PREVENT RE-GROWTH.

Even after operations Kanatox is necessary to prevent the re-growth of the adenoids. If Kanatox is too strong at first, mix it with an equal quantity of olive oil, gradually decreasing the oil until Kanatox is used full strength. One Kanatox regularly—success is assured by perseverance.

Read these interesting reports on Dr. Brodie's Kanatox. ADENOIDIS DISSOLVED.

Mrs. Norton writes: "Please send me another flask of Kanatox. I am very grateful for the good that Dr. Brodie's Kanatox has done for my children Jack and Shirley. They were both very much troubled with adenoids, caught colds easily, and were frequently out of sorts."

"I have used one sample bottle of KANATOX and one standard size.

and already there is a wonderful improvement in them. They are so much brighter and better tempered, and the adenoids are certainly going. They know it is doing them good, and use it themselves without any trouble. Thanking you. (Mrs.) L. NORTON."

"KANATOX IS MARVELLOUS FOR ADENOIDIS AND TONSILS," Says Delighted Mother.



"MY TWO KIDDIES, Ronald and Anne, had caused me endless worry because of adenoids and troublesome tonsils."

"They were always catching cold, coughing at night, and wouldn't eat. I was quite worried almost to death because they were so pale and puny and other children seemed so much stronger and healthier than mine."

"One of my friends who is a Nurse told me about Dr. Brodie's Kanatox, and I went straight down to the chemist and got a trial flask, and began putting 5 drops of Kanatox in their nostrils every night before they went to sleep, and again each morning."

"That was three months ago, and the result has been really marvellous: their coughs vanished as if by magic, they got up bright and happy each morning after a good sleep, and they are eating heartily again."

"You can imagine how delighted I am with Dr. Brodie's Kanatox when you see how marvellously well and sturdy they both look now."

"I am sending you their photograph, which you can use if you care to tell other Mothers of the wonderful effect of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox for adenoids and tonsils. Thank you ever so much. (Mrs.) T.H.D."

MAN OF 70 LOSES HIS CATARRH

Mr. McAndrew says of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox:

"Kanatox is the best remedy I have ever known for catarrh. No one has

suffered more from catarrh than I have, and I have used many things without success. One large flask of Kanatox has practically cured me; my hearing is much improved, and I am quite capable of doing my business, which is an extensive one, although I have passed 70 years of age. Everyone with catarrh should use Kanatox. Thanking you. A. McANDREW."

CATARRH GONE AFTER YEARS OF MISERY.

Mr. Ingram, business man of London and Sydney, writes:

"I've had catarrh for seven years, had two operations without any benefit, and was becoming so deaf that people had to speak loudly to enable me to hear. I decided to try Dr. Brodie's Kanatox, and the result was a gratifying one."

After one large flask of Kanatox, used night and morning, my head in the morning, and my hearing is again normal. The catarrh is a completely gone. Yours faithfully, E. H. INGRAM."

"I Didn't Know I Snored," but KANATOX Stopped It.

"To tell you the truth, I didn't know that I snored, but my wife used often to wake me up saying, 'You will stop snoring? You have woken me up twice already; surely you can stop it.'"

"But I used to ask, 'how can I?' I don't even know that I do—I don't want to snore, you know."

"No man likes to think that he snores, but most of them do, and don't know what to do about it."

"A few weeks ago I heard over the wireless that snoring was a symptom of disease, and that the best thing for it was Dr. Brodie's Kanatox."

"I got a 3/6 flask at the chemist's, and dropped 5 drops into my nostrils at bedtime each night, according to the directions. My wife says I haven't snored once since I began using Kanatox, and I certainly got up each morning feeling fresher and better than I've felt for years."

"I suppose that is due to the Kanatox clearing and disinfecting the breathing passages. Anyway, please give the bearer a large flask of Kanatox, for which I enclose a ten shilling note. I'll continue to use Kanatox from time to time just to keep me well. Many thanks. (Mr.) J.E.G."

Snoring is an unpleasant habit which can be easily, quickly and permanently corrected by dropping a few drops of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox into your nostrils at bedtime each night. You can get the six weeks treatment for 10/- (this is usually sufficient for the complete correction of even the worst case), or the trial size Kanatox for 3/6, from your chemist. Each flask of Kanatox is provided with a special English dropper in each carton.

Catarrh

Adenoids

Septic Tonsils

Hay Fever

Snoring

Earache

Head noises

Deafness

Coughs

Colds

Sore Throat



HOW TO USE KANATOX.

Adenoids. Drop 3 to 5 drops of Kanatox into each nostril after breakfast and at bedtime each day, and if possible, after lunch as well. If Snoring appears too strong at first, mix it with an equal quantity of Paraffin or olive oil, reducing to full strength as soon as possible. After Operations. After nasal and adenoid operations, Kanatox should be used as above, every night, to prevent their re-growth.

Catarrh, Hay Fever, Head Noises, Deafness. According to the age of the patient and the severity of the disease, drop 3 to 10 drops of Kanatox into each nostril after every meal and at bedtime. After your finger as one nostril in time it while holding the thumb in the other, and release the thumb, strongly blowing time through the nostril into the blood. Repeat this with the other nostril, blowing the treated one with the finger this time.

Deafness. Put 3 to 10 drops into each nostril at bedtime each night, or drop several quickly and permanently. Coughs. Use the Kanatox in the catarrh, and take 5 drops of Kanatox on sugar or in water every 2 or 3 hours. Tonsillitis, Hay Fever, Head of Fever. Put 20 drops of Kanatox in a tumbler of warm water and gargle every 2 hours. Kanatox is absolutely harmless, and suitable for all ages.

SIX WEEKS' TREATMENT, 10/- TRIAL FLASK, 3/6

EVERYONE CAN AFFORD KANATOX.

Although Dr. Brodie's Kanatox represents the latest advance in the technique in treatment of Catarrh, Adenoids, Hay Fever, Tonsils and Chronic Coughs, anyone can afford it, for you can get the six weeks' continuous treatment flask for 10/- or the trial flask for 3/6, from your chemist. Every flask is complete with the special English dropper. IF YOU ARE FAR FROM A CHEMIST, send a postal note to this convenient order form below with your name and address, post it to KANATOX LABORATORY, Box 3817 T, G.P.O., Sydney.

USE THIS HANDY ORDER FORM NOW

To KANATOX LABORATORY, BOX 3817 T, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Dear Sirs: Please send POST FREE by return mail Dr. Brodie's Kanatox, six weeks' treatment, complete with special English dropper and full directions for use 10/- Dr. Brodie's Kanatox, Trial size, complete with special English dropper and full directions for use 3/6 enclose cheque, postal note, Money Order, stamps, for the amount of

NAME

CITY OR TOWN

STREET

N.B.—Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Dr. Brodie's

KANATOX



HERE is a simply knitted suit for baby that looks adorable and is very cosy.

"STEP-INS" for a Sturdy, Active FELLOW

WHEN the growing babe reaches the toddling stage he needs garments that will give him the utmost freedom.

But with "Jack Frost" in the offing, he must be warmly clad or the sensitive baby skin will become irritated.

This comfortable one-piece garment answers his most pressing needs in this regard. There are no complications in the knitting, if you follow the directions set out below, nor will the constant laundering that his activities entail present any problem. Vivella wools are guaranteed against shrinking. For this reason the knitting should be firmly done and the garments hung out to dry with care to guard against stretching.

With the suit in the picture above, and the "step-ins" below, baby will have the perfect outfit for the coldest day.

Materials.—2oz. of Vivella 3-ply knitting yarn; 1 yard ribbon; 1 piece of tape; 4 press fasteners; 2 No. 9 knitting needles and 2 No. 11 knitting needles.

Measurements.—Shoulder to lower edge, 16 inches.

Contractions.—K. for knit; p. for purl; pl. for plain; sl. for slip; st. for stitch; tog. for together.

BACK AND FRONT

Cast on 12 sts. on No. 9 needles. Work in stocking st. increasing both ends every



A CUT-AWAY GARMENT that is both comfortable and practical.

row until you have 76 sts. (32 rows).

46 rows stocking st.

20 rows, 2 pl., 2 p. on No. 11 needles.

WOOLLEN SUIT with a.... COSY NECK

A TINY cuddlesome fellow will chuckle with glee in this cosy suit, rolling so snugly round his neck.

The roll collar is not only snug, but very attractive. The knitting design also achieves an unusual effect though the actual knitting does not present any problem.

For complete instructions for knitting send 3d. in stamps, and a stamped addressed envelope to any of the following addresses:

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne. C1.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

£250 COMPETITION Closes THIS WEEK

No further entry forms for our big knitting competition will be published after this issue.

Entrants are reminded that four successively dated coupons must accompany each entry, and that garments must reach this office on or before June 30.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize £30
2nd Prize £15 10 Prizes of £10/-
3rd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £500.

This Section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. (Shades in most wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme.) Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize £30
2nd Prize £15 10 Prizes of £10/-
3rd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £500.

This Section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring, with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize £30
2nd Prize £15 10 Prizes of £10/-
3rd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £500.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize £10
2nd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £5/-
Total of 21 Prizes valued at £200.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.

Pull-over or Cardigan for Children

Between 8 and 14 Years of Age
1st Prize £20
2nd Prize £5 10 Prizes of £10/-
Total of 12 Prizes valued at £100.

These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants can avail attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outlay of 5/-

1st Prize £10
2nd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £5/-
Total of 21 Prizes valued at £200.

Best Outlay of approximately 5/- The Judges will award the prize in this Section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outlay, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment, or garments, will be eligible for entry in this Section. Sets of berets and scarves, ladies' lingerie, men's socks and ties, hug-me-tights or dressing jackets; an endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising knitter for 5/- The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this Section.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Singlet

1st Prize £10
2nd Prize £5 20 Prizes of £5/-
Total of 21 Prizes valued at £200.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a

special feature in this Section. Fine lace stitches, touches of hand embroidery, or applique can be used.

Conditions

1. A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition, and each entry must be accompanied by four coupons of successive dates.
2. The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on called and sewn firmly to the garment.
3. Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.
4. Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely:—N.S.W.: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St., Sydney.
Queensland: Shell House, 301 Ann St., Brisbane.
South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.
Victoria: Age Chambers, 239 Collins St., Melbourne.

Entries close on June 30.
Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted. If an exhibit is to be returned

The Best...

Knitting Bargain

Twenty exclusive designs for 6d. is the amazing value offered in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, now available at all leading stores and newsagents.

Copies may also be ordered from The Australian Women's Weekly. An extra 2d. should be added to cover postage.

by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover cost.

5. An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.

7. Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.

8. Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.

9. Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the competition. The judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

Entry Coupon on inside back cover.



the right word
for the best

COUGH REMEDY

Permission has been granted to use in the above "HEENZO" advertisement, the miniature reproduction of cards from a "Combo" pack of combined playing and word-building cards, now obtainable at all stationers, newsagents, bookstalls, and stores for 2/- a pack.

FICKLE WEATHER

CAUSING COUGHS, COLDS
AND A RUSH ON HEENZO

That the present changeable weather has been the cause of many coughs and colds is proved by the suddenly increased demand for Heenzo, the famous money-saving remedy for chest and throat ailments. HEENZO is the standard home remedy of Australia for such ailments, and its well-deserved popularity has been won through these outstanding features, viz.: That there is nothing more efficacious in the treatment of coughs, colds, croup, influenza, and bronchitis; that it is free from all dangerous drugs or opiates, and therefore may be given to even the youngest baby without fear of upsetting its digestion; and that it is

easily the most economical remedy known. Nearly everyone knows that a 2/- bottle of concentrated HEENZO, when added to sweetened water, makes a family supply EQUAL in quantity and SUPERIOR in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of any ready-made cough mixtures. If you have not already done so, join to-day the hundreds of thousands of Australian citizens who make a point of always keeping a supply of HEENZO in the home, for you will be delighted with the speedy manner in which it soothes and eventually clears even the worst attack of colds and coughing. All leading chemists and stores in Australia sell Heenzo.

New "Stitch a Week" Series

DON'T miss our "Stitch a Week" series, a feature of our needle-work page. Each week a different stitch will be fully explained and clearly illustrated, stitches you will appreciate for table linen or for trousseaux, for lingerie or for frocks.

31st Row: 3 moss st., p. 3 tog., 3 moss st.

32nd Row: 7 moss st.

33rd Row: K. 1, p. 1, k. 3 tog., p. 1, k. 1.

34th Row: 5 moss st.

35th Row: K. 1, p. 3 tog., k. 1.

36th Row: 3 moss st.

37th Row: K. 3 tog.

Cast off.

Return to stitches on spare needle and knit to correspond.

Press both pieces under a damp cloth with a hot iron.

Sew up the side seams.

Pick up stitches round legs (about 63), and do 8 rows moss st.

Cast off.

Sew narrow tape along edges at bottom and sew on press fasteners.

Fasten shoulders with ribbon.



Heal that Sore quickly—with
MELASOL
THE NEW AUSTRALIAN
GERMICIDE

Cuts or wounds that have been neglected are dangerous. Treat them promptly with Melasol, which contains 40% Ti-trol, the new Australian non-poisonous, non-irritant germicide—eleven times more potent than carbolic.

The great penetrating powers of Melasol enable it to clear up inflammation and heal wounds in a remarkably short time. Use it for the children. Ask your Doctor about Melasol. It has the recommendation of the medical profession throughout Australia.

Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day. A 2oz. bottle can be had for 2/-. Larger sizes at 4/6 & 9/6 are more economical.

MELASOL
Antiseptic Solution

Contains 40% Ti-trol oil, the new Australian germicide and deodorant. Eleven times more powerful than carbolic, but non-irritant and non-poisonous.

"SURE IN ACTION—SAFE IN USE."

A 12.35

Our FASHION Service and FREE PATTERN!



OUR free pattern this week is a fascinating coat for the little girl who goes to kindergarten. It has a shoulder yoke and presents a cosy effect when the rever fastens up.

Pattern is cut to fit a child of four years.
Material required: 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.
For Pattern Coupon, see inside back cover.

A REST GOWN

WW615.—Be smart while keeping house and wear a rest gown of this design. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL

WW610.—A practical winter frock for the schoolgirl, with centre front fastening. Pattern for 12-14 years. Material required, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

MATRON'S FROCK

WW611.—A matron's frock with a touch of dignity. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART DESIGN

WW612.—Choose a light weight winter fabric for this smart design. The crossover fastening is bordered with contrast. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



GRACEFUL EVENING FROCK

WW618.—Necklines of evening frocks are high in front. This model has a slight cowl. Material for 36-inch bust, 5 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ANOTHER BLOUSE

WW617.—Smart blouse with the new neck trimming. Material for 36-inch bust, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

DAINTY BLOUSE

WW616.—Attractive blouse with a pretty neck finish. Material for 36-inch bust, 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated at:

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt St.

Backache



P.B.S. (Poisoned Blood Stream) is a condition brought about by the incomplete functioning of the liver, kidneys and bowels, with the result that poisons which should be eliminated by these organs enter the blood stream and are then carried right through the system, setting up RHEUMATISM, CONSTIPATION, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, STOMACH DISORDERS, DEPRESSION, BAD BREATH, etc.

HERE IS THE REMEDY

A small dose of Schumann's Salts in a large glass of warm water taken first thing in the morning will soon expel the poisons in the blood stream...and have the kidneys, liver and bowels performing their normal functions. Schumann's Salts are made from the active ingredients of the famous "Spas" of Europe. They are a natural eliminant and have a soothing effect on the system.

SUFFERERS FROM CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, BAD BREATH and all Uric Acid Complaints should immediately become regular Schumann users and enjoy radiant health.

At all Chemists and Stores.



Schumann's Salts

PRICES: 2/9 and 1/6 per jar
PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE

Given up by Specialists
yet freed by

MEMBROSUS

(Regd.)

Inhalation Remedy
from

LUNG TROUBLE

Remarkable Story of an Amazing Recovery.

Thirty years ago Mrs. Myra Farrell contracted head poisoning, which developed into T.B. She steadily became worse, haemorrhaged frequently, had a very hacking cough for hours on end, no sleep, not able to eat, and very weak, given up by two Specialists as a hopeless case. Within a week of commencing to treat herself with Membrosus Inhalation Treatment she was able to get out of bed, and within two years she was certified as cured. There has never been any recurrence of the disease, and to-day she is in perfect health.

"Membrosus" has been proved to be equally effective in the treatment of all cases of—

**ASTHMA : CATARRH
BRONCHITIS**

Send for particulars and copies of letters from patients, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to Mr. C. E. MUIR, of IRVINE LTD., Chemists, 181 Victoria Road, Drumoyne, Sydney. Sole distributors for Australia and New Zealand.



Mrs. Farrell when suffering from Lung trouble and haemorrhage, caused by lead poisoning.



12 years after! A Sydney doctor passed her as one of the healthiest women he had ever examined.

STORM Music

Continued from Page 5

"THAT'S the Carlotta. I know it. What can we do?"

For some extraordinary reason my senses were now as lively as they had been lately dull. I knew no hesitation: my confidence was sublime. I suppose that I rose to the occasion, that the crisis had kicked me out of the slough of slow-thinking in which I usually moved.

"We back," I said quietly. "What a mercy we hadn't got further. As it is, we've plenty of time. They can't do a mile a minute along this lane."

"But John—"

I patted her blessed hand.

"Don't worry, my dear. It's all right. Little Arthur has got an idea," and with that, I put out my headlights and started to take the Rolls back by the glow which her tail-lamp threw.

Two minutes later I backed her over the bridge.

"Can you see their headlights?" I asked.

"Not yet."

I began to swing round to the right, leaving the roadway and backing on to the turf. When I had gone thirty paces, I threw out the clutch.

At once we heard the Carlotta and a moment later we saw the glow of her lights.

"Well done," said Helena quietly.

"Please don't say that," said I, and switched off what lights we had. "I've only repaired my mistake. To have

entered that lane was madness. If I wasn't sure Pharaoh'd look round, I'd wait here for Bugle and Rush. But somehow I think we'll beat them. They don't know there's any hurry and they haven't a chauffeur to drive them that knows the way."

Helena made no answer, and the two of us sat in silence, listening and watching, while Pharaoh "came down like a wolf on the fold."

I do not think we were excited—the danger was past. We now were simply waiting for a car to get out of our way.

And so she did. Well clear of the beam of her headlights, we watched her sweep down the slope and over the bridge; and as she went by to the apron, I let the Rolls leap forward and take her place on the road.

My lights were dimmed, and I do not think that they saw us, for their eyes, of course, were looking the opposite way; but in any event the start which we had was deadly, for they must turn the Carlotta and we had the faster car.

We never saw Rush and Bugle, but some car or other was coming as we swung out of the lane and on to the open road. It was travelling east, as we were, and I always like to think it was carrying Pharaoh's men, for in that case, as like as not, it met the Carlotta full in the midst of the lane—an encounter which cannot have been cordial and must have set Pharaoh on the gridiron from impotent rage.

As we floated into the silence, I touched my companion's sleeve.

"And now where?" said I. "And why? And what does this mean? I'm thankful that you've come with me, but don't say you're going back. Because if you do, I go with you."

Helena gave a little laugh.

"No, my dear," she said. "I'm not going back. Pharaoh is in possession, and there he can stay. I don't like leaving the castle, but Axel will speak to old Florin and all will go on all right. And without me Pharaoh can do nothing. It's no good his being there. He can't find the way to the cellar, neither can he levy blackmail. But I don't think he'll go just yet. At least, I hope he doesn't—before we come back with your cousin and Barley too. Three strong men armed . . . on the ramparts . . . while Pharaoh is still at my table, sipping my port."

"Then we're for Salzburg?" said I.

"No," said Helena, quickly. "I think that would be too obvious. Besides, I don't want to be traced. We'll go to my nurse at Pommers. Her husband's a farmer there, and they'll see us through. And we'll wire to your cousin to join us and start from there."

"Where's Pommers?" said I.

"Across country. I'll show you the way. We ought to be nearing cross roads. And there we must turn to the left."

So for some thirty-

five miles.

Then the engine of the Rolls coughed twice, and the car slowed down.

As I frowned, the truth came pelting—to sear my brain.

I drew to the side of the road. Then I applied the brake and put my head in my hands.

"What is it, John? What is it?"

Twice I tried to tell her, and twice I failed.

At last—

"Petrol," I said hoarsely. "I meant to fill up before we patrolled this evening; but with all this Pharaoh business . . ."

Together we stared at the gauge.

Then—

"I'm very sorry," I said. "I've no excuse."

The map's report was as bitter as that of the gauge. The nearest village lay roughly eleven miles off; and whether it boasted a pump we could not tell.

As I made to get out of the car—

"John, dear," said Helena gently, "please don't take this to heart. You know as well as I that you've every excuse. When without any warning one's called on to run the gauntlet, one's apt to forget one's chores."

"You wouldn't have forgotten," said I.

"Of course I should. When I heard the Carlotta coming, my wits just scattered and fled; and, to tell you the truth, I haven't rallied them yet."

"No one would know it," said I, and got out of the car.

I began to walk down the road. . . .

Some forty-five paces ahead a track led into the forest—a decent track: what was more, it ran slightly downhill. If I could manhandle the Rolls as far as its mouth, her weight would help me to carry her out of sight. But the road, though level, was cambered, and the track, as luck would have it, lay on its opposite side.

"We can never do it," said Helena, fencer to lip.

"If we can't find another track, we shall have to try."

In silence we sought together, and sought in vain.

"There's nothing for it," said I, and led the way back to the car.

Whilst Helena steered and stood by to apply the brake, I moved the Rolls by the spokes of one of her wheels.

The strain was great, for the car was very heavy, but so long as we held straight on, I had my way; the moment, however, that Helena touched the steering to lead the car over the road, the camber made such a gradient as I could not overcome. Though I begged her not to, I knew that my slight companion added her weight; but the ground was dead against us, and though I fought like a madman, I had not the strength of body to force the car up the rise. At last, in desperation, I moved her perhaps six inches towards the crown of the road, but then the weight of her beat me, and she began to return; and in my effort to hold her before I could cry for the brake I strained or tore some muscle in the small of my back.

I smothered a grunt of pain—too late for Helena's ears, for before I had drawn myself up, my lady was standing beside me and asking me how I did.

"You've hurt yourself, John."

"A muscle," said I. "It's nothing. As long as I don't use it, I'll be all right." Rusefully I regarded the Rolls.

"But we'll have to leave her here. As far as shifting her goes, I've shot my bolt."

"You are very strong," she said, "and very patient. I know no other man that could have moved her so far, and few would have tried with their hands all torn from forcing those rotten gratings down in the moat."

I had not thought she had noticed the state of my hands.

"And you're very lenient," said I, and with that I stepped to the bonnet and took out my keys.

The instant I stopped, however, my injured muscle stung me as though it were no muscle but a fragment of red-hot wire, and she had to lock the bonnet on either side.

"Are you sure you can walk?" said Helena.

"Comfortably," said I. "And if I saw Pharaoh coming, I quite expect I could run. But certain things I can't do. I can't open this door, for instance. Will you do it? And give me my pistol? And then the torch?"

"A" AND you've never

changed," cried Helena. "I suppose you can't do that now. Oh, John dear, I'm so upset. Are you sure it's only a muscle?"

"Certain," said I. "It's nothing. I'll have to rest a little; but once we've wired to Geoffrey, we've only to lie low and wait. The burning question is where to look for a lodging that's not by the side of this road. I mean, if they find the car, they're certain to visit all buildings that have any sort of frontage on this highway."

Together, by the light of the torch, we studied the map. Upon this there was shown a farm, called Holy Tree. So far as we could make out, it stood some seven miles off. That there were homesteads closer, we had no doubt, but we did not know how to find them or in which direction to turn. And so we set out to journey to Holy Tree.

And since this lay to the east, but the road ran north and south, we took the track we had found and made our way through the forest as best we could.

We had walked for an hour and a half before the track we were using came to an end. This in the midst of a clearing, and we could only suppose that the way had been made for the trucks when the timber was felled. If we had been moving east, Holy Tree was only some three miles off; but I was by no means certain that we had been moving east, and when I had found the pole-star, it seemed more likely that we had been walking south. We changed our direction at once, but after ten minutes we came again to the trees, and since these hid the heaven, we now had nothing to help us to keep our course. What was more, the going was rough and, in spite of the torch, because I was weary I stumbled, and every time I did so the muscle which I had injured protested with all its might.

"Lean on me," said Helena quietly.

When I demurred, she took my arm and set it across her shoulders without a word, but I am a heavy man and the next time I missed my footing I very near brought her down.

"It is useless," said I, halting. "We must wait till the dawn comes in."

I stepped to a mighty beech and flung the clothes I was wearing down at its foot.

"You must lie down here, my lady and take some rest. And Sabre and I will watch."

"I see," said Helena, slowly. Then she put up her hands and slid my coat from my shoulders and drew it clear of my arms. "You've got to change," she said shortly, "before you do anything else. If you don't, these wet things of yours will simply finish your back."

Please turn to Page 30

THE PENALTY of NEGLECT!



The RESULT of URIC ACID!

POOR hands and feet gnarled and misshapen!
Inflamed and swollen joints! Crippled—!

Yet it is so easy to enjoy vigorous health in the present and safeguard yourself against future ill—just by taking the daily small dose of CARLISTA.

CARLISTA, taken regularly, keeps the intestinal tract clean and free from clogging poisons, clears the system of uric acid, and keeps you free from tormenting headaches.

A course of CARLISTA does for you in your own home what an expensive tour of the European Spas does for thousands overseas every year—for CARLISTA contains the natural remedial qualities of the famous Mineral Springs.

Determine now to enjoy perfect health—get a jar of CARLISTA to-day. There are at least 64 average doses in a jar. Each dose will bring you nearer to perfect health!

CARLISTA will not re-crystallise after taking.



**2/3
LARGE JAR**

Postage Extra
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CARLISTA

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores and
WASHINGTON H. SOUL, PATTERSON & CO. LTD.
160 Pitt Street, Sydney and all Branches



THESE DIAGRAMS are given to show precisely the movements for eye massage, which are fully and expertly explained in the article on this page. They are numbered, one to four, commencing from top left.

YOUR EYES ... will Thank You BRIGHTLY for this gentle massage and vitalising astringent pack!

THIS article on care and beautification of the eyes by means of the very latest massage and eye-pack will be welcomed by many. The simple movements can be done more or less expertly by you, yourself, in the privacy of your own room, and if carried out at least once a week, will prove decidedly beneficial. The more often the better.

CHOOSE a time when you have a good half-hour to spare. Wash your hands and your face, and then smother, carefully, of course, a good massage cream around the eyes. Do not allow any to enter the eyes on any account.

First Movement

No. 1 diagram, illustrated top left, shows the criss-cross movement, the one upon which all eye massage is best begun.

Warm the fingers and place the third and fourth fingers of the right hand on the inside corners of the left eye—on the nerve centre just beside the nose, as is indicated. Press this spot, then move the fingers gently in the arc as shown by the dotted line until they rest on the right temple with slight pressure. While your right hand rests on the

temple, repeat this movement on the left eye, beginning with the inside corners of the right eye, with the other hand. This is very relaxing, more especially if you can coax someone to do it for you. It is an excellent treatment for vertical lines between the eyes.

Second Movement

No. 2. The circular movement as per diagram and executed separately on each eye requires the fourth finger for this.

With one hand hold the skin firmly on the temple and move slowly around and around the eye, over the lid, and under the eye, stopping each time for a brief interval—and slight pressure—on the nerve centre at the inside corner of the eye. Work lightly and gently.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL



LUCKY, INDEED, the girl or woman with beautiful eyes. If yours are not the shining, star-like kind, do everything in your power with gentle, consistent care to make them so. Above you see Suzanne Karren, of Fox, whose glorious eyes, it seems, are her outstanding feature—outshine, in fact, the dazzling brightness of the bracelets she is wearing!

Third Movement

No. 3. This movement is especially beneficial for the creepy skin so frequently found under the eyes.

The fourth finger is again required for this, which is a circular or spiral movement working from the temple to the inner eye as shown in the diagram. The skin of the temple should be

firmly held with the other hand during this manipulation. By this means the flabby tissues are tightened. Smother an extra amount of cream

By EVELYN

around the eye during this creepy-skin massage.

Fourth Movement

No. 4. The fourth movement is one of tapping—light tapping with the third and fourth fingers from the centre of the brows to the temple zones.

The manipulation must be very fast and gentle, and must not be continued too long, or the jerky, tapping movement may do more harm than good.

This, like the other movements mentioned, calls for resting and pressure on the temple nerve centres.

Follow with Eye-Pack

REMOVE cream from around the eyes with cleansing tissues or cotton wool moistened with water, and then try this: Take two pads or squares of cotton wool, dip them in an astringent lotion—ice-water is splendid, or a few drops of eau-de-cologne in cold water—and press these carefully over the eyes.

Press them firmly enough so that the moistened pad touches the skin as completely as possible over the closed eyelids.

Rest in an easy-chair or on lounge or bed, and keep them on for ten or fifteen minutes.

When they are removed, your eyes will feel surprisingly rejuvenated and will repay you handsomely with extra shine.

For Tired Eyes

NOW for a hint regarding the general treatment of your eyes.

If you would consistently bathe them, that is, night and morning with boracic lotion (one teaspoon of boracic to one pint of boiling water), you will never suffer from tired eyes.

This lotion should be carefully bottled and applied to the eyes with the special glass which can be purchased quite cheaply at any store.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: What are the factors that determine the span of life, estimated from the medical man's point of view, without intruding on the much-voiced belief of fatalism?

WHAT the span of life of the individual will be, that is, the number of years that he will live, is determined by two factors.

One is his inherited physical endowment, the degree of physical health and resistance with which he is born; the other is the degree and amount of destruction which operates against this endowment by the forces of the environment in which the individual lives.

We know that the life span of the average individual has increased. About twenty years have been added in the last century. And in this connection it is interesting to quote Pearson when he states: "Out of one hundred Romano-Egyptians not nine survived; out of one hundred English alive at ten years of age, thirty-nine survive to be sixty-eight."

In other words, two thousand years have made the human being a much more resistive animal.

THIS greater fitness for life, however, has not been due to any decided increase in his inherent and endowed strength at birth. Eugenics is trying to accomplish that. It is pointing the way to better and healthier matings so that, in time, the children when born shall possess the greatest possible amount of vitality, the greatest degree of health.

The lengthening of life cannot be explained by increased endowment, no, but it can be by the facts of man's increase of scientific medical knowledge, by his application to himself of the principles of hygiene and disease prevention, and, lastly, by a broadening interest in public health.

Especially has this change been noted in the past twenty-five years. One after another, infectious and contagious diseases

Weekly Diet Hint

THE following foods are acid-forming in nature: Eggs, white and whole wheat bread, lean beef, chicken, pork, rabbit, oysters, pike and haddock, dried corn, oatmeal, rice, cranberries, prunes, and peanuts. Although foods of this kind are not likely to affect the average person in a deleterious manner, they had best be avoided by those suffering from kidney disorder.

cases—which, in olden days, ravaged lives by the hundreds of thousands—have been brought under some semblance of control.

Such diseases as yellow fever, small-pox, and cholera have been made practically extinct in certain localities. Typhoid and diphtheria have been fought to a finish. A quarter of a century ago



..BY A DOCTOR..

tuberculosis was the chief destroyer of life. Since then its toll has been reduced 50 per cent.

But! But! But! So much more could still be done.

If the individual would only pay even greater heed than he does to reducing the destructive forces of his environment, how easily, really, he could prolong his life tens and tens of years.

There are still those who "do not believe" in certain scientific methods adopted for the prevention of disease. There are mothers who remain careless about adopting accepted methods for safeguarding the health of their infants. It is true that the death rate of children between one and four years has been reduced, but the percentage could be reduced even further, perhaps to 100 per cent.

Then there are the ravages of pneumonia among adults, in addition to organic heart disease, which so often are due to unhygienic living, and the problems of cancer. Science has accomplished miracles in cutting down the hostile forces of diseases, but much remains to be done.

Much CAN be done. But everybody must help.



MISS SYLVIA KELLEWAY

The Beautiful Dancer now appearing with great success at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, in "White Horse Inn," is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

A Perfect Complexion

THOSE clear, transparent skins, fine-textured as the petals of a flower—how are they achieved? And how preserved? Cosmetics, however skillfully applied, cannot disguise an unhealthy skin; greasy, clogging creams but help to mask blemishes. That your skin may possess the fine, luminous quality that is so lovely, it is necessary first to clear it thoroughly of all impurities.

Mercolized Wax is the simplest, safest, and most effective beautifier of complexions. It absorbs and thus removes impurities; clears the skin and keeps it clear. Mercolized Wax is guaranteed not to contain any form of mercury and does not encourage hair growth. Regularly night and morning use Mercolized Wax, as it is invaluable for Windchaps, Freckles, Sunburn, Surface Skin Imperfections, and an Ideal Powder Base.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Mercolized Wax

THE NEW DEARBORN INDELIBLE LIPSTICKS

are the latest sensation. Shades: Brilliant, Mandarin, Tange, Venus, Bronze. Price 2/6 each. Obtainable from Chemists, Beauty Parlours, and Stores.

THIS WEEK'S BEAUTY EXERCISE



THIS EXERCISE, illustrating every consecutive movement, will prove splendid for tightening the muscles of the abdomen, and removing the ugly fat that accumulates round the hips. If you are careful when exercising, to retain your rigid pose, and keep arms straight and extended, you will attain firmness and grace.

YOU HAVE THE WHITEST TEETH I'VE EVER SEEN



There is no question about what toothpaste you should use. For the only one in the world that removes the cause of most tooth and gum troubles as well as erases ugly tarnish and stain is Kolynos.

Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. A half-inch on a dry brush morning and night will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look shades whiter—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream contains two valuable ingredients that obtain results impossible with ordinary

brushing. One literally foams into every crevice and kills millions of germs which cause stain, tartar and decay. The other cleans every tooth surface, banishing yellow streaks and stain. Thus your teeth are cleaned perfectly

—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury.

Start using Kolynos, get a tube to-day.

KOLYNOS
LASTS TWICE
THE USUAL
TIME—BECAUSE
YOU USE HALF
AS MUCH

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic Dental Cream.

White



Rinsing does more than anything else to get things really white! Changing the copper water, washing and boiling—these get things clean. But there's only one thing to make them really white—the last rinse in blue water!

Reckitt's BLUE

Remember! Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

STORM Music

Continued from Page 28

I HAD no doubt she was right. If I were to sit for four hours, still soaked to the skin, the muscle that I had injured was bound to grow worse.

"I can manage," I said feebly. "Can you take off your tie?" I did so easily, but I could not put off my shirt, and it was she that stripped me and put on me the one which I had brought.

"Sit down," said Helena, firmly, "and try and believe I'm a nurse."

To my helpless shame she took off my shoes and socks and then, very glad of the darkness, I fought my way into dry trousers as best I could; but the effort left me sweating, for now each movement I made seemed to involve the muscle which I had hurt.

"And now you lie still," said Helena, lighting my torch. "I'm going to get some leaves."

Taught to watch her labor for my comfort made me feel sick at heart. I knew it was wiser to let her have her way, for until I was healed I could not serve her, and when I lay still my back did not pain me at all.

Three times she went and came with her pretty coat full of dry leaves. These she poured into a hollow by the side

of the beech, and when we had turned out Sabre, who liked the look of the bed, I found there an ease of body which I had not expected that night.

And she sat down behind me, with her back to the trunk, with her shoeless feet against Sabre, to keep them warm.

"I wish I could thank you," I said. "I don't see why," she says. "It's very much to my interest to make you well. When we get to Holy Tree, I'm going to borrow some lotion and rub your back. I shall tell them we're brother and sister, so remember to treat me rough. It's really important, John, if you value my name. If you're polite, they'll know that you aren't my brother, and then my reputation will cease to exist."

"It's—it's all wrong," I said desperately.

"Would you rather I said, 'husband and wife'?"

It was a mischievous saying, but she put a sting in its tail.

I picked up the glove.

"I could do that all right," said I.

"Well, I couldn't," said Helena sharply. "I know. I'll say 'mistress and servant.'"

"What could be better?" said I, and got to my feet.

"What are you doing?" said Helena.

"Taking my place," said I. "Servants don't lie abed while their mistress sits up."

"John, I beseech you... Your back."

"I shall be within call," I said stiffly.

"If you need me, call 'John' or 'Spencer.' I answer to either name."

With that I strode off and left her. My dignity was short-lived, for before I had taken ten paces I stumbled over a root and fell to the ground.

As I sat up dazed and shaken Helena's arm went about me, and a cool hand slid into mine.

"Don't be silly, John dear. You see, you need someone to help you. And I'd be so proud of my brother. He's very, very stupid, but there's something about him I like."

She seemed to be speaking from a distance, though I heard all the words she said.

"Oh, Nell!" I cried, and held her hand to my heart.

Then the faintness passed, and I was myself again.

As I let her go—

"We both know I'm your servant," I said.

A COTTAGE in the woods... a beautiful girl and a man... their unspoiled love... a threat of danger...

You will like next week's instalment of "Storm Music." Dornford Yates tells in his enchanting style of the beautiful love idyll of Lady Helena Yorick and John Spencer.



LADY HELENA, beautiful heroine of "Storm Music."

"We must go on walking east, but if after half an hour we don't strike a path or something..."

"I've struck one," says she. "I don't know where it leads to, but I think we might try to find out."

"While your servant slept," said I. "I'm not fit to be your brother."

"But that's just what a brother would have done; but a servant—never. You see, if you'll only be natural, you'll play the part very well."

"I'm ashamed," said I. "I should have watched while you slept."

"Must we be on those terms?"

"Always," said I. "We should be on those terms if we were husband and wife."

Helena crossed her slim legs and set her chin in her palm.

"That's very interesting," she said. "You'll have to write and tell me when you get engaged. I should like to see you at work. It might come off, of course. But for your sake I hope it won't. If the girl allows you to serve her she'll make a rotten bad wife."

"It's a question of sex," said I.

"With strangers, yes. But a wife shares things with her husband—the rough as well as the smooth. It's her pleasure and pride, John. She doesn't want to suffer—she's not such a fool, but she'd rather suffer with you than let you suffer alone. Shut her out of that, and if she's a wife worth having you'd break her heart. Well, I'm not your wife, so next time we spend a night out you can watch, if you like, while I sleep; but we are no longer strangers, and when I ask for bread, don't give me a stone. And now come and see the path which your little sister found. It's only wide enough for one, so mind you let me go first."

"I'll always do that," said I, "but not out of courtesy."

"Because," said I, "I've no eyes in the back of my head."

Helena made no answer, but set her face to the forest with her chin in the air.

As she went, she glanced over her shoulder—with her eyebrows raised and the faintest of smiles on her mouth.

"You know, you're not trying," she said. "No brother would have said that."

To be continued.

SMALL BOYS Coddled at HOME Women Teachers' Influence

Women's essential place in the teaching profession is clearly defined by Mrs. E. A. Hartland, principal of St. Aidan's School, Brisbane, who gives her concise opinions in this special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I DISAGREE with any statements made that little boys should not be taught by women," said Mrs. Hartland. "Speaking generally, little boys are more sensitive than little girls. They require more patience and careful teaching because they are more restless and do not adapt themselves so easily to the regular routine of school life."

"A trained woman teacher has an infinite amount of patience, and her love of children gives her that power to mould the beginnings of the child's character and to keep him interested in the work she wants him to do."

"It is absurd to say a woman teacher coddles boys and makes them soft. The amount of work she has to do, the number of small boys she has in her charge, and the standard of discipline she must keep up do not allow for coddling."

"The coddling of small boys is done in the homes, and the hardening process falls to the teacher."

"That hardening process must be gradually and carefully applied. Roughness is not a sign of strength. Boisterous rudeness is often mistaken for manliness in little boys, so that a woman teacher who tries to soften the roughness and curb the rudeness of boys is accused of coddling."

MRS. HARTLAND agrees that as the boy grows older he should pass on into the charge of men. She believes, also, that it is absolutely necessary for a woman to be at the head of girls' schools.

"I do not say that women are better teachers than men," she continued, "but a woman understands girls better than a man, and therefore women are better teachers of girls than men."

"Delicate girls, sensitive girls, nervous girls, and girls who are supposedly all three, have physical peculiarities which can only be understood and overcome by women."

HOBART, Hobart says: Cocktail parties are the vogue just now. Hobart's: Manilla Olives are correct for the cocktail.***

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HOME-MADE Sweets for all OCCASIONS!

..... almost everybody
loves to nibble at Sweets

LOVE of sweets is not only the prerogative of childhood. All through life most of us love to nibble at sweets, which are mostly composed of sugar, and supply energy to the body. If they are taken in too large a quantity, or on an empty stomach, however, they irritate the delicate lining of the stomach, taking away the desire for food, and increasing only the appetite for sweets.

Home-made sweets have an extra special attraction, and it is usually the amateur's ambition to give them "that professional touch."

SWEET making, like other branches of cooking, requires accurate measuring—too little or too much sugar or water will be fatal to results. Not only must one measure accurately, but, to ensure success, measure the time of cooking. A thermometer will eliminate worry and uncertainty, and should be used with care and accuracy. If you do not possess a thermometer, the following chart will prove handy:

Temperature Chart for Sweets

Syrup—Sugar and water boiled about 7 minutes	230 F.
Pearl—Bubbles appear	225 F.
Blow—Thick enough to blow through hole in skewer	235 F.
Feather—Blows off in flakes for fondants	240 F.
Soft Ball—Test in cold water for caramels	245 F.
Hard Ball—Test in cold water	260 F.
Hard Crack—Test in cold water for toffees	312 F.

FONDANT

Two cups sugar, 1½ cups water, 2 tablespoons glucose, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.
Cook sugar, water, and syrup together until the sugar is dissolved. Cook until it forms a soft ball when tried in water 238 F. Remove the sugar on the side of a saucepan with a wet brush, or cloth dipped in cold water (this will prevent a grainy texture). Turn the syrup on to a cold wet dish, and when cool, beat with a spatula until creamy and white. Add vanilla and knead until the mixture is smooth and free from lumps. Put into a bowl or glass jar. Cover with a wet cloth, and allow to stand for 24 hours.

BONBONS

The centres of bonbons are made of cherries, dried fruits, nuts, or fondant shaped into small balls. If coconut fondant is used, work as much coconut as possible into a small piece of fondant, and then divide and shape into small balls. Nut meats and fruits should have a small piece of fondant worked over them. Allow to stand at least 12 hours before dipping.

When dipping, put the fondant into a basin, and melt over hot water. Color and flavor as desired, taking great care



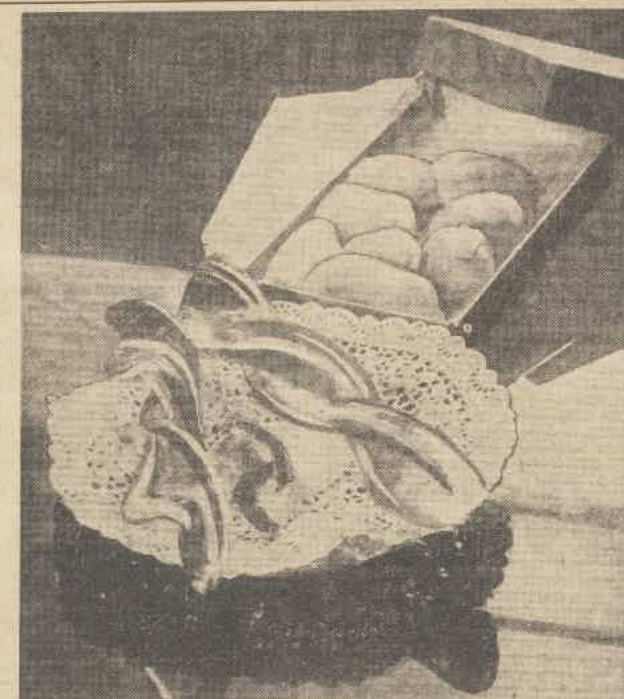
not to use too much color, as the color becomes brighter when set. Drop the centres in the fondant and stir slightly until well covered. Lift from the fondant, and place on oiled or waxed paper, bringing the end of the fork over the top of the bonbon, and leaving a tail piece to show that bonbons have been hand dipped. Stir the fondant between dippings to prevent crust forming.

COFFEE FUDGE

Quarter pound shelled walnuts, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 cup strong coffee, 1½ sugar, 1oz butter.
Put the coffee, sugar, and butter into an enamel saucepan, and boil until the mixture reaches 240 deg., or is soft when tested in cold water. Stir constantly. Remove from the fire, add the flavorings, and beat until it begins to stiffen. Arrange the nuts in a greased tin and pour the mixture over them. Cut into squares before it hardens.

FRUIT FUDGE

One cup milk, 1½ shelled nuts, 1½ chopped figs, 1½ chopped raisins,



"Sweets to the sweet!"

1oz butter, 1 teaspoon orange or lemon flavoring.
Boil the milk and sugar in an enamel saucepan until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Add the fruits, nuts, flavorings and butter. Remove from the fire and stir until it becomes creamy. Pour into greased tins and cut before it hardens.

RUSSIAN TOFFEE

Two cups sugar, 2oz butter, 1 tin condensed milk, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon red currant jelly.
Rinse the saucepan with cold water. Put in the syrup, sugar, butter, and jelly. Stir until almost boiling, then add condensed milk. Stir constantly until the toffee boils 15 to 20 minutes, or till toffee is sticky when tried in cold water. Pour on to a well-greased tin. When nearly cold, turn out and cut into squares.

ALMOND HARDBAKE

One pound castor sugar, 1½ shelled walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.
Melt the sugar in an iron frying pan until it becomes a rich brown caramel. Add vanilla essence, and walnuts, or almonds. Pour at once into a greased tin. When toffee has set, break into rough pieces.

VINEGAR CANDY

Two cups of sugar, 1 cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons butter.
Put the butter into a saucepan. When melted add the sugar and vinegar. Stir

until sugar is dissolved, then only stir occasionally. Boil until brittle when tried in cold water. Turn on to buttered plates to cool. When cool enough to handle, pull until light color, using only fingers and thumbs. Do not squeeze in hands. Cut in small pieces with a sharp knife. Arrange on buttered plates to cool.

BUTTER TAFFY

Two cups light brown sugar, 1 cup treacle, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons water, pinch salt, 1 cup butter, 2 teaspoons vanilla essence.

Put the sugar, treacle, vinegar, salt, and water into a saucepan and boil until brittle when tried in cold water. Add the butter when dissolved. Remove from the fire. Add the essence, and pour into a greased dish. When cool, but not set, mark in squares.

PEPPERMINTS

One and half cups sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 6 drops oil of peppermint.

Put sugar and water into an enamel saucepan and stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil 10 minutes. Remove from the fire. Add peppermint and beat until the right consistency. Drop from the tip of spoon on lightly-buttered paper.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

Two tablespoons honey, 6oz sugar, 1 cup milk, 4oz grated chocolate.

Put the above ingredients into an enameled saucepan. Stir until it boils. Boil for a half-hour, then pour into



By...
MARGARET SHEPHERD

Instructor to
Leading Hospitals

a greased tin, and leave until almost set. Cut into squares.

DOTTY DIMPLES

Three cups sugar, 1½ cups white vinegar.

Stir vinegar and sugar together until dissolved. Boil gently until it cracks when tested in cold water. Turn on to buttered plates, and, when cool enough to handle, pull and roll with finger tips.

HONEYCOMB TOFFEE

One cup sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon bi-carbonate soda, piece of butter the size of a walnut.

Put sugar, vinegar, honey, and butter into an enamel saucepan. Boil till it cracks, 312 deg. F. Stir soda well into toffee, and pour quickly into a greased dish.

CREAM SCRUNCH

One pound loaf sugar, 1 cup thick cream, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Put the sugar and cream into an enamel saucepan. Boil until soft. Remove from fire and whip with an egg-beater until soft and fluffy. Stir in nuts. Cut into shapes and place on a tin lined with waxed paper.

BARLEY SUGAR

One pound sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Put sugar, water, and cream of tartar on to boil, and boil until liquid turns a golden brown, 312 deg. F. Try a little in cold water. If it cracks, it is ready. Pour into greased, shallow tins. Allow to cool. When cool (not set) cut into strips. Lightly butter fingers and twist slightly. Allow to harden. This sweet will keep in an airtight tin or jars.

PEACH STRIPS

These peach strips make a delightful sweet:

One cup dried peaches, castor sugar.

Wash peaches, steam for 10 minutes. Remove the skin and flatten. Cut in very thin strips and roll in sugar. Stand in a dry spot on waxed paper for a time.

All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

BEST RECIPES

MUFFINS — could any dish sound or taste more appetising on a cold day?

FOUR entirely dissimilar recipes win our prizes this week. Remember, this competition offers every reader a chance to make her recipes pay. Look through your list and send in your favorites straight away. This week's prize-winners are:—

PRUNE MUFFINS

One egg, 1 cup of prunes, 1 cup of milk, 3 tablespoons of butter, 2½ cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda, 3 tablespoons of sugar.

Boil prunes in water to cover for ten minutes. Drain; remove pits and cut prunes into pieces. Beat egg; add sugar, butter, and milk. When well mixed combine the flour, sifted with the cream of tartar, soda, and salt. Add prunes, and beat just enough to mix. Pour into greased muffin-pans and bake for 25 minutes in a hot oven.

This recipe makes one dozen small muffins. Self-raising flour may be used. First Prize of £1 to M. Fullerton, Dalma, Rockhampton, Qld.

CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS

Put three ounces of arrowroot into a pan and mix it to a paste with a little cold water. Then stir in not quite three-quarters of a pint of water, very gradually, to make a smooth cream. Add one pound of granulated sugar. Mix; stir over low heat; bring slowly to boiling point, and boil for ten minutes, stirring all the time.

Remove the saucepan from the fire, and continue to stir till thick enough to handle. Turn on to a dish and shape into small bars.

Break up some plain block chocolate. Put it into a small basin. Stand the basin in a saucepan of warm water and

heat gradually till the chocolate has melted. Dip the cream bars in the melted chocolate; leave on a sheet of waxed paper to set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Wilson, Northcote St., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

HONEY DATE PUDDING

One cup S.R. flour, 3 dessertspoons clarified dripping, 1 cup of dates (stoned and chopped), 1 egg, and 2 tablespoons honey.

Rub dripping into the flour and add dates. Beat egg-yolk and while separately. Warm honey slightly, add yolk, and add to the flour, etc. Fold in egg white, and pour into a buttered pudding basin. Steam three hours. Serve with honey sauce.

Honey Sauce.—Into half cup of warmed honey beat the juice of half a lemon or the juice of one orange.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Stagatch, 15 Duke St., Alberton, S.A.

PEANUT BUTTER CREAM SOUP

Put one quart of milk into a double boiler. Add one teaspoonful of peanut butter, one small onion grated, a little white pepper, one bay leaf, three stalks of crushed or grated celery, one salt-spoon celery salt, a dash of paprika and ordinary salt to taste. Bring to the boil slowly. In another saucepan melt one tablespoon butter, rub in one level tablespoonful of flour. When smooth, strain the hot milk into this, stirring all the time to ensure smooth, creamy mixture. Serve at once with crostons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Home, Spring Vale, near Melbourne.

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MRS. N. O'KEEFE.

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"AND who gave up the game for work and ambition, and got married, and at once got a small managership somewhere? I well remember how pleased he was, and how we envied him and his wife. Where have you seen him?"

"Why, at Torquillstone, Mavis!"

"You don't mean that he's manager there?"

"Yes, I do."

"At that little one-horse town?"

"Yes—it was his first, and only, promotion."

"But what has kept him there, darling?"

"Kept him there? Ah! That's the mystery. All I know is that he's gone right to pieces!"

"Drink?"

"Quite possible. But I certainly saw no signs of it."

"Drugs?"

"More than likely. Women, maybe! The man is a walking bag of nerves, Mavis, and horribly apprehensive. In fact, I'm afraid—"

"That things are amiss there?"

"Yes, definitely amiss!"

"You mean financially?"

"I do. Of course, Ferguson (Carysfort) referred to his own predecessor who had just taken his pension!"

was very old and worn-out, and may have been cleverly hoodwinked. Anyway, I shall have to go into matters."

"You must do that?"

"In my own interest, of course. And I am horribly afraid, my dear, that it is going to fall to me to break—and perhaps even more than to break—an old-time pal whose guts and courage in work and play were both a positive inspiration to me—for Dicky is five years my senior. I am certain something is badly wrong there. Every instinct tells me it's a certainty!"

SOMETHING wrong at Torquillstone!

John Carysfort had gone to bed with this one thought in his mind. Naturally he awoke with it in the morning. He rose early, and wrote some necessary letters.

"Good-bye, darling!" he said, kissing his wife: this childless couple always parted thus affectionately, even when it was only for a few hours.

"Good-bye, John. I'm so awfully sorry about poor Mr. Roberts!"

"So am I. But I don't turn a blind eye to this matter, Ferguson was so old and may have missed things, and I know in my bones there's some trouble there. And just think what would happen if I ignored it. Why, I might be broken for it—and you with me!"

Carysfort caught his train and reached Torquillstone. Roberts gasped as he entered.

"You are back, then!" he jerked out, his hands once more twisting and intertwining nervously.

"Yes. I am going to audit the accounts."

"But Ferguson checked them a few weeks ago!"

"That doesn't matter. I am fresh to the district and I want to get a grip of its workings."

Roberts handed up keys. So, like-

SOMETHING Wrong

wise, did the clerk, who seemed surprised but rather indifferent. For just one moment manager and inspector stood looking at each other.

The face of the former had changed now. He regarded his visitor proudly—nay, more than proudly, challengingly. He appeared to say, contemptuously, "You suspect me!" Then—it must all have been bluff, decided Carysfort—the eyes fell, dry tongue flicked at lips yet drier, and there came that strange glance across the shoulder.

The inspector began with the reserve cash—what was at the counter could wait, being negligible. He checked the notes in the strong-room; he examined bags of silver, weighing one five-pound packet against another, and opening many—for managers have even been known to make up five-pound packets of copper and to place them in the silver bags, thus fetching four pounds fifteen shillings on each transaction.

He worked with desperate concentration. His wits were strung up to concert pitch. All the time beside him stood Roberts. And whenever the eyes of the inspector rested on his face, the eyes of the manager were averted, and he showed the same strange nervousness, glancing often anxiously over his shoulder as though he anticipated a call from some indignant, outraged customer—or even the appearance of a policeman.

By four o'clock a balance had been struck. The inspector then knew that, as often happens in such cases, there was no crime, no defalcation in the matter of current cash. He had got to probe deeper—when he was fresher.

Indeed, he felt quite exhausted. He had worked with great ardor and intensity. He had not left the building since he had arrived this morning, had not lunched, and had merely eaten a sandwich and drunk a cup of tea, both fetched for him from a neighboring pastrycook's.

"I shall return to-morrow morning," he announced. And as he uttered these words he regretted them.

He had seen such relief in Roberts's eyes that he feared that the other might yet trick him. But he had the cash. No mere book-rigging was possible.

The cool air refreshed him as he strode stationwards. To forget his work for a while he lingered a minute or two in that field where, as yesterday, small boys were playing football.

Suddenly came a forward rush. A boy was tackled and downed. A scrum was formed close to the touch-line. The ball was heeled. A short, sturdy, auburn-haired lad snatched it up, feinted to stork in on the blind side, turned on his heel, flashed straight ahead, ducked beneath the discomfited arms of the opposing half, reached the back, stopped dead at high speed, then dashed away at an acute angle and scored a brilliant try in the far corner. The kick was taken. The whistle blew. The boys trooped to their coats.

As the auburn-haired lad passed him, John Carysfort obeyed an impulse.

"I say! That was a good try!" he cried.

"Was it, sir?"

"Yes, by Jove, it was. Are you Mr. Roberts's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"At the bank?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've seen your father do the same thing in the old days—and many times. Here, take this and get some grub!"

A half-crown changed hands. Carysfort passed on hurriedly. He was so very, very human under his official mask; and the incident made him quite emotional. Poor, poor Dicky Roberts! he was thinking. Poor, poor boy, also! And the mother. Good Lord! That didn't bear dwelling on—yet he had got to do his duty.

"Well!" asked his wife anxiously, as he reached his quarters.

"Nothing—so far," he answered.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed.

"But there will be!"

"You are positive?"

"Yes. I am positive. The man's manner betrays him. It is only a question of time before I find something!"

THERE are so many ways in which a bank official can sin—temporarily, and escape detection. For example, a hundred pounds taken from the till, an entry of eleven pounds



A Bachelor's Philosophy . .

TELL a joke to a girl with pretty teeth because you will always get a laugh.

in the cashier's day-book altered (in figures) to a hundred-and-eleven—and a ledger faked to agreement. Only the examination of the customer's pass-book is likely to reveal the misfeasance, which might otherwise never be found out.

Or securities held for customers. One of them removed and negotiated—a bearer-bond, for example. John Carysfort, leaving pass-books to the last, was now occupied in checking the list of such properties.

Roberts stood ever before him; a miserable bundle of nervousness. To-day he was trembling incessantly, looking over his shoulder continually, to a far greater extent than yesterday. "It is here! It is here!" Carysfort's experience in such cases called to him now most insistently. "I shall find something wrong with these securities!"

Then, suddenly, a sound came to break the stillness of the room where he was working. The disturbing noise was that of a fumbling outside with the door-handle.

In a flash, Roberts glanced over his shoulder. The inspector, looking past him, saw a woman enter.

But what a woman! She was fat. She was not only red-faced, but blotchy. And that was only the beginning of it. She was staggering, and she clutched at the top of a safe to support herself.

"Dicky!" she hiccuped. "I want a cheque. Give me some money at once. I have to pay the butcher!"

She saw Carysfort, ceased abruptly, and hiccuped again. Her husband went to her, took her arm, and led her doorwards.

He came back to his inspector and stood facing him. His nervousness was gone—at least momentarily. He looked Carysfort full in the face. And his own face was that of a martyr; indeed, of a saint almost.

"Mavis!" said Carysfort, when he told the story before dinner. "I have never in all my life seen, or known, anything so perfectly terrible!"

"I should think not. How appalling, John!"

"Yes, perfectly unspeakable!"

"There is nothing wrong financially?"

"Oh, nothing. I understand now why the poor devil was so nervous. Oh, my dear! When I think how happy we are! And his unceasing misery!"

"And how he started ahead of us!"

"And where he is to-day!"

"Can nothing be done for him, John?"

"Nothing. All promotion is impossible. Such a woman drives away business!"

"Can't he get rid of her?"

"How can he? And in any case Dicky Roberts isn't a get-ridder. He's a stickler. He was a goer to the end in all he did—and in Rugger outstandingly—and, by the way, are there letters?"

"Yes—a packet from Lombard St."

Carysfort opened the fat envelope, which contained a number of smaller ones. In it were those old reports upon Torquillstone for which he had sent—the reports of his predecessor.

One of the printed questions was answered in manuscript as follows:—

"The manager is highly efficient and had good head office experience. The office is well administered. There are no faults to find. But, unfortunately, the wife is a confirmed and hopeless dipsomaniac. This harms business locally, and would harm it anywhere. Roberts cannot therefore be promoted."

Among the other letters was one from the Chief Inspector.

"Dear Carysfort (it ran).—Morrison, our Brinetown manager, has died suddenly. Please let me know if there is anyone in the immediate neighborhood whom you can recommend to succeed

him. Brinetown is a rising and a fast-growing Spa; and we want a first-class man socially."

"My God!" said the recipient—and threw the letter on to the table. "The irony of it. The damned irony!"

"A gentleman to see you, sir!" announced the maid at their lodgings after dinner.

"A gentleman? What is his name, please?"

"It's a Mr. Roberts. He says he comes from Torquillstone, and that the matter is very urgent."

The Carysforts glanced at one another. The wife got up a moment later.

"You'll see him, John?" she began.

"Oh, yes. Of course," answered her husband.

"Then I'll leave you. I do hope, dear, that it isn't going to be something painful!"

She went out accordingly. The girl ushered in the visitor. Carysfort rose and faced him.

"What is it, Dicky?" he asked, kindly—indeed almost tenderly; the Christian name slipping out naturally.

"Why, I wanted to ask you about something—something very special. You know that Morrison at Brinetown is dead?"

"I have just heard it."

"Well, I have come to ask you to recommend me for the vacancy—to put my name before the Chief Inspector!"

Roberts spoke eagerly, anxiously, excitedly; his aforesaid marked ambition seemed re-quickened, and to have transformed him into the fighter of twenty years ago. Then, before the passionate words choked, inhibited, and withheld for at least a decade—poured forth torrentially.

"Carysfort! You must help me. You saw—you know what I have been going through. She began to drink soon after we first got to Torquillstone, and ever since I have been living in purgatory, fighting a vain, uphill battle with not a soul to help me. I love her still—I can't help it—one doesn't know why people arouse one's tenderness—they just do!—and she always did—perhaps it's her very weakness! But it isn't for her sake that I have come to appeal to you. It is for my son!"

"For your son?"

"Yes—for Dicky—the boy you tipped the other day. There is stuff in him—really good stuff—but when one person in a house is neuroathenic the others

Chinese Take "Steps" To Free Girls' Feet

UNIQUE methods have been introduced in Shantung for putting an end to the ancient custom of foot-binding among women, which still survives in the remoter parts of Peiping, China.

The Governor of the Province, General Han Fu-chu, has been asked by the educational authorities to issue an order adjuring young students not to marry girls with bound feet.

This step is the outcome of an inspection tour made by the Commissioner of Education, who was unfavorably impressed with the number of women still to be seen with bound feet.

become neuroathenic also—look at me and my nerves, Carysfort. I am afraid for his morale, his whole future. And from Torquillstone I can't even afford to send him to a good boarding school. From Brinetown I could: the salary is better, and will be better annually, as the place is so developing. So will you—I beg of you to help me!"

"Oh, Carysfort, old man, you just must. I hate, I loathe to have to come to you in this fashion. But my boy, it's his future, his very life. Carysfort!"

Roberts broke off now, all emotion. A silence followed, in which Carysfort stood regarding him. All the long-buried past, his own hot youth, his friendship in office and on football field with this man, once example and inspiration to him, crowded back upon the bank inspector most afflictively. But how to make answer? What to say? In which manner to soften refusal?

"You are going to do it for me?" his visitor went on again.

"I am going to think it over."

"Ah! That is enough—enough. Indeed, if you are going to think it over, Dicky's future is settled. Because you must see reason, I trust you. You were always just and wide-minded. When will you tell me your decision?"

"To-morrow morning."

"You will come to Torquillstone?"

"I will, old man."

"Then I won't detain you another second. All will be well. I know it will be well. I must get off back home immediately. It is never safe to leave her!"

Roberts thrust out his hand and wrung Carysfort's. Then he rushed from the room almost headlong. As the door closed after him the bank inspector gasped aloud, dropped down into a chair, and hid his face in his palms. In all his many years of official travelling he had never had a case so afflictive.

He looked up abruptly—to see his wife beside him. He had not heard her enter.

"John," she whispered. "How awful, my dear!"

"You heard, then?" he asked.

"Of course I heard. I was in the hall, waiting to come in, in case it was a minor matter—and to suggest a meal, or some sandwiches, if he hadn't had dinner. Then when he began I was spellbound!"

"What a situation!"

"You are going to recommend him?"

"Recommend him? I can't do it. You know I can't. Duty—common honesty—make it impossible!"

They remained for a moment gazing at each other. Then Mavis Carysfort put a cool hand on her husband's hot one.

"Why, you are quite wonderful!" she exclaimed—"and small wonder! Let us go out into the air for a little!"

Carysfort nodded, glad agreement. They left the house and climbed slowly to a seat on the lower terraces of the Malverns.

THE moon had already gone in, but the sky was full of star-shine. Before them, dim and spacious, lay the great valley of the Severn, hemmed in by the Cotswolds. The lights of Worcester and Upton were plainly visible—and to the right, as it seemed, those of Torquillstone.

"By God! Mavis, I was right, wasn't I, when I said that there was something wrong there?" began Carysfort presently, jerking his arm in the direction of the Abbey town and theatre of this tragedy.

"Yes, indeed, John. And you are really not going to recommend him?"

"But, my dear—"

"It is really impossible!"

"Unthinkable, even. I should be traitor to my job."

His wife nodded and sat silent. Then—as at their lodgings—her fingers closed quietly again over the hand of her husband.

"John," she began now, "I have been thinking, ever since you told me the full facts before dinner. And it makes me realise what for a long time I have been fearing half-consciously—that there is something wrong somewhere else than at Torquillstone!"

Please turn to Page 35

Run a Home Gallery of Photographic Art Beautiful and Topical



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THE modern trend for Home Decoration, probably through the influence of the "films," is all in favor of photographic art.

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LOUISE MACK ADVISES

on matters of everyday concern to women.

Easily Formed Habits ... that Weaken Strength of Character

Are You Blown Hither and Thither by Your Own Caprices and Uncertainties, or Do You Remain Constant to Your Intention?

We all vacillate, more or less. It's the way we are made. Like the puppets and dolls that we are, none of us have our heads screwed on firmly enough to prevent the storms of life upsetting them a little, every now and then.

MOST of us waver, and are oftentimes lost in consequence.

You, for instance, have quite made up your mind that you'll never, never deal with that greengrocer again after his last hard old peas, when, behold, his beans look so lovely, and his red tomatoes flash upon you so splendidly that you waver, and try him again, forgetting your stern resolve not to.

And probably you are punished, and the beans prove as old as the peas.

AS for me, I had absolutely and positively made up my mind that I'd never again play bridge in the afternoon, and behold me, when Mrs. Blank, whose house is so delightful, and who plays such a marvellous game, rings me for bridge on Monday afternoon: "I'd love to come. Two o'clock! Thanks very much," say I.

And probably, quite positively, in fact, I'm punished. I lose my pennies. I get a headache, and I become unpleasantly aware that it serves me right for being such a vacillator.

And so it goes on.

EVERY day is a little life. And our whole life is but a day repeated. Thinking of it like that we can see the danger of vacillating.

Every day to waver a little means, sooner or later, that we have ruined one of our most valuable attributes of character—firmness in decision.

Slowly, slowly, but terribly surely, vacillation eats its way into our natures like a silverfish into our best gown, or the moth into our rarest carpet.

And then there comes a time when in a crisis we may find ourselves totally unable to decide, and, while we stand wavering perhaps the tide comes up, and everything is swept away that might have been saved by sufficient decision of character.

"WOMEN are dreadful wobblers!" writes J.H. "Please give them a knock. My wife never knows her own mind."

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Flies go to Church In the Winter Time!

From Our Special Correspondent

THE woodpecker of Barcombe (Sussex) which has been pecking at the steeple of the parish church for months is likely to prove the unwitting solver of the problem, "Where do flies go in the winter time?"

A fair proportion, it seems, have gone to the steeple of the church, for the rector in investigating the mystery of why the woodpecker should peck at healthy oak shingles has discovered the presence of thousands of flies there!

the world has ever known was Howard, whose tenderness for suffering humanity has become a by-word through the years. Yet was Howard so firm and so hard with himself that he did the most incredible, well-nigh impossible thing that makes me hold my breath.

He went to Rome on a mission of philanthropic import, and never spent one minute seeing Rome.

The world's great pictures, buildings, statues, all the magnificence of the greatest city on earth were all resolutely ignored by Howard because he had one thing to do, and he must do it, and he rushed by all the rest, and out again, back to England.

"Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit!" remarked a critic of those days, dryly.

SO next time anyone asks me to bridge in the afternoon the "Noes" are firmly going to have it remembering Howard firmly refusing to waste a moment, even for Rome itself, that mighty city men had given their very lives to see.

COME OVER TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



Stay young keep healthy!

Think back! Those days of vigour when work was a pleasure, when sports were joy! They came only when Health was at its peak. Keep healthy—stay young, vibrant with energy, keen mentally.

Poor health is often due to common constipation. Lazy, tired intestines mean faulty elimination. Poisons clog the system. You tire quickly, you lose your zest for work.

Overcome constipation easily by eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. You will love this delicious cereal. Two table-spoonfuls daily in cold milk or cream are sufficient. No cooking. Its "bulk" gently clears the intestines and rouses them into natural action, while its Vitamin B and iron tone your system. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

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THINGS - that - Happen

EXCITING or humorous incidents noticed by you may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark the envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true and original. Payment will be remitted immediately after publication.

An Early Settler

MRS. SLOWPAY entered the grocery store and observed the grocer (who was usually gruff) treating a young man with great respect.

"Who is that man?" she asked.

"He's one of the early settlers," he replied.

"But, my goodness, he can't be above thirty," said the woman.

"That may be," was the reply, "but he settles his accounts promptly on the first of the month."—W.W.

Small Boy's Surprise

I WAS very amused yesterday when travelling with my small nephew on his first ride on an underground railway. When the train rounded the bend and plunged into the tunnel, there were gasps of surprise from the corner where Tony was sitting. Suddenly the train rushed into broad daylight again. "It's 'o-morrow!" exclaimed the small boy.—"Jane."

A Clean Putaway

ACCUSTOMED to receiving her breakfast at 8.30 a.m., a lady boarder became alarmed when at 9.30 it was still missing. Hearing the landlady's small daughter outside her room she called her and requested the child to run down and ask the maids if they had forgotten Miss X's breakfast. The child came running back and, poking her head round the door, said, "Yes, they've forgotten it, but they'll get it now." In a few minutes the waitress entered with the tray and many apologies. The bread was so stale, she explained, that they had to send out for fresh. Later the maid came to clean the room and she, also, offered an excuse. The bread was too fresh for toast, so they had sent out for some stale. Neither knew that the child had been first with the truth.—B.M.T.

Useful Bird

A FRIEND of mine has a magpie that has a habit of picking up bright things, especially money. The other day maggie came home with a two-shilling-piece. He had taken it out of a neighbor's milk-can.—M.M.

HOST Huubrook says: My Worcestershire Sauce is the perfection of flavour. Are, it is the world's greatest appetiser.***



People call it SHIVERVILLA!

You know the kind of home—modernly designed... tastefully furnished... but almost as cold and as cheerless as an ice house. People call it "Shivervilla," but soon the name will be changed to "Cosynook" because modern gas fires are being installed, and before long that home will be so snug and inviting that it will seem as though winter never comes.

Is your home just another "Shivervilla"? If so, let us put some sunshine in the fireplace and give it that atmosphere which says "come in" immediately you cross the doorstep. In other words, let us instal one of the latest gas fires and show you what "1934" room warming really means.

These cosy fires are now available in captivating colors and new designs, and there are sizes and styles to suit every kind of fireplace. Come and see them. Never before have room warming appliances been offered in such a wonderful range of colors or in so many beautiful designs.

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CLEOPATRA knew the beauty value of olive and palm oils; so did other lovely women of her time. And from that day to this, nothing has taken the place of those priceless natural oils for skin protection.

Palmolive Soap is the modern development of this age-old beauty formula. The only oils in Palmolive are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm. That accounts for Palmolive's natural green colour. That accounts, too, for its gentle, mild, thorough cleansing. Palmolive refreshes the skin and keeps it supple and smooth.

Now that Palmolive is selling at the lowest price in history, give yourself the benefit of this finest of all beauty care for the bath, too.



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WEIGHT

goes with Appetite

If you want your child to eat more, to gain and grow strong, begin this very night with the famous "Calif" treatment. A sluggish appetite means a sluggish colon. Correct this condition called stasis, and see how quickly a listless, drooping boy or girl begins to eat — and gain. The only "medicine" such children need is pure, wholesome "California Syrup of Figs."

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Hospitals and doctors prefer to use liquid laxatives. For children, they insist on laxatives in liquid form. Do you know why? A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement because its action can be controlled, because the dose can be regulated to a drop. Consequently it does not weaken a child's bowels. It does not form a laxative habit.

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IMPORTANT: "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 — or 2/1 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Calif".

Just a WOMAN

Continued from Page 7

THE Albemarle Plaza is one of those summer hotels, along whose white driveways anything other than a Rolls or a Packard stinks shamefully; the insignia on the doormat should be a dollar-sign instead of a welcome, and anyone not of le haut monde is met with congealing stares.

That is, anyone less lovely, less to the manner born than Alison Phair. The Albemarle Plaza had been another one of Alison's dreams. Now it had its fulfillment. Her last vacation this. Why not a few days, golden days in several senses, at the grand hotel. She had the clothes, the money. Soon she would be marrying David, and such an excursion as this would have lost its thrill, its novelty.

She did not tell David where she was going, and all of Terry's adroit questioning failed to make her divulge her secret. David, of course, would smile and understand; Terry, of course, would tell her she was crazy.

But it was wonderful, from the first moment she entered the palm-adorned lobby, so vastly cool and bright, so filled with life and color. Her room was a dream of rose and cream, and a nightmare of expense. She didn't care. She loved it all. She loved the little balcony that ran along outside her window; three cool, green ferns were growing in big urns on the colonnaded balustrade. She loved the moon shadows on the arabesque floor of the long piazza, the myriad glow-lights of cigarettes and cigars, the flash of jewels, the hum of talk, the distant music above the plash of many fountains—a marvellously sweet symphony of sound.

And then a laugh—a deep, husky, lifting laugh that, by mind's mute magic, flashed to Alison a picture of a tall golden girl, head flung back, lips parted, white throat swelling, arms outflung—Freya Nordstrom—David's wife. And like some wondrous aura the power and beauty of Freya seemed to creep around her there in the shadows. With an effort she turned her head and saw.

FREYA — stretched languorously on a wicker chaise-longue; her face, in the strange light of the moon, like a madonna's face, speaking joy and sadness and wisdom, her arms outflung in that old, familiar gesture, her beauty such as to hold one still and wondering. And she wasn't acting. David said she never acted. No, this was Freya now and always.

The deep voice came to Alison, as if it spoke to her alone; all other sounds had blended into nothingness—slow, rich, like the notes of an organ—

"It has come time now I settle down. Soon now I go home. I am so glad."

Other voices; only voices. Freya talked no more. She got up presently and bade her friends good night. She walked past Alison—tall, long-legged, with the form of a goddess, a little smile parting her lips, her long eyes seeking the moon, and she hummed in a guttural language some haunting little tune, and at the end of it laughed like a child.

There was an emptiness there on the piazza when she had gone. A loss. As in a room where the fire has died and the hearthstone cooled, as in a banquet hall from which the guests have all departed.

And the nights seemed chill now, the wind from the sea heavy with a salty damp. Alison went to her room shortly afterwards. The presence of Freya disturbed her, filled all her thoughts. David's letter had been directed to a mountain resort several days' journey from Albemarle Plaza. That letter couldn't have reached Freya yet. No; if it had she would not be talking of settling down, she would not be laughing at the moon, slanting those strange eyes of hers up at it so slyly as if she talked to it.

Would David's letter make a difference in her? Would it take some of the richness from the deep disposition of her laughter, some of the silver glint from her eyes? Would she, for once, begin to act, to pretend that it didn't matter? Anyway, Alison told herself fiercely, Freya lied; she would never settle down, never try to be just a man's wife. She wouldn't. It wasn't in her to be that. She was unmarriageable. She walked through life as if it were all a stage-setting and she the star player in the piece.

Alison threw a green silk wrapper over her pyjamas and stroked out on to the balcony, her satin slippers noiseless on the tiling. In the shadows, where the fern-fronds brushed her cheek, she stopped still and stared, breathless, fascinated. "It isn't real," she whispered wildly. "It can't be. I must—"

Freya was on the balcony. Tall and

straight she stood, clad in some white, diaphanous thing through which phosphorescently the long lines of her body seemed to gleam. With pale blonde head thrown back, with arms outflung, she stood, the moonlight on her face. To Alison it seemed like a scene from some strange phantasy.

It was some rite Freya performed there, a prayer, an offering, an exaltation. Moments passed. She stood there like a figure of marble, the moonlight playing on her hair. Then her body relaxed, she turned slowly, languorously and went into her room.

Alison could not sleep. Freya was so near to her. There, in that next room, with only a wall between them. She could see Freya's head on the pillow, her pale hair flowing free, her lashes sweeping her cheek, her lips parted in that slow, enigmatic smile, her long white arms outflung. What did she mean to David? Had she ever meant anything to him, or he to her? Would one ever know? Was it true that she was cold, passionless, with no capacity to love or to be loved?

Towards the grey of the night that preludes the dawn, Alison slept. She awakened into sunlight. She did not feel tired. The happenings of last night, as she thought of them now, seemed theatrical and unreal. After all, Freya had been just a woman gazing at the night sky, taking a breather before retiring. There was nothing magic or symbolic in her standing there. Probably she had gone in and cold-creamed her face and gone through the ritual of beauty. She wasn't a moon-goddess. She was just a woman.

Alison got up and strolled out on the



Do You Know...

That shorthand was used in the ancient days, as there are traces of its use by the early Greeks. A papyrus of 155 B.C., found in Egypt, contains a contract of apprenticeship to an Apollonius, a semiographer (i.e., a writer of signs).

balcony. She glanced curiously at the glass doors of Freya's room. They were open. Probably still asleep. Alison walked quietly over. Suddenly she stopped. She heard a queer little cry of pain and a dull sound as of something falling. She took a step forward and looked into the room, then went quickly in and across the purple rug to Freya's side and knelt by her, chafing her white wrists.

She got a glass of water from the bedside table and, lifting Freya's head, put it to her lips and sprinkled some on her forehead. The long-lashed lids lifted slowly, heavily, and bewildered eyes stared up into hers, with no fear or surprise at her presence there.

"Are you better now? I was on the balcony. I heard you cry out, and—"

"You are so kind." Gratefully, like a child, Freya touched her hand and pressed it and smiled at her. "I think I get up now."

Alison helped her to the bed. She lay on it and looked up at Alison and smiled; then laughed, and Alison laughed, too. Freya became suddenly grave.

"You know, eh? Why sometimes in the morning I become sick like that?" She must have seen Alison's face grow white, seen the quick start of confusion. Alison knew now.

"You are not married, hein? But you know." The rich laugh, so full of life, so gay and strong, came again. "Ah, some day you will know. And you will be happy—happy as I am, me. It is a secret. Only you know this. Not even my husband knows. To-day I tell him. He will be so glad. Doctors tell me I never can have a little one. And I fear to tell him because he might not like me. So I go to this great doctor and to that, and I pray and—you understand?"

"Yes," Alison's voice was thick, unsteady. "I—I understand."

"And one day I will have little baby in my arms and sing to him and—"

Please turn to Page 35

RELIEVES "FLU" IN A NIGHT!



DON'T wait for the 'Flu to get full grip—take two Esterin tablets and a hot lemon drink immediately, and go to bed. Esterin helps to reduce temperature. It contains Esterin Compound, which acts directly and safely on the nerve centres, checks the development of disease germs and relieves aches and pains. Nyal Esterin will not form a habit—it is safe and effective and combines ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for relieving pain. Get a tin from your chemist to-day—24 tablets cost only 1/3.

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SOMETHING Wrong

"W HERE do you mean, Mavis?"

"I mean, close at home—with you and me, darling!"

"With you and me?"

"Yes—aren't we getting too wrapped up in ourselves—too selfish in our great happiness together? Suppose—if one of us was to go!"

"To go?"

"Yes—to die. We—the survivors, I mean—should have nothing left in life—no focus for our affections!"

"Oh, don't talk like that. You know how it hurts me to think of such a thing!"

"But I must talk of it. I have a suggestion to make. Please listen—and tell me what you think of it!"

"T HEN all is settled John, darling?"

"Yes—quite definitely, dearest!"

"It will make your task less difficult?"

"Oh, infinitely. How very wise you are—and how desirable it is! I lay awake the whole night, thinking of it!"

Carysfort took his wife in his arms tenderly, and drew her to him. Then he left the house—turning once, to wave to her—and took the early train to Torquilstone.

On his way up the ancient, half-timbered High St. he ran into a sturdy, auburn-haired boy hurrying school-wards.

"Hallo, young 'un!" he called out.

"Good morning, sir!"

"Are you playing footer this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll come and watch you. I shall bring my wife with me. She will be over here in Torquilstone later."

The boy smiled and took to his heels. Carysfort turned and looked back, and something seemed to have melted in him. He knew a mixture of pride, pleasure, part-proprietorship, paternal emotion, and tenderness, while a door seemed suddenly to have opened upon a world which was divine with possibilities. Then he strode out, and came to the bank.

"Well?" Roberts asked, breathlessly, the moment the two men were alone together. "You have decided to recommend me!"

"I'm desperately sorry, Dicky—" began the other.

"What! You won't do it for me?"

"I can't do it for you. I simply can't—and you know why, my dear fellow. Don't force me to explain to you, but Roberts reeled and went clutching at a chair-back. In a flash Carysfort carried on his sentence.

"But there is something I can manage for you—that is, if you'll agree to it!"

"What is that, then? Another office?"

"No. Something which concerns someone dear to you. I mean your son!"

"Dicky!"

"Yes, Dicky. My wife and I have no children. We talked things over together last night—it was her suggestion—and she is full of sympathy with you—and we came to the following conclusion: We should like to take up his education!"

"His—Dicky's—education?"

"Yes, certainly old man. Do you mind at all?"

"Mind—" Richard Roberts broke down wholly in his great happiness. "Why, it's glorious. It's most generous. It's—it almost makes up for everything. Where do you think of sending him?"

"Why—" Carysfort's own voice was rather shaky now; the other's strong emotion moved him deeply. "Why, as we are doing it at all, we must do it thoroughly. Also, he's a promising Rugby player who may even go further than his father. So, with your permission, we'll choose Tunford!"

England versus France.
The French a stronger side than

Just a WOMAN

Continued from Page 34

H ER head to one side, she laughed up at Alison, and Alison felt fingers of terror pluck at her heart. That letter—it would break this woman, smash her life. She was just a child, just a girl in love, wanting her baby, wanting its father. It would be hideous to spoil—

The bell buzzed.

"I'll go," said Alison, glad of an excuse to move, to do something. She

Continued from Page 32

ordinarily. They lead by six points to five.

A forward rush. A man tackled and downed. A scrum formed close to the touch-line. The ball heeled; a short, sturdy, auburn-haired man snatching it up; a feint to streak in on the blind side; a turn on the heel; a dash straight ahead; a swift duck beneath the discomfited arms of the opposing half; a last opponent reached; a dead stop at high speed. Then a lightning dash at an extreme angle. A frenzied roar. "He's in! He's in!" from the spectators. A game snatched from the fire at the last minute.

And in a house at Twickenham, half an hour later the following conversation at teatime:—

"Jolly good, father!"

"Yes, wasn't it, Ursula?"

"I'm so thankful we won! But how emotional these foreigners are!"

"In what way, child?"

"Why, in the fashion in which they take defeat to heart. As we left the stand I saw three people together. One of them—a sturdy little John Bull man—rather like an elderly edition of Richard Roberts, the England scrum-half—was looking simply radiant. But his French friends—a tall, dark, severe-faced man and his wife who was clinging to his arm—were positively crying openly. In fact, there were tears running down their cheeks!"

Thus Youth. Thus misconception—since each of us is a universe; and too often the mainspring of our actions is uncomprehended by every other human being.

And this critic of the Carysforts did not realise that this couple—who had made England's victory possible—had wept not from sorrow but for joy.

(Copyright)

went through the sitting-room to the door. It was a page boy with the mail.

The mail Alison made an effort not to snatch it from his hands. She saw the letter in an instant. She slipped it into the pocket of her peignoir and took the rest to Freya.

D AVID glanced up from his desk and she saw in one quick look what she had hoped to see. She gave him both her hands and left the talking to him.

"I didn't expect you back so soon, Alison. I—" He bit his lip, turned and walked to the window. Alison watched him. She smiled at his confusion.

"What's the matter, David? You haven't guessed—why I came back?"

He turned to stare at her.

"I came to tell you I can't go through with it. There—there's someone else. You'll see him in that fawn roadster below your window. He hunted me down to-day and—I'm going to marry him."

"Alison!"

"You're not angry at me?"

"You must know," he said eagerly. "Freya, I heard from her. She phoned me. She's—we're going to have—a—"

"Oh, great, David. That fixes everything."

"Everything! No! I've been in hell—that letter I wrote her. It hadn't reached her yet. But perhaps by now—"

Alison's hand covered her mouth. She looked at him in feigned consternation.

"Oh, David—I forgot to mail it. It's in my pocket. Here—"

Before he could take it from her, she tore it into bits and flung it into the waste-basket—all save the part with the cancelled stamp, which she rolled into a little ball and shot deftly through the window.

"So we're both happy now, David?"

"Yes, I—was all wrong about Freya. Men sometimes are, about their wives. She's just a woman, and I had been thinking of her as—as if she were inhuman. I hope you'll be happy, Alison. I'm glad you forgot to mail that letter. You have no idea how glad. Strange, it's the first letter of mine you ever forgot to mail."

"It is odd, isn't it? Well, good-bye—good luck to you and Freya—and—"

S HE went down to the street where Terence Conway sat on his spine in the open roadster. He was studying something he held in his hand.

"Look here, Alison—this fell into the car. It's a piece of envelope with a cancelled stamp on it and a piece of letter with just one word on it—divorce. Someone must have heaved it out the window. I'll bet there's a story in that."

"No doubt there is, Terry," she said with a queer little smile. "And maybe a good one."

(Copyright)

H OSEBROOK says: My Worcestershire is so tempting to the appetite. And it is the world's appetite.

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TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

J. C. Marshall

"COME, let us play cowboys," suggested Fred one Saturday afternoon, to Jackie and Don. Jackie and Don were spending a few weeks at Mushroom Grove, and Fred was trying to make their short stay as happy as he could.

"Yes," answered Jackie. "I've never played cowboys, but I've read a lot about Wild Buck, who used to be able to lasso a horse about fifty yards away—"

"Oh, he couldn't," interrupted Don. "fifteen yards or five yards is more like it. It was Fred Manning who was the best cowboy in Mexico."

"It was NOT!" yelled Jackie. "Wild Buck was a much better cowboy. Why, Fred Manning only had one eye, so how could he have seen to lasso as well as Wild Buck did?"

"What about Nelson," cried Don. "didn't he only have one eye, and if I remember correctly, he only had one arm, too, and look what he did at the Battle of Trafalgar."

Fred did not give Jackie a chance to answer Don, he spoke first. "Oh, please, don't argue the point. Come on and play cowboys."

"All right," said Jackie, "but I still say Wild Buck was a better cowboy than Fred Manning."

"We'll leave it at that, then," said Fred. "Now we'll go off to the garage and find some cowboy clothes."

AFTER dressing themselves and being quite determined that they had all the clothing and accessories that go to make up a real cowboy, they set off for the Island Woods.

Once in the woods, they felt happy and, seeing a lot of wild ducks, Jackie and Don thought at last good luck had come their way.

"Aye!" cried Jackie. "come and frighten those ducks away. Ha, ha!" Don and Jackie crept stealthily to



WILD BUCK, OF MEXICO.

wards the ducks, and then threw a big stone at them, which had the desired result, for the poor ducks flew off in all directions.

Fred was very annoyed with Jackie and Don for frightening his pals, and told them so, but they only laughed at Fred and said it was great fun.

THEY soon left the ducks behind, and went on playing cowboys as they tramped through the woods. Suddenly Don saw a little possum up in a tree and straight away went in pursuit.

Fred had seen the possum, and had hoped that Jackie and Don would pass it by without seeing it; but no, nothing escaped their eager eyes.

The two bad boys left Fred and ran here and there trying to catch the frightened little possum. But luckily, the possum was far too cunning a little fellow for the two city boys—he soon had hidden himself completely from view.

Fred was quite glad the little possum was safe and, fearing that they would frighten some more of his animal friends, he suggested they start for home.

As the sky was beginning to darken, they agreed, and the three began walking home.

THAT night when Jackie and Don were asleep in bed, Fred knocked on the door of the Dream Man's room. He entered, and asked the Dream Man would he teach the two cruel city boys a lesson. Fred explained how they had frightened his bush friends that day, and how he didn't think they meant any harm, but they just didn't know how to treat animals.

The good, kind old Dream Man did as Fred asked, and what a change it made to Jackie and Don. They dreamt nasty, ugly ducks were picking at them, and horrid shaped possums were scratching them.

Next day two different little boys went with Fred into the woods, and not a duck nor a possum was disturbed. And all the little birds in the trees never ran from them, they all seemed to smile, as if they knew none of these three boys would hurt them.

And you will be all happy to learn that Jackie and Don, from then on, always treated their feathered friends and their furry friends with the greatest respect.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,— Here is a little puzzle for you. See if you can write down eight eights so that they add up to one thousand. Now before looking to see how it is done, try hard to work it out yourself.



Here is the way: 888 plus 88 plus 8 plus 8 plus 8. Shirley Lawson, Murray Bridge, Government Road, S.A., sent along the best letter for the week, and wins a prize of 5/-.

The town of Murray Bridge is situated on the River Murray, about 52 miles from Adelaide. There are several beautiful pleasure resorts where many people go during the warm days. We also have a big flour mill with a large silo for storing the grain, which is grown on the swampy areas of the Murray, just outside the town.

Well, good-bye, Pals, until next week.

Cheerily,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

Two boys were having an argument. First Boy: Don't I go to school. Second Boy: Yes, and you return stupid. George (seeing an aeroplane): I wouldn't like to be up there in that thing, Jack. Jack: It would be better than being up there without it. Prize Card to Hazel Potter, Lisdon, via Stanthorpe, Qld.

What Are We?

By IRENE VOHLAND
Now this is something I have heard, "Is not Mrs. Jones a 'cat'?" And Mrs. Blank an awful 'bird'?" I wonder what is meant by that?

And then again, "Bill is a 'donkey'." While his brother is a "lamb." "Freda is a little 'monkey'." "A stubborn 'mule' is little Sam."

Now I've often called a "kitten." And I've never minded that. But when I'm grown-up, will I, too, like Mrs. Jones, be called a "cat"?

Four animals, would they be glad thus to be compared? I rather think they would be sad. If at all they cared. Prize of 2/- to Irene Vohland, Revora, Motley, via Oakley, Qld., for this original verse.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS
Lost: A purse by a lady made of leather.
Lost: A suitcase by a man full of clothes.
Lost: A wallet by a man full of money.
Lost: A hat by a lady made of felt.
Lost: A parcel by a man tied with rope.
Lost: A ring by a woman studded with diamonds.
Prize Card to Connie Baker, "San Remo," Port Hacking Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.



FOUR LITTLE BLACK GIRLS.—Prize of 5/- to Nell Watson, 1 Reginald St., Gremorne, N.S.W., for this original sketch.

FOR FUN & FANCY



THE HANDS OF TWO of your friends together with two pieces of string, as shown in the illustration. You will see from the picture that the two lengths of string are looped so that there is no possibility of the friends getting away from each other—anyway, that is what appears to be the case. When your two friends say they are definitely defeated you come to their aid. When you tie

them together a loop is made in the string. Sound to No. 2 and this is passed under the hand of No. 1 so that it points towards No. 2. It is then slipped over both hands of No. 2. At this stage it is quite a simple matter to disentangle the strings by noting how they are caught together.

HAVE YOU SEEN
A look for the trunk of an elephant?
Girders for the bridges of a nose?
A buckle for a belt of trees?
Mud for the hand of a hat?
An umbrella for a shower of abuse?
A wink from the eye of a needle?
A toe from the foot of a mountain?
Prize Card to Bodo Keating, Brookwood Cemetery, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

The stout lady was struggling to mount the high step of the tram. "Hurry up, madam," urged the conductor, "if they'd given you more seat when you were a girl, you'd be able to rise better."

Yes, young man," she retorted as at last she hoisted herself triumphantly up, "and if they'd given you more seat you'd be better bred."

Prize Card to Beryl Maple, 13 Park St., Mosman, Ponds, Vic.

JOAN had spilled some water on her doll's new frock.

"Hold it in front of the fire and it will soon dry," her mother told her.

Joan was used to watching mother make toast, and presently she cried: "Mummy, I think this frock is done now, it is turning brown."

Prize Card to Charlie Osborne, 25 Cochrane St., Paddington, Brisbane.

Mistress: Mary, Mary, yesterday you broke two basins, and to-day you've broken three cups and four plates. Pray, what will be broken to-morrow, at this rate?

Maid: Not much, Ma'am, it's my afternoon out!

Prize Card to Sheila Pickering, Emu Street, Longreach, Qld.

Bill: My father is a bookkeeper.

Little Girl: I know he is. My daddy lent him some books two years ago, and he hasn't returned them yet.

Prize Card to Hazel Potter, Lisdon, via Stanthorpe, Qld.



For this original sketch in black and white, Beth Wilkinson, Belura, 31 Howard Ave., Bowbays, N.S.W., wins a prize of 2/6.

Doctor: Put your tongue out, right out, my boy.

Small Boy: Can't! It's stuck at the back!

Mother: I don't believe, George, you know what it is to be good.

George: Oh, yes, I do. It's doing what you don't want to do.

Prize Card to Betsy Farrell, Cattle Street, Binalong, N.S.W.

THE Rash Act

Continued from Page 11

FOR with Ivy suddenly withdrawn out of his life, and hope dead, and a cold on his chest all at once, he felt that he'd seen his best days and might so soon make an end as carry on. And the fixed resolve grew upon him, as such fatal temptations will, till at last he came to the conclusion he didn't want to live no more without Ivy Slocombe. And then he determined to end it.

He was in earnest, too, and named his resolve to nobody. To talk about such things before doing 'em he well knew would be weakness; but his sense of order never deserted Fox and he waited till his chest was healed before taking steps. Then he made his arrangements.

"It's well known to be a rash act," he thought to himself, "but there's a right and a wrong way about everything, rash or otherwise, and I've always chose the right way and I shall do so to the bitter end."

That shows you the careful sort of man he was. He turned over the various methods of self-slaughter in his methodical fashion, and very like, if he'd only waited another week, he might have seen a way to live without losing his self-respect; but the sense of loss drove him terrible fierce to die, and the passing interest of making his plans weren't strong enough to turn him from his purpose.

THERE was the sea and there was the gun used for scaring birds; there was also his razor and there was the railway. But he had no use for the sea, because once, as a little lad catching prawns at low water, under the cliffs, he'd met the corpse of a sailor man as had been in the water a long time. So down he

wouldn't. And he always mistrusted firearms and had never pulled a trigger in his life. Neither could he bide the sight of blood; so that shut out the razor and only left the permanent way. He decided to make an end by night, and he knew there was a heavy mineral train that ran regular and could be counted upon to pass the bottom of Smugglers' Lane round about twelve of the clock. He went down three times and saw her pass and timed her, and he found that she came up from Teignmouth every night just ten after twelve, crossed the bridge and plunged into Halcornbe Tunnel immediately after. So he fixed the following Friday for the deed, Friday being a day when all his worse luck had befallen him, and then he went on with his life very regular and counted the hours afore it finished. To show his bent of mind, he saw he'd got just enough pipe tobacco to last and was filled with the curious thought that he'd never buy another ounce.

And meantime, unknown to Nat, things had fallen out at Thorpe St. Giles. He'd given notice, all in order, and his work would end with Farmer Bassett on the day that his life would do the same; but before the hour struck, there had happened a proper rumpus up there, though Fox, of course, got no wind of it.

You see, when Jane Bassett heard that Ivy had thrown the ploughman over and her son was going to be the next victim, she opened her mouth very wide indeed and took a terrible dark view of Teddy's fate. And so did his father, Henry Bassett, who was an old-fashioned man and devoted to his son. In fact, behind

the girl's back, they were on to Teddy Bassett morning, noon and night, and ceased not from painting Ivy in the gloomiest words they could call home.

"Once a jilt always a jilt," said Henry Bassett. "I've known such and never known no good to come of 'em; and you get her out there in them foreign countries where the law's weak, and nature's strong, and on your life, Teddy, so soon as she's sucked you dry, she'll leave you for a richer man and you'll live to cuss the name of her."

AND his mother said far worse things than that.

"If it was anybody but you, I'd be thankful for her to go for my own peace," Jane Bassett told him, "but such is my love for you, that I'll suffer her here till I drop rather than you shall be doomed and have all your future blighted by the creature."

It got a bit awkward for Teddy then, and Ivy found out there was something wrong, for her aunt didn't mince speech with her, nor yet her uncle. Them, however, she didn't mind, because true love casteth out fear of relations, and she knew very well, so long as Teddy clung to her, she was all right. But mighty soon she discovered that running water wears away a stone and that his parents' opinions were beginning to daunt the man.

She was a good bit disappointed, without a doubt, and tried pretty resolute to stem the tide and keep him; but slowly and steadily Teddy was choked off her and there came a night when Jane and Henry Bassett praised God together for His watchful mercies

afore they slept. And the same day there's no doubt that Ivy cussed her Maker good and hard, because on the forenoon of it, Teddy axed her to come in the ewe lease and told her they'd been living in a fool's paradise, and it had overtook him, cruel clear, that he weren't a marrying man after all. And while he was doing of it, Nathan Fox was ploughing up over, full of the strange thought that he'd never draw another furrow no more. For 'twas his last day on earth and, for all he knew to the contrary, the engine that was to take his life that night might already be getting up steam.

He saw Teddy and Ivy down below, but they was a quarter of a mile off and he little knew what words were passing between them.

In truth, the girl said not much. She weren't greatly surprised, for there had been a bleak and lifeless air about Teddy for some days, and her clear mind couldn't fall, even at that disappointing moment, to see she were only getting a dose of her own medicine. Amazing self-possession for such a young thing was Ivy Slocombe. She listened and nodded her head and kept her nerve and marked what a worm a man looks at such a time.

"I thought you loved me as faithful as I loved you," she said, "but, of course, your mother knows best. She's always had her knife into me, and if you'd told me when you first offered that Aunt Jane was to have the last word, you'd have saved yourself a lot of trouble and me a lot of sorrow. And be it as 'twill," she said, "I get out of Thorpe St. Giles o' Monday."

"Don't you do nothing rash, Ivy," he begged her; and she laughed at that.

"Have no fear on my account," she answered, "I ban't the sort to put

myself out of life for a man as could serve me like you've served me. There's plenty so good as you; and when I give my love again 'twill be to a man, not a ninny tied to his mother's tail!"

So she left him wiping the drops from his brow, and though she held her head high, it fell so soon as she was in her little room out of sight of the world, and she took on a good bit in secret and thought how to do her aunt a mischief.

But there's plenty give themselves the luxury of thinking of revenge who be far too clever to take it. No doubt it cheered her to rend Jane Bassett in thought, but she weren't the kind to do nothing as could breed ill-convenience to herself after. She took stock and felt the game was properly up at Thorpe St. Giles and ordained to try for a place in a shop at Teignmouth, where she'd got a friend.

And meantime Nat had led his horses to the stable and give 'em their food and shake down and done his work for the last time of doing. And then the dusk fell and he axed himself if he should go in and say "good-bye" to farmer and his wife, for he'd got his money in the morning and he was a servant no more. But he decided that it would be a painful task and not needful in the circumstances, for, as Fox thought, there was quite enough painful tasks afore him a ready.

Very like, if he had gone in the house place and hit on Ivy Slocombe, it might have made a morn't of difference to his arrangements; but he didn't; he went home and took his supper with a poor appetite, though his last earthly meal. And he was vexed by little things, as people often will be on the verge of great ones, and could have wished the food had been better to his liking, instead of a rabbit pie, which never gave him no pleasure at the best of times.

Please turn to Page 38



READY IN ONE MINUTE

ONE minute in the oven — some cream or warm milk poured on them, and Arnott's Spicy Fruit Roll Biscuits become a delicious sweet, tempting and appetising. The ideal supper for cold nights.

SURPRISE callers give you no concern when you have ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SPICY FRUIT ROLL BISCUITS in the pantry.

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ASHAMED OF HER FIGURE

Husband Persuaded Her
to Take Kruschen

By following her husband's advice, this woman took off 32 lbs. of her excess fat. Telling of her experience, she writes—

"A year ago I was troubled with rheumatism, nervousness and other complaints. And I got so fat that I was ashamed of my figure. I was persuaded by my husband to take Kruschen Salts. Before I began, I weighed 11 st. 7 lbs. After taking Kruschen for a short time the rheumatism was less painful, my nerves got stronger, and my step lighter. Then I knew that Kruschen was doing me good, so I persevered with it and got my weight down to 9 st. 3 lbs., a reduction of 32 lbs. of unwanted fat. I am not boasting when I say that I feel younger and more active, have a much better figure, and am healthier than I have been for years." (Mrs.) J. S. Kruschen is a blend of six mineral salts which assists the internal organs to throw off each day those waste products that would otherwise accumulate in the form of fatty tissue.

BUT, of course, his mother little knew what lay before Nat, and when her hour for bed came round, he lit her chamber candle as usual and kissed her "good night" so steady as you could wish. He was generally to bed soon after her; but to-night he lied and said as he was going to write about some advertisements, because he'd no mind to be out of work very long; and she believed him; and for that matter he did write three letters, being no penman. They took him a lot of thought and labor.

He knew that in such cases it was the proper thing to leave a letter for the coroner, and not wishing to leave a stroke undone, he wrote according, though puzzled to know what to set down in it. But he just said his private affairs had drove him to the rash act, and he was sorry to put the man to trouble, and that his remains would be found ten yards outside Halcornbe Tunnel. And then he wrote a bit of a stinger to Ivy Slocombe, and last he wrote to his mother. He took very affectionate leave of her, and told her he'd saved fifty-one pounds, which was hers; and he said he'd like to be along with his father in Halcornbe churchyard, and hoped he'd be allowed to do so. And then he remembered that he hadn't said why for he was destroying himself; and so he added a postscript to explain 'twas all along of Ivy and he couldn't live no more without the woman.

He sealed 'em up and put 'em in a row on the mantelshelf, where they'd catch the eye of Mrs. Fox first thing in the morning; and then he filled his pipe with the last bit of tobacco left to him, and went out into the night. Soon he sank down into the darkness of Smugglers' Lane, and climbed the bank at the bottom and stood upon the permanent way.

The tide was up and the moon shining, and the waves just splashing lazily upon the foreshore. All very peaceful for a leave-taking; and Nathan, he looked up the black tunnel and down the shining steel road fading away to Teignmouth, and wondered if he would have time to finish his pipe, or if the mineral train would come along before he done so. He felt for his watch and then remembered that he'd left it on the mantelshelf as a momentum for his mother.

And he smoked his pipe out and marked the moonlight creep over the sea and felt it parous cold for early March, and wished the end would come. He was just thinking 'twas like his luck for the train to be late that night of all nights when he heard the thunder of her, and then he took off his hat and commended his soul to God Almighty and shut his eyes very tight and laid his head upon the metals.

But at that great moment Nathan was faced with something so terrible irregular that the ruling spirit in the man, strong even in death, rebelled against it. 'Twas only a single line through the tunnel and now to his amazement, he marked the thunder of the train came from the mouth of it. And that meant a night express coming down and not the mineral waggons going up!

If he had enjoyed the time to think as he said after, there's no doubt Nathan would have concluded with himself that it weren't no great odds as it was used to do, and for the moment he only felt things weren't going to fall out as he ordained they should. And he couldn't stand that. His machine-like mind resisted any interference—you understand. He'd planned to be run over by the goods train, and wrote the coroner according, and so every instinct in his nature cried out against the down express. He rose up—just in time to let the fierer thunder past his nose; and then sat dazed by the line with moonlight on his face and the perspiration streaming off it.

TWAS a long spell before he gathered his wits, and then he argued out the whole affair and perceived the amazing thing that had happened. Along of all his letter-writing, he'd come an hour too late to the scene of the fatal deed, and that mineral train was gone through and halfway to Exeter afore he sat down to wait for her. He'd left his watch behind and weren't alive to the truth till the night express came out of the tunnel on top of him.

Nathan took a long time to calm down. A thing like that properly upset his plans, and he confessed after that

THE Rash ACT

Continued from Page 37

he went so weak as a goose-chick, and shed a few tears also. No doubt 'tis a shaking experience to come back to life by a short cut in that fashion, when you've screwed yourself up to take leave of it. For a time he felt pretty much like a ghost already, for he'd wound up his affairs and made an end, and in his opinion it looked a very irregular thing going back again and picking up the threads that he'd thought were snapped for evermore.

But then came over him a sort of feeling that, after all, life might prove worth while, and after he'd first resolved to come again next night and be punctual, then he felt a sudden hatred of the railway. In fact, he properly turned against it. And then his religion, which had been forgot altogether seemingly, did its work on Nathan, and he assured himself that he'd been saved alive by the plan of his Maker, and for no lesser reason. The thought comforted him a good deal, and he climbed down the embankment and set his face for home full of gratitude to God.

In fact, he grew rather light-hearted as he traipsed back up Smugglers' Lane, and he was just thinking what a fortunate thing he hadn't posted his letters, but left 'em for his mother to find in the morning, when to his great astonishment, he heard footsteps and marked half a dozen men, including two of the police, coming down the



LOVE . . .
is impulsive
rather than intuitive,
synthetical rather
than analytical, distinctive
rather than deliberative.

A definition by
Professor J. A. Thompson.

Lane, and they was lifting their voices and shouting his name.

You see, a very unusual thing had fallen out behind Nathan's back, for it chanced a bit after he'd left his home that old Mrs. Fox, lying awake and thinking upon the man, had an uneasy feeling. She waited to hear him come up to bed as usual; but he didn't; and then, after the clock told midnight and no sound of him, she guessed he was mousing down below, or else drinking, or maybe fallen asleep. So she raved herself in a few garments and lit her candle and went down house.

They figured out after that she must have been in the kitchen not above half an hour after Nat had gone out, and she looked around for him, and the first thing the old woman saw was the three letters on the mantelshelf. Without glasses she couldn't read, so she went up over for 'em, and then she saw that one of the letters her son had left was for the coroner; and after that the others didn't interest her.

Because poor Mrs. Fox had endured a good bit of trouble in her youth owing to her own uncle taking poison, and she well knew 'twas a felony to do such a thing and the law punished them as tried and failed, while even worse might await them that succeeded, when they went afore their outraged Creator. Another woman might have read the

letter first, for guidance, and cried out for help after; but Mrs. Fox got a good deal excited, and she wasn't very clever, so she ran out and called a neighbor and the man when he'd put his clothes on came in and read the letter. It told where Nathan was gone, and the man called another and met Policeman White by good chance, and he summoned another officer and presently a good few ran down Smugglers' Lane. And as they got in earshot of the line, they bawled to Nathan; but they'd heard the down express a bit afore and little doubted his ears were sealed against 'em for ever.

WHEN, therefore, he came among 'em, they was a good bit surprised. And I dare say in their hearts the police may have been disappointed, for never had one of 'em won a chance to get in a newspaper, which is every constable's lawful ambition. But while he was for arresting Nathan, and 't'other was against doing so, and while they argued, Willie Manders, who had more sense than the pack of 'em, ran back for all he was worth to tell Mrs. Fox the good news.

Nothing was done against Nathan, however, though the whole parish heard tell and the vicar himself called and reprimanded him; but the interesting thing happened after, for first Nathan promised his mother on oath he wouldn't attempt no such thing no more, and then, in his orderly way, seeing that if he was to live he must work, he went up to Thorpe St. Giles and asked Henry Bassett if he'd got a new ploughman, and if not, he offered to come back at the old money. And farther, knowing Nat's worth in that matter, let him come willing enough.

Of course, Nathan heard about the rumour, and how Ivy Slocombe had got a bit of her own back, and was unattached once more. But strange to say, while some men might have been glad rather than sorry, Nat, who couldn't harbor no ill spirit against any fellow creature, took a contrary view. He knew the fearful pangs of being crossed in love, and where it may lead a man or woman, and he went so far as to speak to Ivy and warn her very serious against any such way out of trouble, as he'd tried to take.

And there's no doubt she was a lot astonished to find him so gentle. For once she wept real, honest tears, and she thanked Nathan, humble as a worm, and promised him very faithful that she'd obey his order.

"I'd thought of it," she said. "God's my judge, Nat, that I'd thought of it; but I see I was properly punished for my wickedness in throwing you over. And I know now he was a wicked man, and a liar. And when I remembered you, I saw the difference. And why my eyes were blinded to you I never shall understand. And I don't want to go on living, but I will if you command it. You're wise, and you've been through worse than me. And I'll live, if it's only to show you I'm a changed woman."

Well, Fox, he liked that, because nobody had ever called him a wise man afore, nor yet paid any heed to his opinions. And after Teddy Bassett cleared out for the West Indies two days later, little Ivy coaxed the poor chap back.

In fact, they were married not six months afterwards, and, though none had much hope for Nat, and his mother was heard to say he'd have done better to be punctual at Halcornbe Tunnel, the opposite to the expected happened, as it so often does, and such as troubled to think twice about the pair confessed after that she made him a very good wife and sharpened his wits and took care of his money so long as she bided with him. They never quarrelled much, and had no family, and for five years lived peacefully as need be; but then Ivy ran away with a master plumber from Teignmouth, and 'twas said they went to Australia. But nobody knew and nobody much cared.

Nat didn't fret and didn't take another. He'll speak kindly of her to this day and hope she's all right and won't be on his hands again some day. His mother's minding him yet, though nearer eighty than seventy. It put ten years on her life when her daughter-in-law skipped.

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JOAN HARTIGAN Writes from AMSTERDAM!

Interesting details of the tennis and other delightful news of her journeyings are given in the following letter received from Joan Hartigan, Australian singles champion, by air mail, who is writing exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly.

This article supplements the radio accounts of the tennis by Joan Hartigan already published in this paper.

From JOAN HARTIGAN, Australian singles champion.

WE arrived at Amsterdam about 10.30 a.m. and were met by tennis officials, all of whom were very nice. We stayed at the Carlton Hotel, which was really lovely. I had a beautiful room with a lovely bathroom. After lunch we all went to the courts and had a little practice. The courts were slower than at Bournemouth, and the balls much lighter and much nicer.

On Thursday, 10th, we started our match between Australia, Japan, Queen's Club, and the Netherlands. The only team we did not compete against was Japan, as we met them in the Davis Cup. Before the tennis we went for a marvellous drive in the morning to a fishing village called Volendam. It was most interesting. We saw numbers of people, both men and women, dressed in their native dress, the men wearing very full black pants like plus fours, and the women very full, long dresses, aprons, and white peak bonnets.

All the different religious sects have their own sections of the village to live in. I have never seen a cleaner place. It was almost possible to see your face in the floor of one of the little places we visited, owned by an old lady crippled with rheumatism. We went into a tiny little shop and bought miniature cloths and a white bonnet (which I think I have lost), had morning tea and came home.

In the afternoon I had a singles match against Miss Bellmer, No. 1 player from Amsterdam, who played a nice game. I played fairly well, and won in straight sets.

ON Thursday night we had a picture party arranged for us. During dinner we had some dancing at the hotel and had quite a bright time. In the afternoon, France and Holland were playing a football match, and after the match these players had dinner at our hotel and afterwards danced. We went to the pictures at 9.15 p.m., as most of the shows there commence at 9.30 p.m. The first picture was all in Dutch, and the second picture was an American talkie with the words written in Dutch.

On Friday we took a trip up the canal, which was also very interesting. It was a beautiful day, and the hottest we had had for a long while. We went right up to the end of the canal, and saw the place where the locks open into the harbor. There are dozens and dozens of canals.

After lunch I had a mixed set with Adrian against the Dutch people, and

won. In the afternoon I played Susan Noel, the English player; I lost the first set and was down 3-1 in the second, but after that I played better and won 8-6 in the third.

On Sunday afternoon we went to the courts, and I played an exhibition singles match against Fraulein Hom, German No. 1 player. I played well, driving well, and won the first set 6-4, and lost the second set 6-4. I would like to have played a third set, as I felt I was on my game.

On Sunday night we were given a dinner at the hotel, which started at 8.30 p.m., and ended at 2 a.m., dancing in between; we had a wonderful time. I loved Amsterdam, and everyone was very nice to us. Never will I forget the beautiful sight that the tulips presented, growing in such profusion there.

We were the winning team, and each one was presented with a silver windmill; these are very nice.

During the week we were invited to Berlin, and we three girls are going, but the boys will go to Paris. We left Amsterdam yesterday morning, traveling with Fraulein Hom. We arrived at Berlin last night at 10.30. The Berlin tournament starts to-morrow.

Paris, May 23.

ON Tuesday we visited the Berlin Red and White Club, and were very struck with the beautiful surroundings. It is a most attractive club, the whole scheme being carried out in the two colors, even the ball boys wearing red shorts and white shirts.

There is a beautiful lake right next to the courts which quite a number of the players used for swimming after tennis. We found conditions very strange. The balls used in Germany are smaller than those we are accustomed to, and much lighter, and as a result we found ourselves hopelessly at sea.

Mrs. Molesworth was beginning to play very well, and was rather unlucky to lose to Jodrynski, the Polish champion, in the third set. I felt that if she had not been asked to play two doubles matches before the singles, the result might have been different.

Mrs. Hopman and I did not play well. Mrs. Hopman was unexpectedly defeated first round in the singles by Fraulein Morozick, and I was defeated by Miss Ryan in the semi-final. In the doubles Mrs. Molesworth and I had a struggle to get to the final, being rather lucky to win against Miss Noel and Mrs. Peters, two English girls. In the final we were beaten by Fraulein Hom and Miss Ryan.

Both are very good doubles players. Miss Ryan is a very fine volleyer, following her serve to the net like any man, and putting her volleys away. Her ground shots are also extremely difficult to deal with, being very heavily sliced. Fraulein Hom relies mostly on her consistency, being equally strong on backhand and forehand, though she does not volley very much. Her shots do not carry much pace, but are a very good length.

We left Berlin on Monday night after the finals, and arrived in Paris yesterday.

INTERSTATE Hockey Teams

Interstate hockey matches are scheduled to take place in Perth in August. Selectors have been following the local matches closely in order to choose the respective State teams.

Preliminary selections have been announced in South Australia and the New South Wales State team has been selected.

South Australian selectors are Evelyn Tazewell, Jean McKay and Winnie Peck, all of whom have had plenty of practical experience in the hockey world.

Those selected include E. Tazewell, M. Cashmore, J. McKay, W. Peck, P. Taylor, J. Burton, D. Shillingford, B. Pouden, H. Morgan, D. Oldfield, M. Fulgrave, E. Davidson, L. Greenham, D. Welcher, A. Sands, M. Chapman, E. Peers, R. Burnard, S. Stark, L. Wood, M. Bate, E. Goldsack, M. Butler, K. Thompson, and M. Valentine.

The two not able to make the trip to the interstate matches are M. Valentine and H. Leitch.

It is customary in the Hockey Association for the secretary of the team to act also as manager. Thus Miss A. C. Magarey, who is acknowledged to have an amazing knowledge of the game, is looking forward to managing the South Australian team on its trip to West Australia.

The chosen team, together with its emergencies and manager, will leave



COUNTRY WOMEN GOLFERS thoroughly enjoyed the qualifying rounds in the country championships played in Sydney last week. Front left to right, this group includes Miss P. Lack (Campbelltown), Mrs. P. Looby (Royal Canberra), Mrs. J. H. Hargreaves (Goulburn), Miss C. Lack (Campbelltown), Miss J. White (Leura), and Mrs. H. M. Webb (Katoomba), at The Lakes. —Women's Weekly photo.

COUNTRY Associates Keen at TITLE EVENT

Each succeeding country championship brings an increasing number of country players to Sydney to compete for the associate title.

The enthusiasm of the country players ensured the success of the meeting. There has been, however, a marked lack of young players, despite the encouragement given to them by the L.G.U.

It is always encouraging to see the young players coming to the fore, but, unfortunately, Australian junior golfers are not the success they should be. We have no one in Australia, for instance, to compare with the two British champions, Miss Diana Fishwick, who won the British championship at eighteen years of age, and Miss Enid Wilson, who made her debut in the open championship at fourteen years of age.

Miss Molly McLeish, the well-known Moss Vale player, who at Easter annexed

the Royal Canberra title and then added the championship of the Moss Vale Club to her successes, has proved that she has the match-winning temperament.

Last year this player showed various weaknesses, but with anxious attention to faulty strokes and consistent practice she proved herself in this event to be one of our outstanding players.

ON the second day's play at The Lakes course Miss McLeish astounded everyone by equalling the course record of 81, recently created by Mrs. Goodall.

Miss Nesale Crago, of Leura, is a young player who gives promise of a brilliant golfing future. In the Blue Mountain championship this player has returned some very good cards.

Perhaps one of the most enthusiastic players during the country championships was Mrs. P. V. of Kandos. This player recently won the Western Districts championship and played a splendid game in the open championship at Bathurst. She left nothing to chance in familiarising herself with the course for the country title event. Practically every few days Mrs. Fink journeyed from Kandos to Sydney to have a round or two at The Lakes.

On Monday, July 2, the Country v. Metropolitan match at the Royal Sydney will be played, and from July 5 to July 18 the ladies' State championship meeting will be held at the Royal Sydney course.

through and narrowly missed for a behind. Goulburn steadily increased their lead, assisted by several penalties, with Tinagroo adding one to their score, and at the final bell the result was: Goulburn 8, Tinagroo 4.

Lord Stonehaven Cup

THE final for the Lord Stonehaven Cup was then played between the 6th Light Horse, from Forbes, and the 16th Light Horse, from Dungro.

The teams—6th Light Horse: Tom Bray (back), Bob Bray (No. 3), Angus Bray (No. 2), D. Delaney (No. 1), 16th Light Horse: C. W. Hooke (back), R. J. Allison (No. 3), R. T. Mackay (No. 2), J. K. Mackay, Jun. (No. 1).

Three minutes from the final bell the result was still in doubt, when Angus Bray, of the 6th, getting the ball in midfield, came down and scored the final goal.

Other Dudley Cup Games

FURTHER games in the first round of the Dudley Cup on Monday resulted in a runaway victory in the first match for Vychan, who defeated Camden by 14-1.

Assassanders in the second accounted for Wirragulla in a like fashion by the large margin of 10-2.

Garvan Cup

On Tuesday Wirragulla defeated Camden (received 13 goals) 15 goals to 13. In the match between Muswellbrook and the Denbigh Nutcrackers, after a game which was in doubt until the fifth chukka, Muswellbrook ran out the winners by 9 goals to 4.

The first book on "Cricket for Women and Girls" has made its appearance on the bookshelves. Miss Marjory Pollard, the well-known English cricketer, is the author of this interesting book, which deals with the proper method of learning all departments of the game. This book should be of particular interest to all players who anticipate playing in international cricket this season.

INTERSTATE Basketball Selections for the Victorian Team

The Victorian selection committee, Misses E. P. Hull, V. Kenendy, and E. Mills, chose 19 players on June 16 from something like 60 grades of players. Those selected will play against a team chosen from the ranks of "A" grade players on June 23.

ALL V.W.B.A. matches have been suspended because of interstate selections which are now in progress.

The selection committee's choice of 14 girls will all practice together for at least a fortnight before the final selection is made for a team to represent Victoria in Brisbane in the All-Australian Championships in August.

At the last monthly meeting of the V.W.B.A., Miss Edith Hull was elected as coach to the team. Miss Hull, who is president of the V.W.B.A., has had many years' experience as interstate player and captain. She played Interstate basketball from 1926 to 1931 and captained the Victorian team in 1931, when they played in Sydney.

POLO was Exciting! By "PELHAM"

The first round of the Countess of Dudley Cup and the final match of the Lord Stonehaven Cup provided some thrilling chukkas at Kensington.

Goulburn v. Tinagroo

EIGHT teams have entered for the Countess of Dudley Cup this year, and in the first round Goulburn met Tinagroo.

The teams—Goulburn: Bob Ashton (back), Jim Ashton (No. 3), Geoff Ashton (No. 2), Phil Ashton (No. 1); substitute, Frank Crane. Tinagroo: A. A. Henderson (back), H. M. Finlay (No. 3), A. K. Finlay (No. 2), J. A. Finlay (No. 1).

Play opened with Tinagroo coming away from the throw-in, pressed hard, and Alec Finlay had had luck not to score, a nearside hit just going outside the posts. A period of desultory play—Goulburn not playing anything like their normal game—ended when Jim Ashton came away down the line, gave Geoff ahead possession, who centred, and Jim opened Goulburn's score. Henderson, coming up the ground following up his hit-out, was baulked by Phil Ashton, who, from a melée in front of goal, scored. The second chukka opened excitingly, as inside of half a minute Alec Finlay, coming away with the ball on his near side, with two good hits approached up the middle, and scored the opener for Tinagroo.

H. Finlay, not to be outdone, followed his example, and, from the throw-in, secured, and, unmolested, scored. A behind by Goulburn followed, but from the hit-out Tinagroo came away the full length of the ground and scored, to lead 3-2, after a chukka in which they had literally ridden rings round a team whose handicaps totalled 26 goals. The chukka ended with a penalty against Tinagroo.

At the interval Jim Ashton had to leave the ground, due to a very bad cold, and his place was taken by Frank Crane, who, enthusiastic will remember, played in the Muswellbrook side of 1930, the present holders of the Dudley Cup.

Crane nearly scored a minute after his appearance when he raced straight

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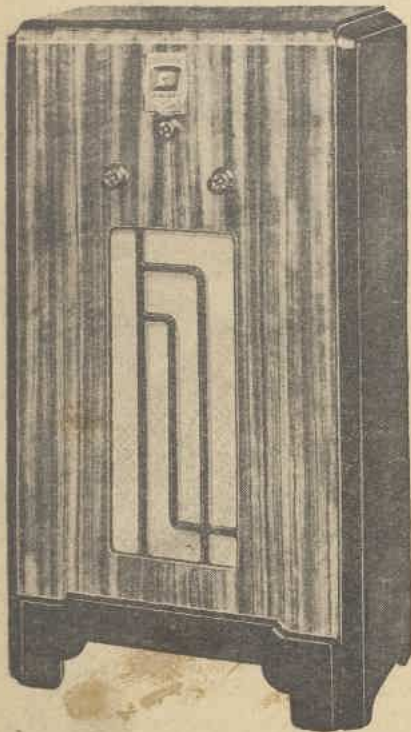
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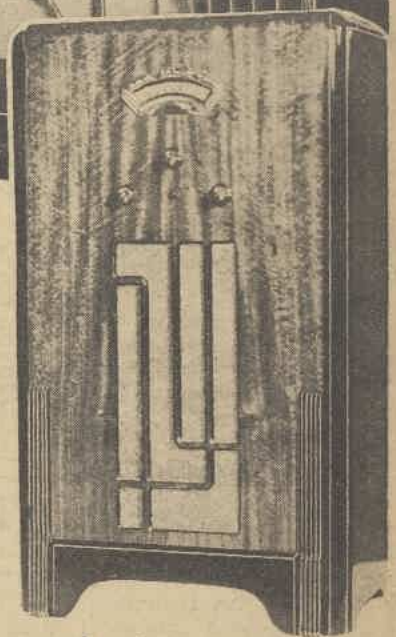
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, June 30, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-makers.

Page One



"Why shouldn't I knit a jumper?" asks little Yvonne Floyd.



"Plain one, purr one," quite simple, you see!



"Who's been tangling my wool? I'll have to straighten that out, but—"



"It's getting worse and worse," sighs Yvonne. "So—"

When a Child Plays . . .



"Well, I may as well make a real job of it. Who cares about knitting an old jumper, anyway?" —Women's Weekly photo.

Are We Raising a Race of Women Giants?

Reports from various authentic centres have revealed the fact that Australian girls are growing taller and heavier and maturing earlier. What is to be the result of this trend? Are we going to raise a race of female giants, a race of Amazons, or will there be a reaction at some future period? Read what Australian scientists say.

SPEAKING at the recent medical congress in Hobart, Dr. Jane Gregg, of Victoria, stated that successive examinations of school children in that State show that they are becoming both taller and heavier at a younger age.

This, however, is not confined to Victoria, for a series of comparisons previously made between school children of Australia and New Zealand with those of Great Britain and other countries, particularly England and Scotland, show that all over Australia and New Zealand succeeding generations are becoming both taller and heavier.

New Zealand children are most advanced of all, being about 3 or 4 pounds heavier, and about one and a half inches taller, but Australian children are not far behind.

Measurements taken by Dr. Harvey Sutton, Professor of the School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine, prove that the women are, on an average, an inch taller, even though, as a result of fashion's decree of slenderness,

they have lost their excess weight. That this last is not natural to them is suggested by the fact that winners of beauty contests in this country who have been chosen by artists because of their perfect proportions, and health, are all over average weight.

Whether the increased size is correlated with an earlier physical maturity in school children cannot yet be determined. About nine years ago Dr. Edleston Pope examined Australian girls for this, but there are no previous figures for comparison.

The reason for the increase in size and weight Dr. Sutton ascribes to improvements in Australia of general living conditions, such as the better control we have over infectious diseases, and our improved mothercraft practices.

Our temperate and sunny climate, he thinks, is not so important, although Dr. A. H. Martin, lecturer in Psychology at Sydney University, gives this as a very important factor, pointing out that in a warm climate such as that of Morocco girls mature at about ten or

eleven, as against the English thirteen or fourteen.

Physical Changes

DR. MARTIN'S point gives rise to the question, does a social system (such as early marriage) cause physical changes (such as early maturity), or do physical factors determine a social system?

For, while one can prove that Australian girls to-day are taller and heavier than before, and cannot prove that they reach maturity earlier, yet one is becoming more and more used to hearing mothers say that their daughters want to act as if they were grown-up years earlier than they themselves did. At the age when mothers were comparatively unsophisticated school girls, their daughters are well-established in flapperdom. This may be merely a phenomenon arising from a changed social system, of pseudo-reality, but to many it seems that girls to-day do really grow up earlier.

Dr. Martin believes that the girls of to-day only imitate their elders, and that the considerably greater freedom allowed to, and pose exhibited by, young girls is merely society accommodating itself to its new inventions—the talkies, the motor car, the wage-earning capacity and universal acceptance of women in industry, with no underlying physical, and therefore physical, reality.

If the wage-earning flapper of to-day were not grown up really, she would spend her wages on sweets, or give it to her mother, or act in some such im-

CLEVER IDEAS

TO REMOVE grease spots on thin fabrics. Saturate a piece of cotton wool with oil of eucalyptus, and dab the spot. Allow to dry, when spot has disappeared.—"Janet," Merrylands, N.S.W.

IRONING MADE EASY.—Having 12 to 14 ironing board, I have found the following helpful and with excellent results. To every ordinary household basin of starch add a teaspoonful of olive oil when mixing. It not only makes the ironing easy, but provides a beautiful gloss.—M. Mansley, Currawong, 13 Evans St., Waverley, N.S.W.

YOUR FLOWERS will last longer if you dissolve an aspirin tablet in the water. A few drops of Condy's fluid will answer the same purpose.—"Rose," Rockhampton, Qld.

mature way, instead of putting it all into clothes and cosmetics.

Marry Earlier

TO consult marriage statistics is obvious, but offers many pitfalls. Outside factors, such as an upset of economic conditions, put back the marriage age. Yet, taking as examples pre-war and post-war maturity the years 1910 and 1932, while most marriages for both years occur at the same age, 21, the average marriage age for girls is younger in 1932 than in 1910.

So that, as well as Australian girls earlier growing taller and heavier, perhaps the modern flapper's appearance of sophistication and apparently earlier maturity is based on reality.

Is it evolution or degeneration? New was.

GREEN VEGETABLES and lettuces that have lost their crispness should be soaked in cold water some time before use. Let the water be as cold as possible, and dissolve in it a large tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda.—"Mary," Strathfield, N.S.W.

TO CLEAN RUSTY GRATES.—First blacklead the grate, leaving the blacklead on for a day or two. Then apply more blacklead with a little turpentine added. Polish in the usual way.—"Del," Ipswich, Qld.

TO CLEAN a carpet marked with soot. Make a paste of equal parts of calcined magnesite, fuller's earth, and ammonia. Cover the spots and leave overnight, then sweep off with a clean, stiff brush.—L.M., West End, Brisbane.

Zealand statistics prove that "children of farmers are tallest and heaviest." On the other hand, "children of professional men show no excess in weight over the average, but are almost as tall as farmers," and "the average height and weight of children with good mental attainment is greater than of those with inferior ability."

Almost certainly the modern excess size is due to the modern universality of and craving for sport, of all descriptions, which, not to any extent interfering with schooling, probably develops the body without stunting the brain.

Evidently, if an average modern Australian girl matures and marries earlier than they did, modern Australia is, on an average, less civilized than it was.

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HAVE YOU Ever Been to a "Sukiyaki" Party?

SOME of the passengers on board the Kitano Maru recently accepted the captain's invitation to partake of the ceremonial dish, "Sukiyaki," a kind of national food as popular with the Japanese as haggis is with the Scots.

The atmosphere was Oriental. Those of the guests—Miss Latham, and Miss Bertha Clarke among them—who were to take part in the kimono parade afterwards, wore gorgeous kimono.

Rich cushions, heavily embossed with dragons, were placed in a circle, and the guests, amid gusts of laughter, did their best to squat Japanese-fashion on them and look at ease.

When at last their indulgent host saw that they were ready, attendants brought in the main feature of the evening—the sukiyaki, on a picturesque "hibachi," or species of brazier, and placed it in the centre of the circle. At once it was the cynosure of all eyes.

The odor arising from the dish was most appetising. Chopsticks were handed to the guests, and the feast began.

All were loud in their praise of the delectable dish, and, on inquiries being made, they were told that the ingredients were slices of beef, spring onions, tender young bamboo shoots, bean curd, noodles, "shoya," and mixed with mirin. Mirin, which resembles the national Japanese drink, sake, was served by itself before the end of the dinner.

The dignity fitting for such a ceremonious dinner was somewhat impaired by the laughter caused by the efforts of the Westerners to sit gracefully on their cushions, and to manage their chopsticks expertly. Their host, however, was not offended, and smiled at their efforts.



THE CAPTAIN of the Kitano Maru surrounded by a group of his guests at a sukiyaki party. The guests in the picture are (from the left) Miss Bertha Clarke, Mrs. J. G. Latham, Miss Freida Latham, and Mrs. Bray.

When the sukiyaki was eaten, attendants brought in small baskets containing towels dipped in hot water, and a dry towel, in preparation for the diners to cleanse their hands. This follows the custom in Japan.

After dinner the kimono parade commenced. All the kimono were so beautiful that it was a difficult matter for the judges to make their awards.

Few succeeded, however, in wearing

their "obis" in correct Japanese fashion—no mean feat. These "obis" are made of yards of brocade wound sash fashion round the kimono.

Miss Latham won the first prize, a beautiful vase of Japanese cloisonne enamel. Miss Bertha Clarke and Mrs. Ray, of Tientsin, tied for the second prize. Both featured a "fukushiki," or square of strong silk, in which the Japanese lady carries her trifles.

The third prize went to Mrs. Latham.

TAPESTRY in YOUR HOME

... Exquisite designs four hundred years old, faithfully reproduced by machine, decorate modern lounge suites.

DURING the last few years, there has been an insistent search for beauty in old things. People everywhere are delving into past glories and studying old masters.

The most beautiful are the period homes, and the homes with the old-world atmosphere. In interior decoration, nowadays, modern selection combines with antique designs to form homes of old-world simplicity. We do not go back twenty, fifty or a hundred years for this. It is the work hundreds of years old that appeals.

TAPESTRIES in particular, are coming into their own.

Tapestry squares, copies of old masters on the walls have been popular, the new tapestry panelings, founded on designs of old wall coverings, give just the touch of distinction to even the smallest room.

Tapestries for lounge suites, French copies of Old English needlework designs, are something exclusive. These in all their original beauty of design are featured now at Pilsford's.

Hundreds of years ago needleworkers were laboriously bent over their work designing these entrancing patterns, but they produced work that was perfect, minute, and most exquisite. It is impressive to think that we can reproduce them as perfectly, and make as beautiful pieces of art, by machine, and withal so inexpensive that they are within the reach of the average housewife.

One tapestry in particular had rust flowers embroidered on a taupe grey background. Another exquisite piece in brilliant tonings of red, blue, green, and purple, would lend warmth and living color to any room. A third was more sombre on a background of old rose, and was worked with large, brilliant flowers and leaves. Yet another was of Nile green embossed work with small flowers.

These tapestries prove most effective on lounge suites of the square, modern design. Lounges must have the angular severity of line. Roundness in interior decorating is not smart.

One beautiful, restful, tapestry three-piece suite had a figured pattern relieved by rich brown, harmonising with the fawn and brown design. Another was of patterned flowers on a dull gold background.

THE old desire to reproduce the beauty of another age was also illustrated

the shape of a radio chair. Switching thoughts back from the old, it is a most scientifically modern chair, and combines to the last degree comfort with utility.

This chair is made in rich Genoa velvet and brilliant tapestry. The back of the chair is specially reinforced with springs so as to achieve the exact balance of the body. It yields with one's weight. Experts have designed the chair to mould to the shape which the body takes, by means of a scientific arrangement of springs.

The illustration shows also a lady's chair designed for comfort, and especially desirable when reading or knitting.

OFTEN the three-piece lounge suite proves inadequate for a family, and additional chairs are needed. To fill this need occasional chairs can be had. These need not necessarily match perfectly—providing they tone in with the lounge suite.

One beautiful occasional chair seen at Pilsford's was in fawn and rust tonings, with a fitting cushion. Another was in the incomparable green and fawn.



WHEN YOU are sitting up into the wee hours of the morning, listening in to the Test matches, there is no more comfortable companion than this first-rate radio chair. It is specially reinforced with springs in such a way that as you lean back or move forward it assumes the position of your body. And many a tired mother and housewife will be glad of the chair, which supports her back but leaves her arms free for nursing or sewing. You can see them at Pilsford's.

MAGIC-BRINGING MIRRORS OF TO-DAY

Capture Light & Color—Reflect Spaciousness & Charm

No wonder mirrors are so popular again for decorative schemes in modern homes. They can convert a tiny room into one of palace-like proportions, widen a narrow passage into a spacious hall, or lengthen it into an imposing vista... A vase of flowers—and there are few effects more charming—placed before a mirror becomes a fairy-like forest of color... House-plants, brass, copper, pottery or china are duplicated in the same delightful way.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

THE Italians, who with the French were the first to understand the decorative value of mirrors, hung them on the walls behind scenes filled with wax candles, and created the illusion of a thousand twinkling lights in a room that held only fifty.

Other illusions, too, they created and passed on to us, such as the illusion of the mirrored door which was much loved in France. Of necessity, these doors were made of small panels held together at the corner by rosettes.

Both in Italy and France mirrors grew to be an important architectural feature to be considered in the building of houses, not merely hung upon the walls after the rooms were finished.

The brilliant ballroom of Versailles Palace comes to my memory at this moment of writing. It is constructed entirely of mirrors and is an achievement amazing to the beholder. Walking through, I pictured this dazzling setting for the Royal assemblages of long ago—they must, indeed, have been colorful and transcendently lovely. And now just a show place for tourists at so many francs per head... But to get back.

TO a room, if not to its owner, a mirror is nearly always kind. In dark places it is a veritable light bringer, capturing and re-reflecting every stray gleam, giving life and movement to a hitherto dead surface.

In fact, it would be hard to overrate the generosity of a mirror. It is magical in its effect in the small room. It doubles space.

With a skilful placing of mirrors a narrow passage can be transformed into a spacious hall, or lengthened.

I love to see a mirror above a mantelpiece—always the centre of a room during winter. Here a mirror seems to command the entire situation, reflecting not only the small objects on the shelf below, but also the general appearance of the room and the comings and goings of its inhabitants.



THE PRETTY bowl of flowers at the top of the mirror is made entirely from pieces of colored paper.



Placed opposite the fireplace in winter, a large mirror has a particular charm as the leaping flames are reflected and create the pleasant illusion of another fire.

Another delightful use of mirrors is to hang them opposite the windows where they will reflect flowers and greenery, or trees—thus literally bringing the outdoors in.

Decorative Mirrors

IT is rather a pretty idea to combine a little flower or wool picture with a mirror. Study the illustrations on the top of this page. The first has a panel of beige mounting card decorated with cut-out paper flowers in bright colors, as petunia, orange, royal blue, and the frame is lacquered cherry-red.

A strip of narrow wooden beading, long enough just to fit across the glass between the two sides of the frame separates the mirror from the decorated panel. This is glued on after the panel is decorated, and pasted on to the upper section of the mirror.

The second mirror shows a vertical

SIMPLE stitches in vivid colors make the panel which beautifies this mirror.

band of wool embroidery in joyous shades in a frame lacquered a turquoise blue. A strip of black linen is used as a background for the embroidery. Oddments in wool, in peacock, orange, pink, pale blue, white, royal, turquoise, and light and dark jade colors can be transferred into gay little flowers.

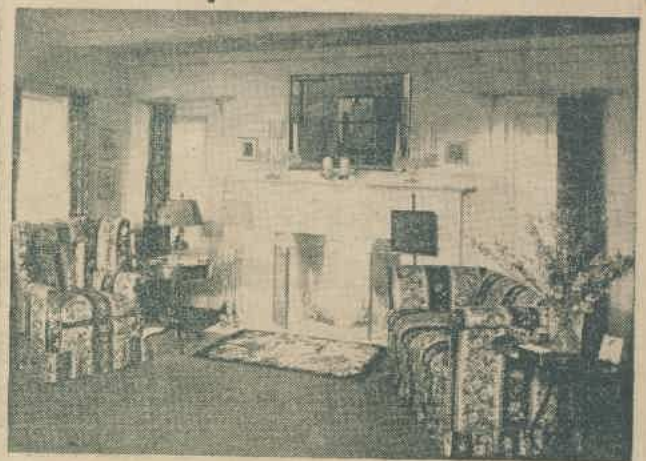
This, when embroidered and pressed under a wet cloth with a hot iron is pasted to the left-hand side of the mirror, and the beading can be then glued into place.

Table Reflections

MIRROR glass has been quickly recognised by those who aim at original table decorations as a valuable asset to their schemes.

Sometimes the whole of the table is covered and the flowers, glass and silver are reflected with enhanced loveliness.

"Mirror mats" are attractive and practical, while a simple panel or circular mirror placed under a flower-filled vase or bowl accentuates their beauty, and gives an air of elegance to an otherwise ordinary centrepiece for the dinner table.—E.E.G.



A MIRROR above the mantelpiece seems to command the entire situation, reflecting not only the small objects on the shelf below, but also the general appearance of a room—giving it spaciousness, life and color.



YOU SAVE TIME AND EFFORT... as well as MONEY

ELECTRIC cooking costs less than 1d. per person per day, because, with electric cooking, there is no waste heat, no waste time, no spoiled food, and no burned utensils. The amount of food saved more than pays for the electricity used.

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To every householder in the Supply Area of the Municipal Council of Sydney who purchases an approved Electric Range from any electrical dealer, the Electricity Department now offers to have the Range installed free of charge (up to a cost of £6, which is the average cost). The Department will also supply such electric range owners with ALL household electricity at the specially reduced rate of 1d. per unit, after primary

units have been consumed. Furthermore, the Electric Range will be fully guaranteed for two years. As this offer is open for a limited period only, no time should be lost in completing arrangements. See the display of approved Electric Ranges at the Town Hall Showroom of The Electricity Department, Municipal Council of Sydney (Druitt Street Entrance), Sydney.

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Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m., and Wednesday at 11 a.m. Interesting electric cooking demonstrations are given at the Electricity Showroom, Town Hall, Sydney, (Druitt Street Entrance). Morning or afternoon tea, and ample seating accommodation provided. You are cordially invited to attend.

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Many at One Third
Off Usual Prices!

Shown
on left:

Novel Jumper

Novelty Woolen Jumpers in great variety. The sketch shows a pretty fancy stitch in two-tone colouring. Collar which may be worn high to neck or open. The sleeve features the deep cuff. Smart colourings, S.W. W.
Usually 17/11.
HUB PRICE, ea. . . 12/11

Cardigan

Heavyweight super Wool Cardigan. A very useful garment for Home, Office or Sports wear. Tailored lines. Ribbed band, with pencil stripe. Rushes front, pockets and cuffs. Red, Brown, Beige, Lido, Shrimp, Reseda, Bottle, S.W. W., O.S.
Usually 19/11.
HUB PRICE, ea. . . 12/11

Card. Jacket

All-Wool Cardigan Jacket in smart fancy raised stitch. Fastening high to neck. Contrast lines finish the ribbed band on front, pockets, cuffs and Basque. Usually 19/11.
HUB PRICE, ea. . . 15/11



Shown
on right:

Basque Card.

Basque Cardigan. Very useful to slip over any frock and ideal for sports wear. Contrast lines give smart finish. Shades: Grey, Black, Brown, Lido, Bottle and Beige and S.W. W.
Usually 19/11.
HUB PRICE, ea. . . 12/11

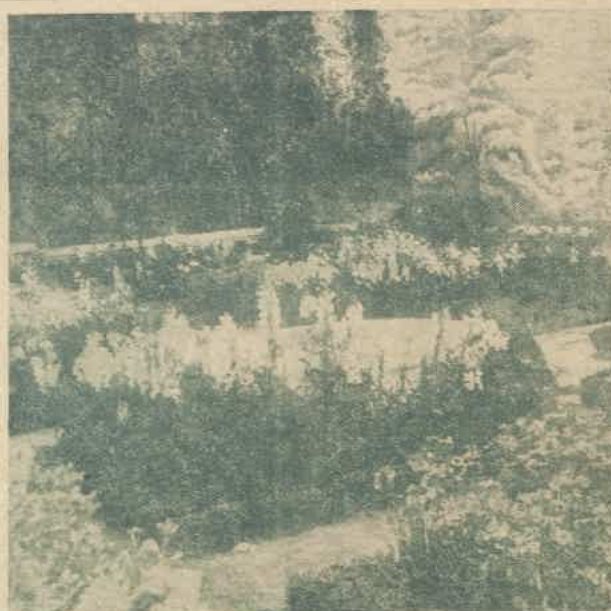
O.S. Cardigan

Outside fitting Cardigan. Woollen fleck fine knit. Self facing down front, and pockets. Roomy make. Shades: Brown, Red, Lido, Bottle and Wine, S.W. W.
Usually 19/11.
HUB PRICE, ea. . . 8/11

Jumpers

Colourful Striped All-Wool Jumper, showing a finely ribbed round neckline. Self coloured plain sleeves. Finely ribbed basque and cuffs. Brown, Red, Lido, Bottle and Wine, S.W. W.
Usually 19/11.
HUB PRICE, ea. . . 9/11

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SUMMER GLORY depends to a great extent on the treatment of soil in winter. And now is the time to build up the soil in readiness for spring planting.

SUMMER GARDENS are made in WINTER

... and now is the time to renovate, sweeten, and build up the soil ... says the OLD GARDENER.

IN winter, the temptation to rest upon one's laurels as far as the garden is concerned is well nigh irresistible. But if a moment's consideration is given to the rights of things, no true gardener will turn her back on the soil at the time of its utmost need, and the Old Gardener is here again to help you.

GOOD morning, Miss, I never fail to come along.

My, what a busy life is mine! I've just come from a private hospital. Oh no, Miss, nothing wrong with me—I've been along to see the matron about her garden—she asked for the Old Gardener to call. You see, gardening is her hobby, and she tends and cares for those plants and treats them just like her patients. And how she works!

No doubt about it; but during the winter months gardening is an arduous task, but one which is amply rewarded when summer comes, for so much depends upon nursing the soil when it needs it most.

I must tell you, too, about another home I visited. Here I found the lady nearly distracted over the failure of her garden. It was at one time full of beauty and color, but was gradually ruined by incompetent advice and bad workmanship. The soil she had carted into the garden had come from a swamp and mixed with it was tan bark.

Tan bark has no manurial value whatever, but is used by some gardeners during the summer months as a mulch. If you intend to mulch the garden use material that is going to benefit your plants as food. Tan bark holds the water and turns the soil sour, especially during the winter months. Therefore you can just imagine the condition of this lady's garden with sour soil to begin with and tan bark incorporated with it.

So I am going to have a chat to-day on the renovating, building-up, and sweetening of the soil to make ready for the spring planting and summer display.

Now, all those beds you are going to prepare for summer flowering plants: See that they are well drained. Spread over them a good dressing of lime, and fork in lightly. Lime in some form or other is absolutely necessary; it benefits all soils.

Lime Essential

IN fact, it is essential for successful gardening. It alters mechanically every class of soil. For instance, a clay loam becomes more plastic, the particles become loosened, the ground more friable, sweet, porous, easier to work, and of better consistency for root development.

Sandy loam has its particles bound firmly together by lime. It becomes more retentive of moisture and less porous.

Lime in the soil promotes a healthy chemical action in that it acts as a medicine, clearing away those vegetable acids which check plant growth and render the soil sour.

The sweetening of the soil is good for bacterial action. Organic matter, like humus, is decomposed by lime, and stimulates plant food. Soil that is rich in humus ought to be limed regularly to

turn the humus into nutritive compounds. Potash is freed by an application of lime.

You can apply lime to the soil, Miss, at any time. The usual plan is to spread the lime on to the ground at digging time, but on no account use it at the same time as farmyard manure. About four to eight ounces to the square yard is a good average quantity. Heavy soil, of course, needs the most dressing.

Use of Fertilisers

NOW I'm going to tell you a little about fertilisers.

We all know the value of farmyard manure. Cow manure for light soil to close it up, and horse manure for heavy soil to open and make more friable. But both these manures need assistance with artificial fertilisers. A good, serviceable stock mixture to suit most soils and plants comprises:

Superphosphate 5 parts
Bonedust 5 parts
Sulphate of potash 5 parts
Sulphate of ammonia 2 parts

Mix thoroughly together, and scatter over the bed a double handful to the square yard. Mix thoroughly through the soil before transplanting seedlings.

This mixture is recommended for the vegetable garden also.

There are three essential plant food constituents generally recognised: Nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash.

A general mixture of fertilisers must, therefore, be added to the soil to produce root, stem, leaf, and flower.

Use the above mixture, and your garden will be a success.

The Poinsettia Gardens of Boanbong, Palm Beach

THE gardens at Boanbong, the Palm Beach home of Mr. R. T. McKay, were open to the public on Saturday in sweet charity's cause.

"The Old Gardener," whose articles are a regular feature of The Australian Women's Weekly, speaks enthusiastically on the picturesque setting of this beautiful home, situated within a stone's throw of the beach.

In the glorious sunshine of Saturday, the concerted blaze of something like ten thousand poinsettias was a never-to-be-forgotten sight, he says, and Mr. McKay is to be commended on his choice and foresight, and general planning of the spacious grounds.

Not even Brazil, their native home, or Queensland, which has adopted the poinsettia as its national flower, could produce a finer display.

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PICTURES Worth Framing

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Because You Love Working Pretty Things ...

... for the home, for yourself, for the bride, and for the wee folk.

A NEW feature has been evolved for you in collaboration with Coralie Wilson, the only needlecraft expert in Australia holding three scholarships from the Worshipful Company of Broderers, London, whose book, "Practical Embroidery," is now on the Press.

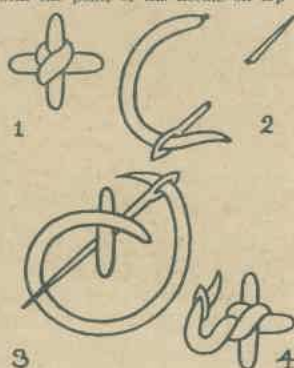
THIS weekly feature will be entitled **A STITCH A WEEK**, and commence with the new knotted cross stitch—in all sorts of threads for very many occasions.

Try working this delightfully easy little stitch. Diagrams show the way, and the two sketches by Petrov, our artist, illustrate just two of the ways in which this fascinating stitch can be utilised for decorative charm.

Expert Directions

TO make the knotted cross-stitch, thread a needle with the chosen thread and put a knot on the end of the thread for starting on. Fig. 2 (see diagram) shows four spots. Mark these four spots on your material as a guide. Bring the thread out at the top spot. Pierce the needle in at the lowest spot and point it out at the right-hand spot. This is the position of Fig. 2. When the thread has come out at the right side, place it across the upright

stroke; curve it round, place the needle behind the stroke and the thread, but with the point of the needle on top of



How the stitch is made.

the curving thread. This is the position of Fig. 3.

Draw this knot tight. The last movement is to pierce the needle through the material at the spot on the left. Fig. 4 shows the needle eye just disappearing through the last spot. Fasten off on the back.

Fig. 1 shows it finished.

Knotted Cross in Bright Wools

USE the two-ply on dainty materials and the three or four-ply on coarser stuffs, or the special embroidery wool which you buy in the skein.

Materials suitable for knotted cross-stitch in wools can be of doctor's flannel for a little girl's dress or fine wool crepe-de-chine for an adult. Flecked material



A SUGGESTION for a crash apron, using the knotted cross stitch shown at left. They even come in useful in colored cotton for a table runner or table mats.

looks well with white-wool stitches. Baby's knitted woollies can have tiny crosses in pink and blue Andalusian wool, or touches of bright silk in crosses round booties and bonnet.

Colors: Contrasts look better in these crosses. A navy yoke looks well with red, yellow, and emerald and royal.

A matron's scheme has a black collar with crosses dotted over it in grey and white and brindled wools.

For Crash apron: Sometimes a large space of pattern can be filled with a regular dotted spacing of neat black crosses in cotton thread, as shown in the sketch above.

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WE ACCEPT A LAY-BY FOR ANY OF THESE WATCHES.



THESE LITTLE knotted crosses can be placed in rows for a border, or they can be spotted all over a collar and cuffs, belt or hat ribbon.

NOVEL TABLE DECORATION

Arriving at Kardinia



MRS. W. S. LUCEY, of Aberdeen, Washington State, U.S.A., with her daughter Winifred Ann, arriving at Kardinia, Darling Point, the home of Mrs. Lucey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rouse. It is four years since Mrs. Lucey last visited Australia.

—Women's Weekly photo.

THE artistry of Mr. Tom Ross, the manager of the Crown Crystal Glass Co., Ltd., in evolving a novel and original table arrangement at the recent Electrical and Radio ball, netted him first prize, and hundreds of congratulatory comments.

AUSTRALIAN sheet glass, treated in beautiful ceramic colors, formed a table sixteen feet long, which stood on eight solid glass pillars. This was charmingly lighted from beneath. And above, instead of usual place cards, small crystal hand-made and cut Grimwade table lamps faced each guest, with names in decorative effect.

At either end of the table was a beautiful metal and glass crown in various colors, the central portion of which was made up of violets and Roman hyacinths, with sufficient room left on each of the four sides for the initials "C.C." to be shown from a light placed underneath and in the middle of the crown.

A beautiful glass fountain, supporting a tall vase of flowers at its centre, occupied the middle of the table. In the fountain goldfish darted about under a ray of light. From the fountain to the end of the table at each side was a longitudinal bank of carnations and violets.

Finally, there were two groups of Walt Disney's little pigs. The first was where the three little pigs were being chased by the big, bad wolf, and further off the little pigs were sporting about in colored pants, with cheeky expressions, while the wolf, in patched trousers, ran off. Every piece in both groups was of solid crystal glass.

To Remove Water Marks From Furniture

TO remove white spots from furniture caused by drops of water, rub vigorously with a soft rag dipped in a preparation made by mixing equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine. Afterwards polish with a soft duster.

The Highest Grade

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A delicious P.M.U. product.



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NOW £7/7/-	STONE MARTEN SHADE AMERICAN OPOSSUM. Extra Large Double Ties. Usually £12/3/-	50/-
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"WHITE HORSE INN"	REASON ENDS JULY 6. LOOK OUT FOR "THE WIND AND THE RAIN."
HURRY! LAST WEEKS	

For HOUSE & GARDEN



SINGULAR charm and beauty can enter even the smallest home by way of potted loveliness, and the "two by four" garden by the artistic placement of an urn, sundial, life-size bunny or penguin in naturalistic colors.

As we all know house plants have but one mission—to be decorative. Too often, however, their choice and arrangement are so unfortunate as to defeat this purpose. The dingy aspidistra rising dejectedly from a brass jardiniere in the dentist's waiting-room does little to conjure up the effective charm and loveliness that with a little care and thought can be produced.

With the wide selection of plants at hand for potting purposes, proper consideration should be given to their attractive display.

In red, yellow, blue or white glazed pots, singly or in groups, any of these house plants add enormously to the sense of life and color in a room.

The glazed pots, as well as those of glass, metal and treated paper, have been proved by scientific experiment to be even more healthy containers for plants than the ugly, porous pots we have been taught to consider necessities.

Many of these new pots are made without any drainage holes whatever. If adequate coarse material of cinders or crushed stones is placed in the bottom before the plant is set in place, however, even this startling omission will cause no harm. Less water, of course, will be needed, but that is always found to be the case when pots other than clay are employed.

This knowledge of the suitability of various types of containers opens a far wider field for the decorative use of plants. A pair of white Madame Recamier geraniums in water-streaked clay pots was never a thing to look at twice, but place their cheerful white and greenness in glistening snowy cups supported on a stand of Spanish wrought iron, and you will have something truly lovely for the sunny window-sill. Put a rosy begonia in a dull green pot, or a group of kalanchoe in dark red bowls that are near deep gold curtains, and you will see at once the value of house plants for decoration.

AND not only to the inside of the house are those pots confined. Arranged on wrought-iron stands or on tiered shelves they make a colorful display of cool loveliness in the tiny courtyard or sheltered porch attending your side or back entrance door. While in the garden proper, their big brothers, the earthenware vases and urns, have taken on a new loveliness by the introduction of color.

Imagine a white hydrangea housed in a Mexican oil-jar of deep, deep blue, and

Children Lose Loved Friend

THOUSANDS of young people will mourn the death of Miss Ferguson, the late librarian of the Children's Municipal Library. Since the children's section was first founded in 1918 Miss Ferguson has been a guide, counsellor, and friend to all the boys and girls who have joined it. As the young people grew up, she retained their friendship and confidence.

Her genial disposition and wide range of sympathy won her countless friends, also, outside the immediate circle of her work.

POTS of clay as charming containers for lovely house plants take on new form; while exquisitely wrought urns, quaint Mexican oil-jars, and lifelike animals and birds bring a new and delightful note to garden decoration.



THE jolly little bunny from Grace Bros. (pictured top left) will not savage, but will stand quaint guard over garden plot or lawn.

Here, in this picture, you glimpse a contrast in beauty, potted beauty and stonework, and below you see a reproduction of old Italian workmanship in this urn for garden adornment. See story.

a cascade of flaming geraniums tumbling over the sides of a Byzantine vase in the creamy terracotta shade peculiar to Italian pottery.

The Mexican oil-jars are made in many sizes and colors, and are fashioned along the lines of the oil-jars described in the tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and lend a simple dignity and charm to a garden of no matter what dimensions.

And how many—or few—of us realize when we see a carved vase or urn in terracotta earthenware—or even concrete—that we are looking at a reproduction of a famous museum piece, or a national treasure of Old Italy.

The originals are in many cases in bronze, and sculptors are employed to reproduce them in clay, and it is from these clay models the casts are made.

FASCINATING, too, are the remarkably lifelike animals and birds which are appropriate alike to small or large gardens.

Grace Bros., at their Broadway stores, are displaying the quaintest bunnies, squirrels, hares, penguins—in fact, a miniature zoo.

They are of Doulton manufacture in



terracotta, and bring a new and delightful note to garden decoration.

Here, in this section at Grace Bros., you may wander to your heart's content among rustic sundials and bird-baths, exquisitely wrought urns and bowls, "Ali Baba" oil-jars and pots, and absorb old and new beauty at every turn.

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"MALL SIZE 2' - LARGE SIZE 3'6" (Nearly three times the quantity.)
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.



MISS MOYA BEAVER, who will appear with her teacher, Mischea Burakov, in a "Columbine and Harlequin" divertissement at the N.S.W. Debating Societies' Union Ball, to be held at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on July 5. Proceeds go to the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.

—Ross Studios.

DON'T... FORGET

Many valuable prizes have been offered by members of the committee organising the "Collits' Inn" Ball at David Jones, on July 10, in aid of the Women's Hospital, Crown St.

The Old Newingtonians' Union is holding its annual dance at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on July 5.

The annual reunion of brigade members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Overseas will be held at Margaret's Market St. on July 6.

The Haymarket-Central Square-Broadway Association, Ltd., will hold their second annual ball at the Palais Royal on July 3.

The annual ball of the Sydney University Medical Society will be held at David Jones on August 8 with the usual novelties which are kept secret till the night of the dance. The hon. publicity officer is Mrs. Berger, and the hon. secretaries Mrs. R. Jeremy and Mr. W. J. Spencer.

The annual function of the Council Juniors of the National Council of Jewish Women, Sydney Section, has been arranged in the form of a "Bachelor's Ball." This will be held in Farmer's Oak Hall on June 26.

The annual dance of the Sydney University Law Society is to be held at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on August 2.

The annual dance of the Macleayville District Lawn Tennis Club will be held at the Kingsway on July 14.

TORTOISES for the GARDEN ... and as Pets

Many collect tortoises now to keep down pests in the garden. They are at their happiest here and do not harm the flowers—but see betide snails and slugs!

I HAVE a friend who kept 14 tortoises for pets! She knew them all by name, and was fond of them.

Whatever she did, however, they kept disappearing, so, tired of losing them, she dug a fair-sized hole in the middle of her back lawn. With the dirt excavated, she made a raised mound of firm earth in the centre of the hole, and on this she placed layer upon layer of old sacks. She drove sticks into the earth round this mound, and laid a sheet of corrugated iron on the tops of the sticks.

Over these for additional warmth she placed yet more bags. Under this the tortoises took shelter for the night, especially during bad weather. By means of a dripping hose she kept a constant flow of water in the pond. This made an ideal home, and also prevented them from disappearing in the disconcerting way tortoises have.

It was delightful to watch the tortoises slipping into the water for a swim, and then coming to shore under the shelter.

The more usual kind that you see in the large stores is the tortoise with a short neck, which, in concertina-fashion, he draws inside his shell, while darting his head in and out like a snake. The other species has a neck which curves round his body.

While we are on the subject of tortoises, readers will be interested to know how to treat them, and what is the right thing for them to eat.

Besides snails, on which they thrive,



HIGHLIGHTS for READERS

Conducted by
Linda Littlejohn

Women's Weekly Service, every day, 9.45 to 10. Myra Dempsey. 2 to 3, Dorothea Vautier.

What Do Children Mean in Our Lives?

GIVING voice to his opinion, a ten-year-old boy made a pertinent reply to this question. "They just want to boss us around," he said.

There may be some truth in this naive summary, but his elders would probably prefer to substitute the words "to guide or to bring up" in place of "boss around." A young student of psychology gave an entirely different interpretation: "If you do not marry," he said, "you are dead." Literature, the Bible, and all tribal stories are in agreement with him, for they all accentuate the "glory of fruitfulness."

A man, it was held, lived again in his children, and he claimed and exercised the unquestionable right to train or dispose of them in any walk of life he chose. To-day, however, children have developed a new sense of independence. Economic conditions have forced the younger generation to a new sense of individual responsibility. Briefly, our young people are forced early in life to fend for themselves.

Thus parents and their children are thrown into an entirely different relationship, and the elders are forced to regard the younger generation from an entirely new perspective.

The question arises, "Why do we have children?" Mrs. Linda Littlejohn will throw new light on this absorbing topic on Friday at 11.15 from 2UW.

The "Glorious Fourth"

WE resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain. That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government for the people shall not perish from the earth.

This was Abraham Lincoln's message in his famous Gettysburg speech. One of the most dominant figures in history, the life of Abraham Lincoln will be recalled with the anniversary next week of American Independence Day, July 4.

On that day, at 4 p.m., from 2UW, Mrs. Littlejohn will give a special talk, with American Independence Day as her subject.

Propaganda Scandal

MR. A. W. WOOD will talk on "The Scandal of War Time Propaganda" on Friday, at 2.40. Mr. Wood has made an intensive study of the enormous power wielded by clever propagandists; so he will be able to give many

instances of the disastrous effects of their power.

July Birthstone: The Ruby

THE ruby means "perfection." It was the favorite gem of the Russian Royalty and nobility. It seemed as though, living in a snow-clad country, the deep warmth of color made a special appeal to them. It is mainly found in Burmah, and the finest specimens, "The pigeon blood" rubies, are in the possession of the Indian princes.

On Tuesday, July 3, at 2.40, Miss Beatrice Phillips, who has just returned from a holiday in Rabaul, will once again entertain her listeners with "The Story of the Birthday Stone of July—the Ruby."

Our Lawyer

MR. X, the barrister who speaks every week from 2UW, on Wednesday, at 2.10, is reserving the first Wednesday in each month for questions and answers.

During this session he will endeavor to answer as many of the questions as possible, which have been sent in to him on marriage, divorce, property, and wives' rights. Listeners would be well advised to send in their questions in good time.

The Music Lovers

BEETHOVEN'S love of nature is well known. He would spend hours alone in the countryside, oblivious to everything but the beauty of nature. Showers and storms were to him a glorious exhibition of natural forces to be really enjoyed. Something of this enjoyment of solitude with nature is represented in the "Pastoral Symphony." Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, is the special selection for Sunday afternoon, at 3 p.m., from 2UW.

Sir Hamilton Harty's visit to Australia has aroused public interest in broadcasting orchestras. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra is composed of 119 players, capable of division into a number of small orchestras, each complete in itself and suited in numbers and balance with various types of music.

Since Dr. Adrian Boult took charge of it, several recordings have been made and, at 4 p.m. on Sunday from 2UW, listeners will have the pleasure of listening to one of these recordings of the B.B.C. orchestra.

In Lighter Vein

FOR those who prefer light music, an interesting fixture will be the interludes between the dance music items from 2UW on Tuesday evening. These interludes will include songs by Jack Buchanan, Cicely Courtneidge, and Elsie and Doris Walters.

Recently, too, 2UW imported some exclusive recordings. These will be heard between 8.30 and 10 p.m. on Thursday evenings, and, amongst them, at 9.40 will be songs of the famous Russian baritone, Chaliapin.

Stories of Famous Songs

THE origin of some of these sweet and lifting melodies and their words, makes fascinating tales, and to know the romances which lie behind our favorite songs makes them doubly interesting. Tuesday afternoon is set aside for music and musical personalities. This week, between 2 and 3, Dorothea Vautier will again give one of her fascinating talks on "Stories of Famous Songs."

Cherchez la Femme!

"HOW does the Frenchwoman compare with women of other nationalities? Does she hold her own?"

The Frenchwoman is actually very much misunderstood. French memoirs and novels have depicted her as having more wit than character; modern novelists have made her the prey of her emotions. Beyond a doubt the law treats her very badly. Under the Code Civil, a wife may not leave the country without her husband's permission; she may not open a bank account without his authorisation; and she may not visit friends or frequent places without his sanction.

The husband has absolute control over the children, and he may dispose as he chooses of his wife's property. Yet the Frenchwoman claims that she can afford to shrug her shoulders at the inequalities of the law, for she has enough wit and wisdom to hold her own.

On Thursday, July 5, at 2.40, Dorothea Vautier will discuss this subject with her listeners.

"COLLITS' INN" SCORES A NOTABLE SUCCESS!

The enthusiastic reception accorded "Collits' Inn" in Melbourne was paralleled in Sydney, when the play was presented by Mr. F. W. Thring at the New Tivoli Theatre last Friday night.

THE theatre was in gala array for the occasion and the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Philip Street, Lady Street, and others of the Vice-Regal party were in the packed auditorium.

Written by Mr. T. Stuart Gurr and orchestrated by Mrs. Varney Monk, the play has benefited immeasurably by the lyrics, ballets and the generally high standard of professional polish added to it since Mr. F. W. Thring has taken it in hand.

It was something entirely new for a Sydney audience to see a locally-written play so lavishly produced. The settings, helped by the revolving stage, were most effective; the corroboree scene in particular arousing immense enthusiasm.

Gladys Moncrieff, whose popularity

was evidenced by the ovation she received, was in splendid voice, though her part as Mary Collits by no means gives full scope to her vocal gifts.

Robert Chisholm put up a convincing performance as the young British officer who wins the heart of Mary Collits, and Claude Flemming, who produced the play, impersonated Bob Keane, the bush-ranger, with notable artistry.

George Wallace provides the comic relief, and makes a very fine job of it. Melbourne's clever little Phyllis Baker adding and abetting him very capably. Marshal Crobie was excellent as old Collits.

Byrl Walkley, as Mistress Dale, ballet-mistress Jennie Brennan, and others in the fine cast all did very good work.

At the conclusion of the play insistent calls for speeches were made by the delighted audience, and masses of floral tributes and tumultuous applause signified the delight aroused by the production.

With everything in its favor, "Collits' Inn" seems assured of a long run in the city in which it was written and orchestrated.



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